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SOUVENIRS

OF A

SUMMER IN GERMANY.

IN 1836.

He that travels far oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring tower,
Which seen delights him.—Then coming home,
Describes and prints it, that the world may know.
So I with brush in hand and pallet spread,
Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing
That fancy finds in her excurive flights.

COWPER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO

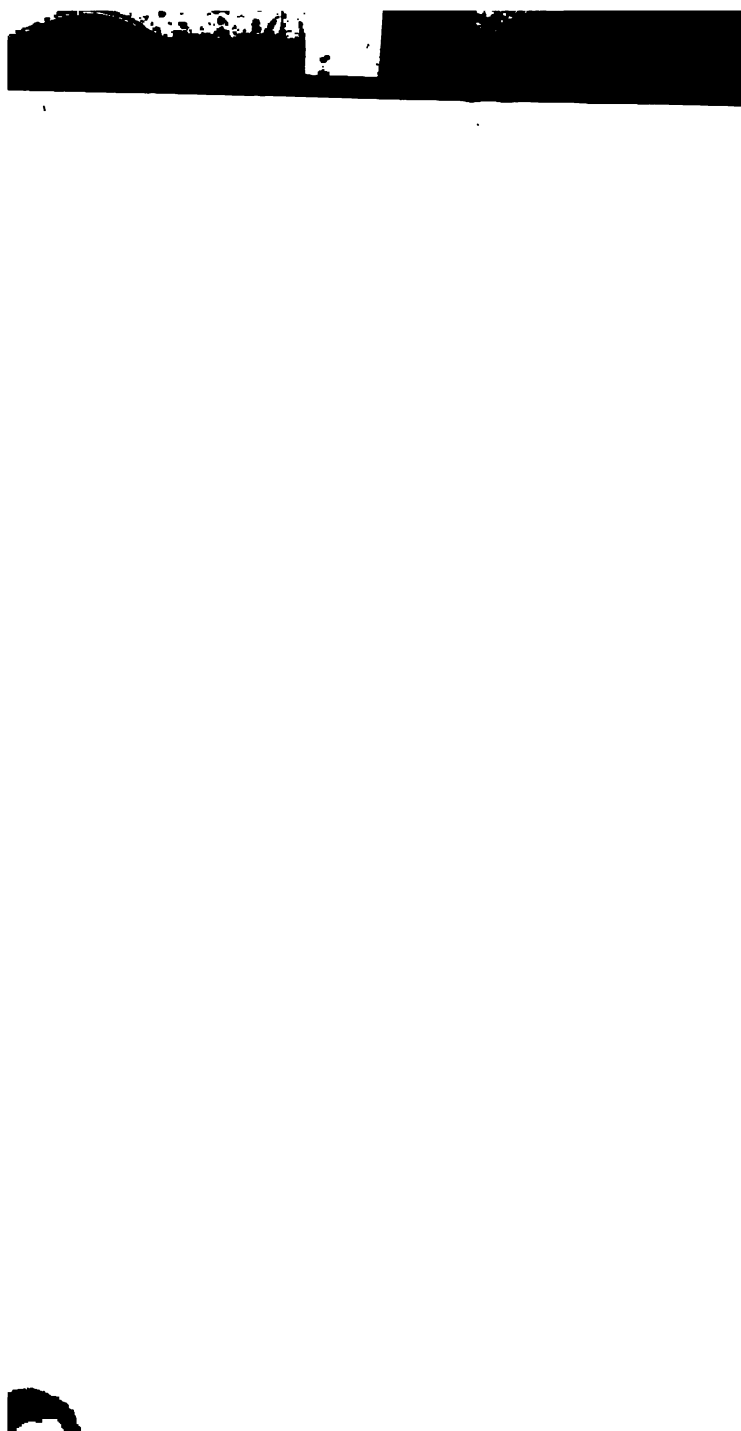
LADY CHATTERTON,

These Volumes,

A MEMORIAL OF AFFECTION AND LOVE,

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HER FONDLY ATTACHED FRIEND.





P R E F A C E.

It is the fashion to hold, or rather to affect to hold, the opinion of the public in considerable disrespect. Few, perhaps, are sincere on this point: but, however it may be with others, I must honestly confess the truth, and plead guilty to a wholesome dread of the frowns of that august and mysterious power.

When, therefore, it was first suggested to me to print the following pages, I looked with no small dismay at the rambling lucubrations of my diary. They had been hastily written on the impulse of the moment, some in the carriage as we drove along, some on returning from a sight or excursion, while the enthu-

asiasm it excited was yet all sparkling and unsubsidied,—others at night when tired and more than half asleep after a long day's journey. In short, in every mood and humour,

“ From grave to gay,—from lively to ——”

no—I cannot finish the quotation, I hope not “ severe;”—written, in a word, without order or design, save to catch and preserve the passing impressions of a pleasant tour.

But when the awful word “*publish*” sounded in mine ears, I began in a fright to check my speed, and while visions of “ potent, grave, and reverend signors,” and criticising dames rose up before my alarmed imagination, I thought of remodelling my rapid sketches, in order to make them fit to appear before such sober company.

My purpose, however, was over-ruled. One wise friend decided that first impressions, given as they fall warm from the heart and fresh from the pen, are best, because most natural and genuine.

Another said something,—but what *he* meant I cannot conceive,—about a certain frog, who,

though a respectable enough little animal in his own way, thought to swell himself into a very magnificent ox, and failed.

“ But all this egotism !” I remonstrated, still doubtfully turning over the leaves. “ This *I*—*I* that stares at me from every page, until I am quite ashamed of the impertinent little monosyllable ! “ I thought,” and “ I felt.” What does the “ pensive public ” care for my thinkings and feelings, though they might interest * * * * * or * * * * * or the two or three others for whose amusement they were recorded ? Would it not be better to abstract what is personal and leave the rest ?”

But no—the “ *I* ” had its defenders, and so there it stands with all its imperfections on its head ; like Petrarch’s lover, “ poco spera, e nulla chiede.” Indeed the whole thing remains as it was written, *currente calamo*. This must serve as an excuse for the inequality and occasional want of connexion in style, which would not have been the case had these *Souvenirs* been arranged from previous notes or sketches.

The only part thus filled up occurs in some

two or three chapters between Fulda and Leipzig,—the fatal effects of sleepy fits after long days' journeys, when the struggle between the pen and the pillow was decided in favour of the latter.

As I plead humbly for indulgence, I trust I shall not be denied it. I hope no one will be so cruel as to break my "butterfly on a wheel," and that the following pages, as they are offered without pretension, may be judged without severity.

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SOUVENIRS
OF A
SUMMER IN GERMANY.

CHAPTER I.

**Landing—Cassel by daylight, and Cassel by moonlight
—Belgian bipeds and quadrupeds.**

Calais, June 27th, 1836.

A FEW miles of water crossed,—two hours gentle heaving upon a clear blue surface scarcely disturbed with a ripple,—and all is changed !

The difference between the two countries strikes forcibly the moment one catches a glimpse of the pier. Instead of the orderly, demure-looking English girl, with her close cottage bonnet and sober-coloured dress, there is the *poissarde* with her scarlet boddice and short blue petticoat, her cap flying back from

her merry bronzed face, and her long gold earrings glancing in the sun. Groups of them are scattered about in every direction, in the most picturesque variety; the young chattering, laughing, and bandying jests with the young seamen in their blue and striped night-caps, the old gossiping together, crouched in oriental-like attitudes. And then the men, how different their thin, eager, intelligent faces, full of vivacity and curiosity, from the round, smooth, matter-of-fact, business-like physiognomy of John Bull!

There is a strong resemblance between the French and Irish—the same sort of nonchalant, lounging *disposition à s'amuser*, the same propensity to mind every one's business except their own, the same sort of complexion, so unlike the brilliant red and white hues that strike the attention of a visiter of the land of roast beef. There is something quite extraordinary in the degree of cleanliness of which an English face is susceptible. I know not how it is, but soap and water certainly do not seem to produce the same effect on any other skin; whether it be the manner of the ablutions, or their frequency, or the nature of the surface

on which they are applied, I cannot say, but certain it is, that no physiognomy in the world takes a washing, and shows a washing, like an Englishman's.

It is very amusing to trace the difference between the two people—the English and French, I mean. We had a specimen of the former on board the steamer which brought us this morning from Dover, who was quite the beau ideal of John Bullish reserve and exclusiveness. He buttoned up his coat, drew his travelling-cap down over his face, put his hands into his pockets, and paced the deck with his mouth hermetically sealed, as if every feeling and faculty were close secured under a Bramah lock. What a contrast to the young Frenchman seated on the bench at a little distance, who has just taken so animated and affectionate a farewell of the two ladies waving their handkerchiefs on the pier ! His hat is off, his lips slightly apart, as though about to break into a smile, while his eye wanders round upon his fellow voyagers with a sort of anxious sympathy in its expression.

There is nothing so attractive as this disposition to enter into the feelings of others. It is

so kindly, so benevolent, so beautiful—forgetting self, to “weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice.” There is something almost divine in the feeling, and indeed it is the object and glory of religion to produce it.

From Calais we came to Cassel, through Ardres and St. Omer. Nothing could be more lovely than the day and the drive. The country was highly cultivated, and the crops rich and luxuriant to the greatest degree. One might well say, the valleys stood so thick with corn that they seemed to laugh and sing, and the air was redolent with the exquisite perfume of the bean fields in full blossom and the newly mown clover. We were charmed with the profusion and the bright colours of the wild flowers as we passed along. Poppies of the most splendid scarlet, were mixed with the beautiful blue of the corn flower, the large white convolvulus, and delicate meadow-sweet. The fields were full of people, especially women in their gay dresses and caps of snowy white, or coloured calico.

The laborious occupations of the women are very striking to an English eye. The great

fatigues they undergo, and their exposure without bonnets to the scorching sun, is probably the reason why they become old and ugly so soon. An old Frenchwoman is certainly unique; it is hardly possible to conceive such a complete network of wrinkles: we saw some to-day who looked more like Egyptian mummies than anything else.

French posting is very amusing. The four heavy-looking, long-tailed horses, with their rope harness, which were attached to the carriage at Calais, seemed hardly to promise the speed at which they afterwards proceeded: it was curious to watch the countenance of the London footman on the rumble, as he eyed the uncouth trappings, with a mixed expression of astonishment, pity, and contempt.

From Ardres to la Récoussé, we had two post-boys the most truly French that can be imagined. The driver of the wheel-horses was a shrivelled, skinny, dried-up old fellow, who was almost entirely swallowed up in his huge boots; every particle of flesh seemed to have vanished in his laborious vocation, and nothing but sinew remained; his thin face was full of vivacity, and two small, bright black eyes,

twinkled from their hollow sockets, with an expression of irresistible drollery.

His comrade on the leaders, which, by the way, were at a most respectable distance from the other horses, was a young, scampish-looking hero. His hat was perched on the top of his head, and his huge mouth distended from ear to ear, as he flourished his whip over his head with all the glee of a schoolboy. The old man entered into the fun with fully as much spirit as his companion, and whenever the horses relaxed for a moment, we could see the latter turn round to him with a grin of encouragement, which elongated his mouth until every tooth in his head was visible. Then ensued a fresh and most vigorous cracking and flourishing of whips, and our old friend bumped away at full gallop at a prodigious rate. Any one, to have seen them, would have thought they were two wild urchins escaped from school, and engaged in some mad holiday freak, instead of people pursuing an every-day, and certainly not a little fatiguing vocation. But what will not a light heart and buoyant spirits effect ?

Nothing can be imagined more lovely than

the view from the inn at Cassel. The town stands so high that you can see it almost the whole way from St. Omer, standing out from the sky, and backed by a whole row of tall windmills. The latter are very frequent all along the road, and, judging from the bread-eating propensities of the people, there must be ample occupation for all. You scarcely meet a man, woman, or child, that has not a huge piece of bread in his or her hand.

A long winding hill, which lasted, I should think, full two miles, led us to the town. When we drove into the courtyard of la Belle Sauvage, or la Belle Vue Hotel, as it is otherwise most appropriately named, the steps of the carriage were let down by a buxom, good-humoured, rosy-cheeked damsel, in her neat crimped cap, short smart jacket of bright scarlet, and white tablier à poches. While she was bustling about and getting dinner, we delighted ourselves with the surpassing loveliness of the view from the little wooden balcony outside the salon.

The whole of that rich and luxuriant country was stretched at our feet, like a vast map. We seemed suspended over it as in some aerial

gallery, looking down upon the towns, villages, woods, and fields, that sprang up in every direction, far as the eye could reach. The nearer prospect was as varied as it was beautiful. Corn-fields and rich meadows, intersected with winding roads, that looked like narrow foot-paths,—rich grassy slopes in which the cattle were luxuriously reclining,—gardens, with the white cap of a peasant girl, or the bright blue frock worn by the men, glancing through the flowers or foliage,—groups of tall trees, with here and there a church-tower, or the high-tiled picturesque roof of a cottage shining in the evening sun,—wreaths of light blue smoke curling gracefully upward against a back-ground of dark verdure, all these—but why do I attempt to describe what is really indescribable? One must stand on the balcony of the salon Belle Vue in order to judge of the prospect, for nothing else will give any idea of its charms.

There is something peculiarly delightful in the sounds that reach the ear when standing on a height. They come from below blended in such beautiful harmony, softened by distance, and rising upwards in such indistinct

and musical murmurs. It was quite a luxury to *listen* as we leaned over the wooden railings in that still evening hour. The song of the birds came floating upwards from the tops of the tall trees beneath, together with the lowing of the cattle in some quiet valley a little farther off. Then there were the chimes from some church-tower, and now and then the sharp shrill bark of a dog in the distance. Nearer, rose the busy hum of children's voices, and the gay laugh of the young peasants from the fragrant gardens close beneath our feet.

We obeyed with regret the summons of our active attendant in the scarlet jacket, who came to call us from the enjoyment of this enchanting scene, to do homage to the table she had been covering with true foreign profusion. The dinner was a long business—we thought the demoiselle would never have done bringing in dishes; soup, fish, bouilli, fricandeau, perdrix, poulets au petits pois well sugared, and a dozen other dishes of meats and vegetables, kept succeeding each other until we began to wonder when we should get to the fresh and dried fruits, and various confectionaries of a French dessert.

We intended to have started from Cassel next morning, but there was something so seductive in the quiet loveliness of this delicious spot, that we resolved on devoting a day to it. One of its great advantages is, that without stirring from the window of the hotel you can enjoy all the beauty and luxury of the place without the trouble of going out exploring or sight-hunting. After breakfast we strolled up to an eminence from whence the view is more extensive, more astonishing perhaps, but I think not so beautiful as that from the balcony. Thirty-two towns, and more than a hundred villages, are said to be visible from this spot, where the eye takes in a circuit of sixty miles. Ostend, Dunkirk, &c. were plainly to be seen, with the sea in the distance, and the various steamers sending up their columns of smoke against the horizon.

Close to Cassel is the beautiful château built by the Général Vandamme, so distinguished in the campaigns of Napoleon, and who, by the varying fortune of war, was made prisoner, and sent to pass a year in Siberia, after the loss of the battle of Culm. He was born at Cassel, and has bequeathed to his

native city a monument of his taste in this château and grounds.

The latter are beautifully laid out, every tree being planted by himself, most of them of foreign growth, and transported there at considerable expense. The parterres and jardins anglais are, perhaps, a little too profusely adorned with marble statues, vases, &c., to please an English eye; but the whole is in perfect keeping with the style of the château.

It was with a melancholy interest we walked through them after learning that the proprietor, son to General Vandamme, had only a few days before expired at Ghent in the thirtieth year of his age. It was a solemn warning of the vanity and uncertainty of the fairest earthly possessions. Everything around was blooming,—full of life and beauty,—the roses were opening to the brilliant sunshine, rejoicing the eye with their delicate hues, and regaling the smell with their perfume,—multitudes of gold and silver fishes were darting through the lakes and basins, or leaping to the surface to catch the flies hovering in the sun,—groups of beautiful water-fowl of various kinds were lying under the shade of the trees,

some floating in drowsy luxury on the still water, while others were tending their young ones in little wooden houses on the banks. Every shady nook and sunny glade of this little paradise teemed with life and enjoyment; and he, the youthful owner of these fair scenes, had been summoned prematurely to leave them all. The few particulars of this young man, which we could gather from our guide, were very interesting. He was the only son of the widowed lady of Vandamme, and had been a long time ill. Some years before he had fallen in love with a young lady in Ghent, where he had possessions; they were to have been married.

“Ah! comme elle était belle, cette jeune dame!” said the man. Everything was arranged,—the time fixed,—when she took a fever, and in three days was no more! Monsieur was never the same afterwards! *Cela l’a touché*,” he added, pointing to his heart, with an expression and gesture of true French sentiment; “*mais oui, je crois bien, cela l’a touché.*”

Every thing in the house was sealed, so that we could not see the furniture and suites

of rooms, which we were told were very splendid. Their late lord bequeathed a large revenue to the aunt who watched over him with unremitting tenderness during his long illness. He likewise left considerable annual sums to the public charities and poor of Cassel, besides providing for all his old domestics. It is therefore supposed the charming château, with all its appendages, will be sold. If so, it will probably fall into English hands, as it is a residence fit for a man of any fortune, and only two short days' journey from London.

I shall not easily forget the last night passed at Cassel. The windows of my room were upon the balcony, and before going to rest I threw open the casement to enjoy a last look at the loveliness beneath.

The night was superb, the moon high in the heavens, shining bright and clear, and a few silvery clouds floating around her. It had been oppressively hot all day, but now a breeze had sprung up, and the trees were waving gently under its influence with that soft undulating sound that comes so musically upon the ear, like the distant murmur of the ocean on the sea-shore. There is nothing so sooth-

ing, so refreshing to the spirit, as the rustle of the night breeze through the thousand leaves of the forest, and I never felt its charm steal so sweetly upon me as when gazing on that enchanting prospect,—those valleys sleeping in the quiet moonshine. All was so calm, so still, so pure, so heavenly, I could have stood there for ever!

My thoughts, by a natural transition, rose from these fair scenes to the great Being whose beautiful work they were. Silently they were telling his praises; but, oh! how impressive was that voiceless eloquence! And I—an atom, a speck on the surface of the vast creation, was permitted to lift up my feeble voice in adoration with theirs. I felt assured—I knew from evidence that admitted not of a doubt, that the faintest breathings of my poor human heart could reach the footstool of the Omnipotent. It was almost too much,—too great an effort for weak faith, to turn from the surpassing wonders of his almighty hand, and say, “And this is my Father, my Friend; he who with amazing condescension guides and directs my steps, and deigns to hear me when I plead before him for the loved, the absent.”

Adieu, lovely Cassel,—lovely when thy luxuriant beauties are sparkling in the noon-day sun,—lovelier still when they lie veiled beneath the moonbeams.

It was with a pang that I turned away from the window, for the idea flashed into my mind,—“ I shall never look upon that scene again.” But why should I regret?—what right has a traveller, a way-farer, a pilgrim, bound for a distant and a better country, to sigh for what is left behind? Is it not written on every spot of this fair earth, “ This is not your rest!”

The country between Cassel and Lille is very interesting. Such sweet pictures of rural life met our eyes at every instant, that we could not withdraw them from the scene without, and our books remained undisturbed in the carriage-pockets. The cottages are most picturesque; high roofs, partly thatched, and partly covered with shining tiles of a beautiful brown, which glisten and sparkle in the sunshine. In most cases these tiles form a sort of veranda to the cottage, with vines running along it. Florian's exquisite pastoral descriptions were brought constantly into my

mind by the little farms and *métairies* we passed—they were perfect in their way. Farming utensils hanging up under the shade of the verandas,—pots and pans of shining brass or brown glazed china, or other articles of cottage furniture, were grouped together in a way that would have delighted the eyes of a Teniers or a Gerard Dow. Then there were the beautiful dark-red cattle standing under the trees, and goats tethered at the door.

But I ought not to exclude the “human face divine” from the picture, inasmuch as it formed no inconsiderable part of the charm. Indeed, if the costume of the peasantry, and its colouring, had been arranged by an artist, I doubt whether the effect would have been more picturesque or beautiful. They were all busily engaged in their rural labours, except here and there where a whole party might be seen stretched in various attitudes asleep amongst the new-mown hay.

One old woman at a cottage-door particularly attracted our attention, from the exquisite neatness and beauty of her Teniers-like costume. The small Dutch cap plaited close to the cheeks was of the most unsullied white; she

had a striped blue petticoat, quilted boddice of a different colour, and the full short linen chemise-sleeves, so well known in the old Flemish paintings ; her scarlet neckerchief looked just out of the folds, and was put on without a wrinkle—there were plenty in the old dame's face. Spotless white stockings, velvet shoes with buckles, and the flowered cotton cloak folded neatly across her arm, completed this very correct and pretty costume.

As we approached the frontiers, Flemish began to replace the French over the inn and shop-doors, and on the affiches. At Bailleul all the women and girls were making lace, seated in groups outside the doors, looking, in their gay dresses, like so many little parterres of flowers. Apropos to the latter, I noticed a pretty blushing girl a little apart from the others with a beautiful bunch of roses laid on her weaving pillow. They were probably the offering of a young man who stood close beside her, and of whom, though she kept her eyes on her fingers, she seemed to be thinking much more than of her work.

A taste for flowers appears very prevalent among the peasantry. The most magnificent

cactus I ever beheld were in some of the cottage windows at Armentières. At first I imagined they might be rare even here, but on going on a short way farther, I saw a dirty-faced little urchin in its mother's arms tearing in pieces a splendid flower of this kind, which would have been the glory of an English conservatory, and have excited the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, of all the rival florists in the neighbourhood. Strange it is that flowers, a taste for which one would imagine to be the purest and most innocent in the world, should, on the contrary, call so many evil feelings into action. There are many brilliant exceptions to this observation, but who has not remarked the jealousy and exceeding selfishness of flower-fanciers in general?

Ever since we left Cassel, we had been, as it were, passing through pictures; living, moving, breathing pictures of Teniers and Wilkie. It was delightful to look on the realisation of what had so often fascinated us on canvass. No wonder the Flemish painters excelled in their art—there is something so peculiarly picturesque in the scenes they dwelt among and loved to delineate, that these could

not fail of calling forth every latent spark of genius in their nature. Then the colouring is so rich, so vivid, and produces such beautiful contrasts. We were never wearied of admiring the groups of pots and pans lying outside the farm-houses,—their forms graceful in the highest degree, and in endless variety, and all of them of course quite new to us. The colours too are as varied and picturesque as the shapes. Besides the sienna brown we are so familiar with at home, there is a sort of bright peculiar green, a pale yellow and lead-colour. A Flemish crockery-ware stall is certainly a study for a painter.

For several miles before we reached Lille, the dwellings that had so long delighted our eyes began to diminish in number, and soon ceased altogether. It was like descending from the poetry of life to its prose, quitting these beautiful pastoral scenes for a manufacturing district. In turning the angle of a road, we came suddenly upon a complete forest of wind-mills—there could not have been less than two hundred, all close to each other, and the effect of so many wheels in rapid motion was quite dazzling. They were employed in the manufacture of rape oil.

We met several large flocks of sheep on the road. I was struck by their shape, which differs very much from the English, and here again the old Flemish paintings, and particularly those on scriptural subjects, where sheep are so often introduced, recur perpetually to the mind. The whole outline of the animal is far more graceful than in those of our country, and in the curve of the head especially, there is a beauty and an expression of meekness quite peculiar to themselves. The thousand touching images and ideas inseparable from a flock of sheep, seem to be suggested with double force by these.

I know not whether it be from the associations with the sacred paintings before-mentioned, or from something about the animal itself; but it seems impossible to look at these beautiful creatures, such perfect emblems of patience and gentleness, without feeling the thoughts involuntarily revert to the Lamb without spot, to Him who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities—who was oppressed and was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth,—brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

Each flock was always attended by two guardians in the persons of a couple of grey shaggy dogs with curling tails and sharp-pointed ears. I have a love for everything in the shape of a dog, but these were really the most interesting I ever met with, so full of character and intelligence. I could not help thinking, as I watched their zeal and fidelity in the care of their fleecy charge, that many a valuable lesson might be learned from them by the bipeds of the creation. There was an anxious watchfulness, a devotion of themselves and withal a sort of inquiring deference and submission to their superior, the shepherd, that was well worth studying.

I trembled for one poor fellow whose charge were proceeding along the road by the side of a high hedge. We were driving as usual near the hedge to avoid the pavé, which forms the centre of Belgian roads,—and the dog threw himself between the flock and the wheels of the carriage, running backwards and forwards so close to the latter that I felt sure every instant he would have been crushed under them. He was so intent on guarding the sheep that he did not seem to think of his

own danger, though we were going at a gallop, and the postilions cracking their formidable whips. The noble creature! I longed to caress him!

In another place a large flock were standing still by the road side, while the shepherd, overcome probably by the broiling heat of the sun, had lain down to sleep under the shade of a large tree. The faces and movements of these two dogs when the carriage approached were most expressive. They seemed quite aware that all the responsibility devolved upon them in the present emergency, and their eager, anxious, sharp countenances contrasted curiously with the meek, quiet-looking sheep, and the still, sleeping face of the shepherd.

We constantly overtook droves of pigs, guarded by the same kind of dogs, and these unruly subjects certainly put their sagacity and talents to the proof. I never saw such hideous pigs—not that any one would think of looking for beauty among the swinish multitude, but these outdid their brethren of any other place in ugliness; long, lanky, meagre, distorted-looking things, quite at variance with all the ideas I had formed of a Flemish pig, which I

imagined would be a round, plump, respectable personage, in very comfortable circumstances. Some of them had a sort of wooden triangular collar over the head and neck, which would have surprised an Irish pig not a little, and been considered by him a sad infringement of his rights. "Liberté et Egalité" ought certainly to be the motto of the grunting community in Ireland; not only are they on a perfect level with their owner, but free to go in and out of his domicile at their pleasure, and wherever else their erratic tastes may lead them.

At Lille we stopped to dine. There was a fair going on in the town, which is always interesting, as, besides being so gay and pretty a sight in itself, it affords an opportunity for seeing the costume, merchandise, and habits of the place.

We were amused at the quantity of eating going on in the street, very unlike indeed the business-like, systematic meals of England. Some of the venders of the different wares were feasting on vegetables, soups, and fruit, without in the least allowing their dinner to interrupt them in their vocation. Others, less luxurious, added only a small piece of cheese

or of meat to the universal thick slice of brown bread. Many were dining while walking along the street on what Cowper calls "a Roman meal," only that instead of "a *radish* and an egg," the former was replaced by the aforesaid staff of life, the egg boiled hard, being emptied of its contents by means of a pocket knife, or any other instrument that chanced to be at hand.

The country between Lille and Brussels is deficient in beauty, being flat and not well wooded. The peasantry look poor, and rags and bare feet are very common. The wooden shoes they wear, must, I should think, be the most inconvenient things imaginable. They are immensely large, often out of all proportion to the feet that are put into them, and being low behind like a slipper, the heel comes in and out at every step. It is surprising how they can get on as fast with such incumbrances. I observed one sprightly-looking, rosy-faced damsel, who had come out of a farmhouse with a jug of something for the mowers in a distant meadow—she ran by the side of the carriage for some way, clattering along with her

wooden shoes and keeping up wonderfully. At length she kicked off these clumsy hindrances, and catching them up in her hands à l'irlandaise, without stopping, bounded on with the speed of an Atalanta, and was with the mowers at the bottom of a long field, before the carriage had arrived opposite the place where they were at work.

CHAPTER II.

Brussels—Noises at the Belle-vue—Hospice des Vieillards—Arembert palaces.

BRUSSELS is full of associations, both ancient and modern, and it is impossible to enter a town so fraught with historical interest, without calling to mind some of the remarkable events of which it has been the scene.

The general appearance of the place is lively and bustling, and the houses in the upper town are very handsome residences, many having beautiful gardens at the back. The public buildings too are fine, and from the windows of our hotel, the Belle-vue, you see the Parc Royale, which in the evening, when crowded with people, looks exceedingly pretty; the many-coloured dresses moving among the trees, and the groups of militaires,

of which the town is full, have a gay and picturesque effect.

The square in front of this hotel was one of the principal scenes of conflict during the revolution of 1830. They show you a print representing the condition of the rooms we occupied, which look on the Parc Royale, after the eventful days of September 23—26; the whole suite of apartments was demolished, the walls, ceilings, looking-glasses and furniture, being perforated by cannon-ball in all directions.

You cannot move a step in Brussels without symptoms of the late revolution being pointed out to you. Here are the holes made by the cannon fired by the bourgeois at the Antwerp gate; there the window where the unfortunate Lord Blantyre was killed; and further on, the spot where the cavalry were hemmed in, while chairs, iron pots, and stoves with burning coals still in them, were thrown down upon their heads from the windows.

The old town, with its picturesque old houses and charming market-place, had infinitely more attractions for us than the palaces and modern buildings of the new. This morning we went

down to the Grande Place, and spent a considerable time in admiring the curious old Spanish buildings, as well as watching the endless variety of the tableau vivant before our eyes. The fresh smell of the fruits and vegetables, and the perfume of the beautiful flowers that were spread out for sale on every side, were delightful.

Then the groups of people in their gay and picturesque costume, some buying, some selling, others lounging about and looking at the various wares that filled the stalls. Their animated gestures, and altogether the lively and scenic effect of the whole thing, so completely in character with the *Place* itself, was enchanting.

Nor did it want the charm of association ;— it was here, in an old house, which was pointed out to us, and where he had taken refuge, that the unfortunate Egmont was made prisoner. He was taken across the square to the Hotel de Ville, where he was condemned, and afterwards executed in the market-place.

The Hotel de Ville is a curious building erected by the Spaniards, with a lofty tower, at the top of which stands Saint Michel, “ *le*

patron de Bruxelles." There is some tapestry in the rooms which is worth seeing: in the Salle des Mariages, the History of Clovis, first king of France, is briefly told on the four walls of the apartment. There is his baptism—his marriage with Clotilde—the wedding feast—and his death. At one glance the whole story of a life is seen,—but one short step from the cradle to the grave—so soon passeth it away and we are gone! Even the tapestry that records the events over which so many years have rolled their obliterating course, is now fading, and falling into decay.

We were quite sorry to turn our backs upon the sort of enchantment that seems to hang over the ancient portion of the town, and retrace our steps up the Rue Montagne de la Cour to our hotel.

This is certainly the noisiest place we ever were in. The variety of sounds that besiege our ears from morning till night, without intermission, is utterly indescribable. First and highest on the list of annoyances is the ceaseless roll of the carriages on the dreadfully rough and uneven pavement, which is at times

almost intolerable ; then, when it is remembered that all the business and pleasure of foreign life are transacted in the street, and that the actors therein are neither very taciturn nor tranquil in their habits, one may form some idea of the concert of talking, laughing, singing, shouting, clattering of sabots, jingling of bells on the cart-horses, cracking of postilion's whips, squalling of children, who are either chattering or fighting in their loud guttural Flemish,—in short, one may imagine some of the component sounds of the Babel that distract us during the day.

In the evening, some truce to the noise might reasonably be expected. Not at all. At one window there appears a girl, who commences singing at the fullest pitch of a shrill voice, and entirely through her nose, a song, to which another plays an accompaniment on a miserable harp in a different key. Before the next *croisée*, perhaps, is a man grinding the *barcarole* in *Massaniello* on a barrel-organ, while a little further on, a group of musicians are executing the galloppe in *Gustave* ; the double-bass scorning to have his genius fettered by the ordinary rules of harmony, standing out in

bold independence at least three bars before the others, and asserting his superiority by completely drowning their strains. If all could be drowned in the same way, it would be well for the luckless ears that have to bear them. I am sure Hogarth took his idea of the "Enraged Musician" from the window of the Bellevue hotel at Brussels.

But this is not all; as the evening advances, every bell from every church in the town begins to chime, and then, *pour comble de malheur*, at nine o'clock, the troops beat the retreat in the *Place* just under the *croisées*; it generally is a signal for *our* retreat, as well as for the *militaires*, as in common justice to our unfortunate ears, after all they have gone through, we are obliged to bear them off out of reach of the piercing fifes and thundering drums into the farthest end of our suite of rooms.

The soldiers, however, are quietly at rest in their *casernes*, long before our organs of hearing can obtain any. The cool night-breezes bring the whole population into the streets *pour respirer le frais*; and though every mouth masculine is invariably furnished with a cigar, it

by no means prevents said mouth from singing, shouting, and laughing, — or the softer and more loquacious lips, that have no such appendage, from affording their usual quota of shrill replies. Thus the hum of voices, and ceaseless tramp of feet, continue long hours after the sun has set, to “vex the drowsy ear of night.”

To my mind, one of the most interesting sights of Brussels is the Etablissement des Vieillards in the Rue du Grand Hospice. A more delightful retreat for old age cannot be imagined; and any one who takes pleasure in the welfare of others, and to whom the sight of so many of their poor fellow-creatures made comfortable and happy in the evening of their days would be gratifying, should by no means omit visiting this excellent institution. “Ils sont bien logés, n'est ce pas?” said our guide, as we went in, and in truth it was a palace we were entering.

After crossing a small court, we came to a beautiful garden, with broad gravel-walks, and full of flowers; this was appropriated to the men, one of exactly the same size being at

the other extremity of the building for the women. There are six hundred persons in the institution, which is supported by legacies that have been left it at different periods. These are divided into three classes. The *Vieillards*, who are not admissible before the age of seventy-five; the *Infirmes*, who may come in at sixty; and the *Incurables*, who are admitted at any age. These last are in a separate building altogether from the others, and have everything apart; and here the sick and the dying are removed the moment the first symptoms of indisposition appear. We did not visit this quarter of the institution—few can brook the sad spectacle of poor humanity, arrived at its last helpless and hopeless stage—

“ In second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.”

We went into the kitchen, where all the cooking for six hundred persons goes on, just at the moment they were sending in dinner. It was curious to see such a vast number of plates, all pewter,—and the multitudes of people busily employed in filling them; they were then

placed in a truck with five or six shelves, one above the other—each truck being carried off between two men into the *salle à manger*.

It was Saturday, therefore a *jour maigre*, and the dinners consisted of a smoking plate of nice new potatoes with sauce, and boiled eggs; they looked quite tempting, so clean, and well cooked. Each old lady has a bottle of beer per day, and the men two bottles each. They have meat of all sorts, excepting on the *jours maigres*, and vegetables, and get three meals in the day. We went into the women's dining-room, and there saw them all in their neat, picturesque dresses, seated at long tables,—eagerly attacking the eatables that were placed before them.

It was really a delightful sight, so many happy-looking people, with all their wants and comforts amply provided for. The greater part were the most lively, merry old dames I ever saw, who nodded and smiled at us with great good-humour, and applied themselves to the good things before them with considerable goût. There were comparatively but a few who seemed peevish and discontented, and examined the contents of their plates with que-

rulous and suspicious looks. The chapel is on the same floor, with the dining-rooms, and overhead are the dormitories; these are most extensive, lofty, well ventilated, and kept beautifully clean, with rows of nice little beds, the bedsteads being of iron, for the vieillards.

The *Lingerie*, or room where all the clothes and linen are kept, is a very curious place. Rows of open shelves in étages from the floor to the ceiling, are placed across the room, with a space between to walk in. These shelves are all divided into compartments, and ticketed, each division containing a different article of dress—in one are the men's shirts, in the next the corresponding garment of a feminine toilette; then the stockings; farther on the gay-coloured cravats, or shawls, or pocket-handkerchiefs, and the bright scarlet and blue-striped jackets of the women; in short, every article of dress had its separate compartment, and the neatness, order, and perfect regularity of the whole made a charming coup d'œil. The dresses too were so pretty, one could not possibly have a better place for studying costume.

Every one who comes into the hospice is

provided with two complete suits of clothes, one for week-days, the other for Sundays. They are repaired and kept in the nicest order, the faded and mended garments being put aside for those who are unable to leave their rooms. The other old persons are at full liberty to go out into the town, when and where they please. If they can work, and choose to do so, there is a large *salle* where every trade may be followed—in short, old age is honoured in this delightful institution with every sort of ease and indulgence.

The immediate superintendents are a *directeur* and his wife, who have been over the establishment for upwards of thirty years. The latter seems admirably well calculated for the arduous situation, and is a fat, bustling, jolly, good-humoured Flamaude.

I could not help admiring the tact and good-nature with which she soothed the waywardness of a poor creature who had that day come into the establishment. Marianne was a wretched cripple, and the excessive pride combined with her misery, exhibited a strange picture of poor human nature. It was evidently quite against her will she accepted the aid of

the institution, and to soothe her feelings a little, the good lady had allowed her to keep on her own clothes for a day or two.

We found the poor distorted creature seated on a low stool, busily employed in *improving the shape* of the chemise belonging to the hospice suit, and actually trimming the sleeves with a sort of coarse lace. She showed it with great complacency, descanting with a toss of her mis-shapen head on the "toilettes charmantes" she had been accustomed to. Madame, glancing slyly at us, extolled the work, exclaiming, with a shrug of the shoulders, as soon as we were out of sight, "A-t on jamais vu rien de pareil? une malheureuse comme celle-là avec les manches garnies!" (Was ever such a thing heard of? a creature like that with trimmed sleeves!)

Poor Marianne! how much of the vanity of this world, though not apparently as absurd as thine, is, after all, in itself, nearly as inconsistent!

After we had been all over the establishment, the good-natured lady made us sit down in her apartments, which were very pretty, overlooking the charming gardens of the hospice. Here she and her husband gave us some information

about the internal economy of the place. The calculation was, they said, that about eightpence per day amply covered the expenses of each individual,—food, clothing, physician, medicines, &c., besides defraying the cost of keeping up the establishment.

“And their poor souls,” thought I, “how are *their* concerns attended to?” for in truth, the sight of six hundred immortal beings thus, in the common course of nature, on the brink of eternity, standing even now on the very verge of that grave where there is no device, or wisdom, or repentance, was an awful consideration.

“Is there a priest attached to the hospice, madame?” I inquired.

“Non—a curé comes three times a week to perform mass—and that is all.”

“But is there no one who reads to these poor old people, or talks to them about the great change that must soon befall them?”

The good lady stared at me, and shrugged her shoulders: “Mais, mon Dieu, non: que voulez-vous? The priests are not paid for that,—they do nothing for nothing, ces Messieurs là,—no such people for money as the priests.”

My thoughts, as she spoke, flew back "across the wave" to some of the untiring and zealous labourers in the Lord's vineyard in our own country;—they who were devoting their youth, their strength, their every energy, with heart and soul, to the service of their divine Master. What a field would this, "white already to harvest," be for the exercise of their indefatigable labours of love. It might indeed be said of these poor old people, "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," for no man cared for their souls.

· On our return to the hotel we found there the young prince héréditaire de Saxe Cobourg et Gotha, and his brother Prince Albert. They were known to my companions, and had come to call, accompanied by their tutor; their father, the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, brother to the Duchess of Kent, having left Brussels the day before. They are very interesting young men, with all the German *goodness* in their faces and manner. Prince Albert is taller than his brother, and very prepossessing; his handsome face, besides the kind expression which is common to both brothers, being brightened with the greatest animation and intelligence.

The king and queen of the Belgians are now absent from Brussels. Leopold does not seem so popular as the Prince of Orange, perhaps on the principle that when we have lost a thing we begin to find in it a thousand perfections undiscovered before. Every one, however, seems indignant at the malicious reports circulated respecting the domestic happiness of the royal pair not being as perfect as it might,—their child being deformed, of weak intellects, and so forth. On the contrary, they affirm that at the palace, “c’est le meilleur ménage du monde,” and the little prince is a lovely child, plump and rosy as a young Cupidon, and full of life and spirits.

July 3rd.—We have been to see the palace of the Duc d’Arenberg, whose beautiful château, near Enghien, we passed on our road from Lille to Brussels. The duke and his family are now staying there. Multitudes of workmen are at present employed at the palace on the extensive additions and improvements that are being made by the duke. The latter is very rich, and to add to his wealth, the estates of the late Prince d’Arenberg will, on the death

of the present possessor, devolve upon the family of the duke.

The palace is full of objects of *vertû*—bronzes, statues, antiques, &c. Of the latter, the greatest curiosity is the original head of Laocoon, belonging to the group at Rome, that now on the latter not being the one done for it. This splendid head is in perfect preservation, not a line or muscle of the face having suffered. The agonized expression of the features,—the horror conveyed by the writhing of the neck, and the workings of deadly fear about the mouth, are terrible. A hundred and fifty thousand francs were offered by Napoleon for this *chef-d'œuvre*, which has been in the possession of the Arembert family forty years. This is the first season strangers have been permitted to see it. Close by is a cast of the head now on the group at Rome. It differs a little from the original in features, particularly about the mouth, which is more closed, and the countenance altogether is by no means so strongly expressive of suffering.

There is a collection of paintings in this palace. A small one of Rembrandt,—the Adoration of the Shepherds,—is exquisite. The

whole of the light comes from the body of the child, and is strongly reflected on the head and throat of the Virgin, more faintly on the group of kneeling shepherds, and just touches the figure of Joseph in the back-ground.

Another very interesting painting is of the Flemish school by Dietrieg—it represents a pedlar at a cottage door—an old woman is choosing stuff, and her countenance, with the business-like and suspicious manner in which she is feeling it between her fingers, are natural to the greatest degree—you actually hear her bargaining. The artless admiration and delight of a boy who is standing close by her, contrast strongly with the old lady's face.

Among the paintings is a portrait of the father of the present Duke d'Arenbert, which it is impossible to look at without interest, and without a sigh for the sad fate which consigned him, in the flower and spring-time of his days, to pass the remainder of life under a privation the most grievous that flesh is heir to. He was struck blind by the flash of a gun at the age of twenty-four. What adds to this calamity is that the deed was done by the hand of his particular friend, Lord Gordon. The Duke was

married but the year before, and never saw any of his children! This deplorable accident did not disfigure him, and there is in his countenance and half-closed eyes that touching expression of patient melancholy which is so often seen in the blind.

The Prince d'Arembert, uncle to the present duke, whose death, at a very advanced age, took place about a year since, was a sad loss to Brussels—he was the most hospitable person possible, and his table was crowded every day. Every stranger who visited the town was invited by him, and even when he was on his death-bed a large party continued to assemble themselves there, at his earnest request. He was a man of great taste and an enthusiastic amateur of paintings. There are some beautiful ones in his collection.

In the salon is a small picture by Mieris, exquisitely finished—there are two figures, a woman selling fish, and a man, whose admiration seems to be divided between a turbot she is pointing out to his attention, and a basket of shrimps at his right hand. In the foreground is a bas-relief, the sober colouring of which throws out finely the vivid hues of the living figures.

Apropos to colouring, there is a picture in the small room adjoining the salon, quite a chef-d'œuvre in this respect—it is a cattle-piece by Van Stry—the time is evening, and the clouds, the landscape, the whole scene is touched with a light that is quite indescribable,—so rich, so glowing, you actually almost *feel* you are basking in the glorious rays of the setting sun.

There are two other fine paintings in the same room, one a woman counting money, by Gerard Dow, and the other a Rembrandt—Tobias restoring the sight of his father. Nothing can be more touching than the latter. Tobias, with a countenance full of hope and confidence, is operating on the eyes of his aged parent,—the picture of patient resignation and acquiescence ; opposite the old man, and holding his hand clasped between both hers, sits his wife, gazing up into his face with the most intense and affectionate anxiety. A stream of light from behind rests on the figure of the angel, who is looking at the interesting family group with great tenderness and sympathy.

The Prince d'Arembert left one son, and on his death this branch of the family will become extinct. The present prince has a daughter,

who is said to be young and pretty, which, together with the inheritance of her father's principality and possessions, would, it should seem, constitute a lot the most alluring this world has to offer its votaries :—yet the young lady has renounced its pomps and vanities, and given a powerful proof of the subordinate place they held in her estimation by going into a convent.

CHAPTER III.

The Nun and the Doctor—Sœur Thérèse ; or, the fatal effects of a gentleman patient — The Orange Palace—Museum.

THERE are two or three convents at Brussels, but we had not time to see any. The strictest order of nuns is at a convent about a mile from the town, where the term of noviciate is from three to five years.

Some time since a young lady of good family and great beauty took the veil there : in consequence of her extreme youth her friends wished that her noviciate should continue the longest time prescribed ; and it had nearly elapsed, and preparations were already begun for the ceremony of the black veil, when she was seized with a fever.

At first no danger was apprehended, but soon the complaint began to assume a more formidable appearance. The most experienced of the nuns exerted all their skill,—the *sœurs noires*, accustomed to the care of the sick, were sent for from a neighbouring convent. All was in vain—the alarming symptoms hourly increased—it was evident the beautiful novice was dying.

The news spread the greatest consternation among the sisters, by whom she was greatly beloved. What was to be done? It was terrible to suffer a creature so young and so lovely, on the eve too of fulfilling her vows, to perish for want of assistance, and yet there was but one alternative. In this extremity, and after anxious deliberation, the *supérieures* of the convent resolved on adopting it. The danger of the interesting sufferer so far overcame their scruples, that they consented to admit a *man* within their sacred precincts.

Monsieur le Docteur **** was the person recommended to the messenger, who arrived at full gallop in Brussels in quest of a physician. He was not perhaps exactly the individual the prudent lady abbess would have selected for

the occasion, but his reputation in the city was very high as a young man of great talents, and they told the messenger that if any one in Brussels could cure the invalid, he was the person, as he had already been extraordinarily successful in two or three fever cases.

This, however, was apparently the most hopeless that had yet fallen under his care. The awful symptoms of approaching death were already beginning to cloud the beautiful features of the novice when he was summoned to her bedside. But in fever, "while there is life there is hope," and, inspired by the latter, the young man exerted his skill to the utmost. Every remedy that so extreme a case could require was promptly resorted to, and the physician watched their effect with intense anxiety. For many days the result was doubtful—there was a fearful struggle, and the existence of the beautiful girl hung suspended between life and death.

At length, however, it pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to bless with success the exertions of the young physician. The dreaded crisis approached, and the sufferer lived through it! But though all immediate danger

was over, the *religieuse* continued in a most precarious state, and her exhaustion was such that she still required unremitting watchfulness and skill. Her recovery was very slow, and as the doctor declared that the slightest relapse in her present weakened condition would prove fatal, he was permitted to continue his attendance.

With ceaseless and devoted anxiety did he watch over the gradual convalescence of his fair patient, and at length his cares were rewarded by seeing the bloom of health return to her beautiful cheek, and her smile resume its wonted brightness.

The lady abbess and the nuns were overjoyed; they began to hope the novice would now soon be sufficiently recovered to enable them to resume the preparations for the long-deferred event of taking the black veil: but when they spoke of this to Monsieur le Médecin, his countenance became suddenly clouded, and he said with the utmost professional solemnity, "that if mademoiselle were exposed to the fatigue and agitation of such a trying ceremony, he would not answer for the consequences."

The good ladies were sadly disappointed,

but they submitted at once ; for the doctor had shown himself so exceedingly clever there was no appeal from his opinion. Indeed his prescriptions acted like magic. Every one remarked that the interesting invalid was like a different creature after a visit from her physician ;—and if anything occurred to detain him away from the convent longer than usual, (which, however, was very seldom the case,) there was a visible change for the worse—her eyes lost their brilliancy, and she became restless and languid. There certainly was an extraordinary virtue in his medicines.

At last, however, the novice became so decidedly better, that even the ingenuity of her watchful attendant could no longer suggest any excuse for delaying the ceremony. When it was again proposed to him he acquiesced at once, and with a much better grace than might have been expected. The supérieure then signified to the young physician that his care would now be no longer necessary, and it was agreed that he should come next day to take leave of his patient, and give his final directions.

Next day came, but no Médecin made his

appearance. It was the first time he had failed in keeping an engagement, and Madame L'Abbesse was surprised. She went to the cell of the young girl to inquire what could be the reason, but it was empty.

“ Ah c'est qu'elle est allée prendre le frais dans le jardin—la pauvre enfant, cela lui fera du bien.” (“ Ah ! she is doubtless gone to take the air in the garden, poor child ; that will do her good ;”) and the good old lady waddled off to the garden of the convent. There was not a soul in it, except an old lay sister who was gathering simples to make a cure for the rheumatism.

The truth never once entered into the heads of the unsophisticated nuns, which was, that Monsieur le Docteur * * * had carried off his beautiful patient, who that very evening entered his house as his bride.

“ And did not the lady suffer in public estimation from thus escaping from her convent ?” I inquired of the narrator of the above, who was acquainted with the physician and his wife.

“ Mais non,—du tout. She had not taken the vows, you see, and is now a happy wife and

mother. Cela faisait rire un peu d'abord," was added with a shrug. "Après avoir été religieuse pendant cinq années, vous concevez."

After all, Cupid is an intrusive and ubiquitous little urchin, who is not satisfied with confining himself to persons and places where he is lawfully welcome, but will be ever pushing his way where he has no business to be. Even the heavy robes of a nun cannot always protect the heart they cover, from feelings which seem destined by the beneficent Being who endued his creatures with them, to be legitimate tenants of the human breast.

The person who related the above anecdote, told me another of the same kind, also from personal knowledge.

The heroine of the story belonged to an order of nuns called the *Sœurs Noires*, who are not confined within the walls of a convent, but pass their time in attending on the sick and afflicted.

A diligence entering Brussels was overturned, some years since, and several of the passengers severely injured. Wherever good was to be done, or suffering assuaged, there

were the Sœurs Noires sure to be found, and accordingly numbers shortly appeared at the spot where the accident occurred, and accompanied the wounded to the various places where they were located. There was one gentleman so severely hurt as to be quite insensible, in which state he was carried to a neighbouring house, and la Sœur Thérèse, remarkable among the sisterhood for her care and attention to the sick, was established as garde-malade to the poor invalid.

Perhaps there is no situation in the world in which a woman appears under so endearing a point of view as in that precise one in which the nun was placed. The sight of suffering, especially if the sufferer be *a man*, to whom, from his active habits and usually stronger health, illness and confinement are so peculiarly irksome, is calculated to draw forth her kindest sympathies. Then the minute and nameless little thoughtful attentions, so gentle and unobtrusive, that they must be felt, not described; the soothing and anxious care that keeps its noiseless vigil by the side of the sick couch, brings into play all the latent tenderness which a thousand motives prompt her to

keep concealed in the hour of health and prosperity. Even the poet in those lines upon woman-kind, in which the praise is so qualified, that it is hard to know whether to interpret it as a compliment or a satire, concedes this much to the fair sex.

“ Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and sickness rend the brow,
A ministering angel thou !

La Sœur Thérèse, continued some time with the invalid. The nuns applied for her on several occasions to attend in different quarters where her services were required, but the gentleman peremptorily refused to give her up ; he alleged, that he was not yet sufficiently re-established to dispense with his garde-malade. All the other sufferers from the overturn of the diligence had been cured long since, and the sœurs attending them employed in other duties. This illness, however, lasted so extraordinary a time, that the nuns began to think the accident of the fractured limbs had brought on some tedious chronic disease. They were not

quite so simple as our friend the good old abbess, having doubtless in going occasionally about this wicked world, learned some of the things that are said and done therein. They therefore investigated into the state of the gentleman's health, and found, to their great indignation, that Esculapius was *not* the divinity to whom for some time past he had been paying his vows. The unhappy Sœur Therèse was convicted of having staid away under false pretences, and moreover confessed that she had so far forgotten her profession, as to allow her patient to address her in the language of a lover.

Her punishment was dreadful. She was taken back to the convent and deprived of food for several days. Then, after being severely scourged with rods, her nun's habit was stripped off her, and with nothing but a sheet to protect her from the inclemency of the weather, she was turned out of the convent at midnight and left in the street. Poor Therèse was never heard of more. It is thought that the disgrace of her expulsion, added to all that she had suffered, so affected her mind, that she either died of the consequences, or put an end to herself.

The palace of the Prince of Orange is magnificent; the walls of most of the apartments are lined with marble, and the splendid vases, tables, &c., which adorn them, were sent from Russia, and presented by the Emperor Alexander to his brother-in-law.

On reaching the top of the grand staircase, you are called upon to take a lesson in an art which most people imagine they have been tolerable proficient in for at least some years, namely, that of learning to walk. Your feet are put into a sort of listing slippers, and as they are almost nothing but soles, it certainly does require a little instruction to enable you to get on in them. The guide, similarly shod, places himself at the head of the party of visitors, gives the word, "*toujours en glissant, mesdames et messieurs,*" and away they all slide after him.

Verily if ever floors were worthy of such precaution, the parquets of the Orange palace deserve all the care that can be bestowed on them. They are beautiful,—inlaid with rose-wood and oak and a variety of other woods in all kinds of graceful patterns, and shining brighter than the marble walls or lapis lazuli tables. They indeed seem to have been never intended for the

vulgar purpose of being walked over, but according to the mode in which the latter operation is performed, the numerous visitors contribute to increase rather than dim their dazzling polish, as they skait over them in their soft slippers. The paintings in the palace are not numerous, but all of the first order.

We were sadly disappointed, after having gone through the state apartments, at finding that the private ones, so touchingly described by Mrs. Trollope, are no longer exhibited to strangers. In the midst of our vexation at this contre-temps, we could not but acknowledge the wisdom of the government in adopting this measure.

One might walk through those princely halls, all forlorn and tenantless though they be, without any very strong emotion being excited; for there is something cold and chilling in the aspect of state and magnificence, that checks the indulgence of the softer feelings. But when we come to witness the violent interruption of the every-day employments and pursuits of life, the endearing domestic circle broken into, and its members forced to fly from their hearth and home, while a thousand little marks of re-

cent occupation—the gloves, the pens still stained with ink, are left lying where they were carelessly thrown aside, to tell a tale of sudden desertion ; all this must awaken a chord of sympathy in every breast. I should think the exhibition of the private apartments of the expelled king and queen, must have done more towards keeping up a feeling in their favour, and regret for their fate, than any other circumstance.

The Museum at Brussels is well worth seeing. There is a large collection of paintings, ancient and modern. . As this was a public exhibition, Guillaume, our valet de place, who by the way was a most prepossessing specimen of his brotherhood, accompanied us while we were looking at them, which of course was not the case in the private collections ; he always remained at the door of the house they were in until we came down again. His observations on the pictures were very amusing—they were rather above his ordinary sight-showing vocation, but he seemed to think himself in duty bound to say something, as, catalogue in hand, we stood before each.

“ Ah ! that picture with the cows ! char-

mant, n'est ce pas? It was done by a certain Monsieur Cuyp; he was fond of drawing cows and sheep, and such like."

One painting there was which put poor Guillaume into a sad puzzle; the subject was Hagar and Ishmael in the desert, and we were admiring it when he came up to explain all particulars. He got on admirably well until he came to the name of Ishmael's father, which completely nonplussed him.

"Ma foi, c'est une histoire si ancienne, on s'en souvient à peine," ("Dear, that is such an old story, no one remembers it now,") and Guillaume rubbed his forehead, scraped his left foot against the floor, and took sundry other methods of refreshing his memory. All would not do, and spying a young girl at the other end of the room, he darted off to find out whether she might haply possess the necessary information. Mademoiselle shook her head; Guillaume slowly returned, and I heard him muttering over the names of all the patriarchs that had ever lived, in his way back. By the time he reached us his mind was made up.

"C'est *David*, mesdames, dont j'ai voulu vous parler. David a renvoyé ce jeune homme que

voilà avec sa mère Agar." ("It is David, ladies, of whom I meant to speak. David sent away that young man whom you see, with his mother Hagar.")

"Might it not have been Abraham?" I inquired.

"Ah, c'est possible—c'est bien possible aussi," was the reply, with a shrug.

Among the very old Dutch paintings, there were some most curious designs, particularly on scriptural subjects. One, Eve emerging from the ribs of Adam, was an extraordinary production: she is still up to her ancles in her spouse's side, and either the artist intended she should *grow* after her extraction from it, or else he must have had an awful idea of the physical preponderance of the lords of the creation over their helpmates, in those days.

There was another picture representing the massacre of the Innocents, which it was impossible to look at without laughing. It seems strange to connect any ludicrous ideas with this most heart-rending event of history sacred or profane; and yet I doubt whether the possessor of the largest bump of philoprogenitiveness extant, could keep his risible muscles from

dilating before this picture. The Innocents were the most absurd little creatures, the boys in starched ruffs, with nether garments of that ample width which gives such undue rotundity to a portion of the Dutch figure ; the girls in thick quilted brocade petticoats, and crimped muslin caps, looking like their grandmothers in miniature.

One room in the Museum is devoted to the productions of living masters, and in the event of the artist's death, his works are removed into another salon. A picture here amused me very much ; the subject the interior of a cottage at St. Jean, after the battle of Waterloo. A group in the foreground represents a young man who has been wounded, stretched on the floor, and while his wounds are being dressed, a young girl is assisting and bending over with anxious looks. There are several other sufferers scattered about ; and so far, so good.

But in the back-ground, full before the eyes, appears a most unpicturesque object ; a regular French bed, with white dimity curtains, and therein comfortably ensconced between the blankets, well tucked in, and with a very becoming night-cap, is seen a gentleman with his

head on his down pillow, and the clothes arranged under his chin in a most interesting manner.

“ Who is that gentleman lying so snug in his French bed ?” I asked Guillaume.

“ O that is milord Anglesey after his leg was taken off; they could not put him on the ground like the others, *un mi-lord !* vous concevez !”

CHAPTER IV.

G——'s table—Dinner—Tea—equipage—Sunday
abroad.

THE weather is so oppressively warm now, that it makes sight-seeing a sadly fatiguing business. It breaks in too on our little trio; dear G—— is quite unequal to the exertion of going out during the day, and remains at the hotel while W—— and I brave the sun and sally forth to explore. I cannot say, however, that she is alone after the survey I have just been taking of her delightful though silent companions.

We returned this afternoon so heated and weary, that I was glad to throw myself down on the first sofa I found; too tired to read, to write, to speak, to take off my bonnet, in short, to do anything but think. For what fatigue

can quiet the *thoughts*? That busy, active, restless thing, the mind, is ever on the search for food, little caring how wind and weather, heat or weariness, affect its frail companion. Despite aching head or freezing feet, despite sickness, fatigue, or even sleep, it continues its ceaseless play.

There is often a kind of warfare kept up between the two allies, body and mind, that are inseparably tied and bound together for life. (Some malicious people pretend, but I know nothing about the matter, that this is sometimes the case between *other* parties linked in the same way till death does them part.) The worn out body yearns for repose which the mind will not allow it to enjoy; and the body in revenge weighs down and fetters the mind by its ailments and infirmities. Certainly there seems some spirit of contradiction between them, for the quieter the frame, the more busy and fidgetty invariably become the thoughts.

Mine, for want of other employment, began to exercise themselves on the contents of a table which stands opposite the sofa I was occupying in such a luxurious *dolce fur niente* state. It is the one G—— has appropriated to

herself, and from which she had risen just before we came in.

At this present moment it is in that kind of delightful confusion, which tables will get into when everything is put on them as it happens to be wanted, and nothing cleared away.

How much of the mind, the tastes, and the pursuits of an individual may be gathered from a glance at the table at which they are in the habit of sitting. First, opposite the vacant chair, is the blotting-book and writing materials. As the latter is closed, I need not say anything about the MSS. that peep out of it, or hint at the possibility of their at any future day affording pleasure to other eyes than those of the writer.

At one side of the blotting-book is laid a watch, and at the other is a little china cup with two moss-roses in it; then a pocket Bible. A Greek Testament lies open with a pencil between the leaves, and near it a tiny Spanish edition of the same, with a mark in the corresponding chapter, as though the reader had been comparing the two languages.

A masterly sketch, half coloured, of a picturesque house at the opposite side of the

street, with a group of people in the window, is at one end of the table, occupied by materials for painting. Beyond these, is a Shakspeare, Goethe's "Egmont" laid down upon *his face*, over the first book of Homer's Iliad, Greek and English interlined; Schiller's "Abfalls Niederlande," Mrs. Trollope's "Belgium," and two or three guide-books and itinéraires.

Now what opinion would a stranger form of the individual who has just risen from that table? Judging from its contents, would they imagine her a learned lady,

"Deeply, darkly, beautifully blue,"

who never opened her lips but to speak "science and metaphysics?" How greatly they would mistake; for one might be in her society a long time without discovering that she possessed more than the ordinary feminine accomplishments, save and except, indeed, that the sparks of genius will break out where the flame exists. A delightful friend of the "ladye of the round table" once said of her, that she was "above the vanity of conversation"—he was right. She always reminds me of some fair region, the

luxuriance and beauty of which one admires, 'tis true, but without knowing that there is a gold mine beneath.

The hotel de Belle Vue is now quite full, so that the table d'hôte is crowded every day. This sort of réunion is delightful; so many faces from so many countries, and such a Babel of different languages. The grand point is to ascertain whether your next neighbour is French, English, Dutch, German, Pole, or American; and, to clear up this difficulty, you listen sharply for the first word that issues from his lips, and try to find out whether he calls to the garçon for more bread in good German, broken French, or the universally understood language of pointing with one hand to the loaf and the other to his mouth.

This interesting subject decided, your attention is next turned to the dishes, and there is a voyage of discovery to be made among these, which must be undertaken without chart or compass; for I defy any one to tell whether the thing on the plate before him, belonged erst to beast of the field, bird of the air, fish of the sea, or vegetable of the earth. Beef, mut-

ton, fish, poultry, and vegetables, are so completely in masquerade under the levelling system of French sauces, that you are puzzled to find out whether what you are eating wore legs, wings, fins, or leaves.

It is hard, however, if you do not get something to please you, for the variety is endless, and the dishes are handed round so often, that the numberless shakes of the head you have to perform, must considerably interfere with digestion.

The first day we dined at Brussels, after tasting sundry condiments, some of them by no means to be despised, the *garçon* brought something which looked more inviting than its predecessors. I was regarding it, however, with that sort of suspicious curiosity one is apt to bestow on strange acquaintances, when Guillaume, with his usual good-nature, whispered, "Prenez en, je vous prie, il n'y a rien de mieux." I did so, and found it excellent—the nicest thing by far that had yet appeared. I had half finished the contents of the plate when my neighbour said very quietly, "Oh—you are eating frogs—they are rather rare now." I laid down my knife and fork in a moment ;

it was an absurd prejudice, so I took them up again, but I could not help repeating to myself the original saw, "Where ignorance is bliss," &c.

Our tea-equipage at Brussels is a source of continual merriment to us; and although the weather is too hot for any extra effort, we are obliged to submit to the exertion of laughing at it every time regularly that it makes its appearance. There is a most ludicrous disproportion between every article on the table. The tea-pot is a slender-bodied thing with an enormous black handle, like a great sword-hilt, and a long, thin spout. The tiny streamlet of tea that issues from this is an excellent teacher of patience, for after holding it for five minutes over a cup, and fancying you have nearly gotten the necessary quantum, you discover, on looking into it, that the bottom is little more than covered. The cups are patagonian, and the bowl belonging to the set looks as if it had been stolen by Gulliver from the land of Lilliput; certainly the contents of any one of the former would overflow it,—and as it is, no *garçon* can make his appearance at the door

without this unfortunate little article being held up with the request that he would "vider le basin;" this is a ceremony very often repeated before breakfast is over.

The tea-spoons are narrow and pointed, shaped exactly like the sharp ivory things that are sent down on a voyage of discovery into vial-bottles of rhubarb or ipecacuanha, to bring up their contents. A sugar-tongs is a very rare luxury, as is also a salt-spoon; the point of a knife is the substitute for the latter, and if you wish for sugar, there is no alternative besides the very ancient and *handy* implements which poor Dr. Johnson got into such a scrape for making use of.

But the urn is the crowning piece of the breakfast furniture. Poor thing! it must have been in the hotel when it was attacked during the revolution, for the top seems to have been shot off by a cannon-ball. The handles have evidently suffered from a paralytic stroke; one hangs doggedly down by the side, stiff and immoveable, whilst the other limb remains sticking straight up in the air, fixed so firmly in its horizontal position that neither "force or cunning" can cause it to stir an atom one way

or another. The spout has undergone some strange convulsion, by which it is wrenched all on one side, and the water flows in such an oblique, crab-like direction, that it requires some experience to make your calculation so as to place the cup where the stream will reach it. In fact, this urn is quite a character, and though there are many in the house that infinitely surpass it in elegance, we are always sorry when our grotesque old friend does not make its appearance.

When the cloth is laid, which they always do abroad for tea as well as breakfast, this incongruous tea-equipage is scattered about the table in the funniest, most uncomfortable looking manner. All the things seem as if they had retired as far as they could from each other after a grand battle—though from the way they are always put down, there is certainly no danger of any of them getting into the predicament of La Fontaine's "pot de terre and pot de fer."

The park here is very prettily laid out with flower-beds, statues, and winding walks. The Dutch had possession of it for four days during

the revolution, and the trees all bear terrible marks of the ravages of war. Every one of them is pierced in several places with cannon-balls, and in some, great part of the trunk is torn away. The wounds are dressed with tar, and the trees do not appear to have suffered from these apparently deadly injuries. Many houses in the Place Royale have the balls now actually sticking in them.

But the most interesting relic or souvenir of the revolution which, I think, surpasses all the others, is a living one ;—a poor dog, whose master, it is supposed, was killed opposite the *Chambre des Députés*, where the tree of liberty is now planted. For two long years this faithful animal kept his vigil of love under the tree, picking up a precarious subsistence, and resisting every effort to draw him away from it. At length, the circumstance reached the ears of the members, and there were not wanting some who wished to become possessed of a creature of such tried fidelity ; but he would own no other master than the one he had lost. Finding all was in vain, the members built a house for the noble animal on his beloved spot, and allowed him a pension. Well he deserves

it ! Oh ! where among the human race shall we look for such patient love, such untiring, devoted affection to the memory of the dead ! A short time since, the poor little fellow was very ill, and it was feared would die, but he has recovered, and continues where he has been for the last six years, and will probably end his days, on the spot where expired the master he loved “ so long, so well.”

A long time had elapsed since I had spent a Sunday on the continent, and therefore my impressions on the first, which occurred during our stay at Brussels, had more of novelty in them than I could have anticipated.

Any one accustomed from his childhood to look upon this as the *Lord's* day and not man's, who has read in his Bible the plain and positive commands to keep it holy, where it is said, “ Thou shalt turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable ; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words,”—any one who knows this cannot but feel shocked

and grieved at the manner in which the sabbath is spent abroad. "Thou shalt do no manner of work," seems utterly disregarded. All the shops are open, stalls in the streets, &c. and the every-day business of life no way interrupted. While we were at breakfast, Guillaume came in to say, that if monsieur wished to have his coat repaired, the ouvrière was outside, and would have it done in an hour,—and he seemed quite disappointed at not being allowed to take it. Shortly after, tickets were sent in for the theatre that night, with the compliments of the British minister.

There are two Protestant places of worship at Brussels, one the Royal Chapel, which we attended. I was struck, on going in, with the motto under the organ, "Dieu est un esprit, et ceux qui l'adorent, l'adorent en esprit et en vérité." It seemed particularly appropriate in a country where external forms and pompous ceremonies are so much dwelt upon that one begins to fear they must supersede that religion of the heart which is alone of any value in the eyes of him who seeth not as man sees. The congregation was lamentably small—lamentably, for the town was crowded with English.

Though we had an excellent sermon from the clergyman, Mr. J——, and heard those glad tidings of salvation, so dear and precious to every sinner, faithfully proclaimed; yet I felt very sad on leaving the church. The importance of the day,—the calculation that a person who has lived to the age of seventy, has spent ten years of sabbaths—the account we shall have to render when we come to stand before the judgment-seat of Christ of so large a portion of time given us solely to attend to the things of eternity, and, if I may venture so to speak, to settle accounts between the soul and her Maker, all these things have often been brought fearfully before my mind by an accusing conscience: but such ideas never forced themselves upon me with more painful feelings than when I now looked out upon the pleasure-seeking crowds that thronged the streets. God forbid that we should judge uncharitably of any one, especially in matters so delicate and so important! The idle speculation of how much or how little time has been spent by our neighbour in prayer, self-examination, or any other sabbath duties, is neither profitable or kind; we should look within.

There is a rail-road from Brussels to Antwerp, which, from being the only one in the country, is an object of great curiosity, and hundreds of persons assemble to witness the arrival and departure of the steam-carriages. They are speaking of having one between Brussels and Cologne, but nothing, I believe, has been yet done towards its commencement.

CHAPTER V.

Waterloo—Namur and its bell—Aix-la-Chapelle and its relics—The danger of being caught by appearances—Cologne.

NOTWITHSTANDING its heat and noise, I could not help feeling regret when we left the gay capital of Belgium. The day was intensely hot, and we suffered so much from the fatigue of travelling, that nothing short of Waterloo could have induced us to encounter the broiling sun on its treeless plains. We got out of the carriage at St. Jean, and made a pilgrimage to the little mound overhung by a willow-tree, under which Lord Anglesey's leg is buried. In the house they showed us the boot which was cut off the severed limb, and the table on which the operation was performed. A likeness of his lordship hangs in the little parlour,

which was sent to Madame Williams by Lady Anglesey, whose note on the subject is religiously preserved in the archives of St. Jean. We were told that the marquis visited the cottage about a year since with his family, and dined off the same table on which he was laid after the battle to have his leg amputated.

Of all the heroes of Waterloo, Lord Anglesey seems to be best remembered and most beloved by the people there, who dwell with great pleasure on any little circumstance connected with him. The way in which I heard him spoken of was particularly gratifying to my feelings, as I never can forget, that to his kindness and personal exertions, I am indebted, under Providence, for the preservation of my life.

One has heard and read so much of the plains of Waterloo, that one fancies it hardly possible to gain any new ideas by visiting them. Still there is a feeling—an indescribable something that accompanies the knowledge that you are actually standing upon that hard-fought field—that your feet are pressing the soil once red with the brave heart's blood of so many gallant men, which neither books nor description can impart.

Our guide had been a sergeant-major in Lord Anglesey's regiment, the 7th Hussars, and has established himself at the village of Waterloo, for the purpose of acting as such to strangers. He had been in the action, and has besides collected so many particulars respecting it, that his account is very circumstantial.

What interested me most of all that was shown us, was the little church at St. Jean, whose walls are covered with the monuments of the slain. It is quite impossible to look at these tributes to the memory of the loved and the lost, without emotion. One is erected by a sorrowing wife,—another by a father or a sister's hand,—or the surviving brother-officers of the departed. A desolate thing it is to think of them lying there so many hundred miles from the homes that must know them no more, and the bereaved hearts whom that fatal day has sent mourning on through the remainder of their earthly pilgrimage.

How many sad reflections crowded into my mind as I gazed on those monuments of the dead! Two that were near and dear to me, though I was then too young to be aware of it, were on that battle-field! One has since ended

his brief career, and closed his eyes in a foreign land; the other lives; and while standing before the tombs at the little church of St. Jean, I could not repress a tear of fervent thankfulness for the mercy that spared from the perils of the sword one whose love and affection are now among the first blessings of my life.

The heat was so intolerable during the remainder of the day, that when we reached Namur we were so overcome by the fatigue and suffering consequent upon it, as to be unable to stir. I was forced to see W—— depart alone to explore the curious old town and fortress; my inclinations would have taken me with him, but, alas! an aching head and weary limbs chained me to the hotel.

All, therefore, that G—— and myself saw of the beauties of the Meuse that night were the trout and cray-fish that appeared on the table at dinner. We congratulated ourselves, however, on the quiet and stillness of our room at the D'Arschamp hotel, and contrasted it, with no small satisfaction, with the noise of Brussels. We threw open the *croisée*, and sat admiring the picturesque, dome-like tower of a church, so near that we could almost touch it from the

place where we were seated. The swallows were flying in myriads about it, wheeling round the top, and darting in and out of the holes ; the dark-grey of the stone was deepening in the fading light, and nothing disturbed the calm of the summer's evening but the chirping and twittering of the birds. Nothing could be more luxurious, when, lo ! bang went the stentorian bell of the church immediately over our heads !—the effect was electric—the walls seemed to shake with the mighty vibration, and at first we were so stunned as to be unconscious for a moment of the acute and splitting pain our unfortunate heads were undergoing as every shock of the bell struck them. Our delightful visions of quiet and repose were soon put to flight !

We started next morning at a very early hour, and on leaving, took an admiring gaze at the ancient city of Namur, which, from its numbers of towers, spires, and steeples, has a fine effect at a distance. I cannot say that we admired our old friend behind the D'Arscamp quite as much as before we had suffered so severely from its thundering bell.

Nothing could be more enjoyable than our

drive along the beautiful banks of the Meuse. Everything was so cool, so pure, so tranquil, so bathed in the dewy freshness of the hour, like the new and exquisite sensations that hallow the early morning of life, before the scorching sun of satiety and the spirit of the world, rise to dry up and wither feelings that, alas ! once gone, can never more return ! The morning mists were clearing off the distant hills and valleys, and before us rose rocks of the most abrupt and graceful forms, some towering upwards into pinnacles and battlements, others standing out isolated, like huge, uncouth pillars. They are all planted nearly up to the summit in some places, which gives an air of softness and cultivation to the scenery, and causes it greatly to resemble that on the banks of the Wye. The soil, however, is infinitely richer. I never saw anything to equal the beauty of the crops, or the quantity of grain which covered the fields as thickly as it could stand. The contrast of the golden yellow of the ripening corn with the brilliant scarlet poppies and blue corn-flower was really beautiful. Every now and then we came to sweet villages, each clustered round its church

tower, the morning smoke ascending in blue wreaths against the trees, and the roofs glittering in the early sunshine.

There is a fine view on entering Huy. The bridge, with the picturesque group of irregular buildings beyond,—church standing holdly forward on an eminence, and the fortress at the right, together with the winding river, boats, fishing-nets drying in the sun, and fore-ground of rocks, trees, and dark brown earth, form a beautiful picture.

We did not stop at Liège, but drove on to Chaud-fontaine, a place lying in a pretty valley about three leagues further on, where there are warm-baths. We remained here for a day, and found what we wanted,—quiet, coolness, and abundance of beautiful walks. It is by no means a secluded place, though apparently in a retired valley, for charabancs, cabriolets, britchkas, and German carriages of every size and shape, kept arriving all day, with crowds of people from Liège and the environs to take the baths. The table d'hôte was a large one, and, strange to say, we three were the only English in the society. My next neighbour and I commenced a conversation in French, which he

soon broke off to beg I would indulge him by allowing him to speak English, as it was so long since he had had that pleasure.

“ It is some time, then, since you have been in England ? ”

“ I have never been there.”

“ How ? and yet you speak the language as though it were your own ! ”

“ And so it is.”

My new acquaintance proved to be an American,—a very agreeable, well-informed person, who had travelled from north to south, east to west of his own continent, and was now doing the same with Europe, keeping England for the *bonne-bouche*.

Verviers is the last stage before reaching Aix-la-Chapelle. On leaving the town you come to a beautiful narrow valley, lying deep between two precipitous hills planted up to the summit. The road winds along the steep side of the hill, and it is beautiful to look down upon the broad transparent stream in the valley beneath, with the trees reflected in its clear depths.

There is nothing that suggests such ideas of cool, luxuriant freshness as those trees planted

by the water-side, their branches resting on the stream, and bending over, as it were, to meet their own beautiful shadows. The cattle grazing tranquilly in the cool rich pastures of this lovely valley, or reclining under the shady trees by the water's edge, were quite enviable.

At Eupen we crossed the frontier and entered Prussia. The dress of the postilions changed here to the costume worn by that class throughout Germany, with the simple variation of adopting the national colours of the states to which they belong. The short jacket faced with red gave place to a military-looking coat turned up with bright orange, and confined at the waist by an orange sash with long tassels. A brass horn, which, though not very musical, is a most graceful, pretty instrument, is fastened across the shoulder by a thick cord of white and dark blue, or rather black, the colours of Prussia. From the moment you enter his Prussian majesty's dominions, these appear on every government appendage that meets your eye ;—sentry-boxes, railings, mile-stones, &c., all wear the same loyal livery of broad stripes.

The cord that attaches the postilion's horn is finished with large round tassels, which lie on

the breast. A stiff black stock, a laced hat with a cockade in front, and spruce well-polished boots and spurs complete the martial air of this pretty and becoming costume. It looked to great advantage on the postilion, who drove us to Aix-la-Chapelle, a fine, intelligent young man with bright sunny curls clustering round his face, and a considerable dash of the coxcomb withal.

The Prussian soldiers are fine-looking men, a great improvement on the Belgian troops. The irregular size and loose slouching gait of the latter, struck us very much after the stiff, well-drilled, automaton-like movement of the English soldiery, who look, in marching, as though every leg and arm of the whole body of men were set in motion by the same spring.

We remarked that all the Prussians have something of this air militaire, arising doubtless from the custom of every man, whatever his rank, being obliged to serve a certain time. During this period of probation the nobleman's son is precisely on the same footing with the lowest serf, forced to clean his own horse, and liable to punishment for the slightest failure in duty.

We were to sleep at Aix-la-Chapelle, and two hotels had been named as desirable halting-places. On our way to the "Grand Monarque," we passed by a very fine-looking house bearing the favourite name of "Belle Vue." It was charmingly situated, commanding a sweet view of the promenades, spa, &c., and we drove past it with regret, wondering not a little why so good-looking an inn had not been mentioned.

"No rooms vacant at the Grand Monarque," was pronounced in a very sorrowful tone by the landlady. We were delighted, and congratulated ourselves as the horses' heads were turned towards the admired Belle Vue, for we did not make any inquiries about the other inn to which we had been recommended.

The Belle Vue received us with open doors. The rooms they shewed us into did not quite correspond with the outside, and we began to have a few misgivings; however, we went to the windows, and there forgot all our doubts.

"There was an excellent table d'hôte, and the best society." This was the report made to us on entering, so that when the bell rang we descended without hesitation into the salle.

Such a place as it was!—a large forlorn-looking room with three or four deal tables and wooden forms ranged down the centre, having for sole decoration some steam-packet advertisements with letters half a foot long, pasted against the walls.

At the head of one of the tables sat the host, a tall, gaunt, bony-looking man with a coarse red face, and a head of matted hair that looked as if he had swept the floor with it, (not however that the floor itself showed any symptoms of having undergone that operation for a month at least.) He was dressed in a very nondescript garment, which might have been meant for a dressing-gown, but looked as though it had been manufactured out of an old woman's cloak; a grey, rugged, pepper-and-salt kind of article, the sleeves of which reached to about halfway between the wrist and elbow. The bony hands which these scanty dimensions disclosed to view, were evidently suffering from an affection of hydrophobia, while the face to which they belonged seemed to labour under as strong an aversion to cold steel as theirs to cold water. Indeed when these "great unwashed" seized a chicken by the legs, and twisting it

round laid it on its side for dissection, the act by no means increased the desire to partake of it. The sole waiter on this inviting table d'hôte was a poor, civil, overgrown boy with drooping eyes and a hanging lip, the son of the host; and the "best society" consisted of two men, one of them a greasy, purple-faced old person, who sat down to dinner in grey worsted mittens! The table-cloth was—but I cannot describe that—suffice it to say that though so near the spa, it was plain that very little water and still less soap ever found their way into the Belle Vue.

We were so disgusted with everything, and moreover so overcome by the sickening and hateful atmosphere of tobacco that prevailed in the salle, that we should certainly have made an instant retreat, had not respect for the feelings of those present withheld us. As soon as we could do so, however, without rudeness, we escaped to our rooms, and there moralized most profoundly and most feelingly on the folly of being caught by appearances. Sundry wise resolutions were made over our coffee against ever again judging of anything by its fair ex-

ternals, after which we sallied forth to visit the cathedral.

This ancient edifice was, as every one knows, built by Charlemagne. The place where he was interred is shown in the middle of the church. He was placed in a chair of white marble, covered with plates of gold and silver gilt. The legs of the body rested in a marble sarcophagus, on which the Rape of Proserpine, —a very appropriate subject for a sepulchre,—is executed; both chair and sarcophagus are exhibited among the curiosities of the cathedral; the latter is certainly one.

After he had rested in this chair three hundred and fifty-two years, the tomb of the emperor was opened by Frederic Barbarossa, and the bones removed. A skull, an arm, and part of a leg, which they assure you, and of course you believe, belonged to Charlemagne, are among the collection of relics in the sacristy, enshrined in gold and silver, studded with precious stones.

These relics are divided into two classes,—*les grandes et les petites reliques*. The first we did not see; they are only exhibited once

in every seven years, when thousands of pilgrims flock to Aix-la-Chapelle to be present at the ceremony. They are kept enclosed in a splendid *chasse* of silver gilt and precious stones, and are, —1st, the white dress worn by the Virgin in the stable at Bethlehem, when she gave birth to the Messiah. We were told that this was of cotton, and of six feet in length! 2nd, the swaddling clothes of our blessed Lord; 3rd, the blood-stained linen which received the head of John the Baptist; and, 4th, the linen girdle worn by the Saviour on the cross.

The petites reliques are many in number. There is a piece of Simeon's arm, a fragment of the real cross, a tooth of St. Catherine, a rib of St. Stephen, a bit of the reed with which the soldiers mocked our Lord, a point of one of the nails with which he was pierced, and various others. All are splendidly enshrined with a profusion of precious stones, cameos, &c. They are a lamentable proof to what an absurd length superstition and credulity may be carried. The only relic among them which is interesting in itself, is the hunting-horn of Charlemagne, made of an elephant's tooth, with an

embroidered crimson velvet band. The remaining bones of the monarch are in a gold chasse, together with those of Saint Blaise, and the martyred Saint Léopard.

We seated ourselves in the marble chair upwards of a thousand years old, which for three hundred and fifty-two years held the body of the deceased king, and in which thirty-six emperors have been crowned.

It was sad to see this fine old church, so fraught with interest to the antiquary and historian, kept in such a filthy state, that at every step we were disgusted by some uncleanness or other.

There are three distinguishing marks which every one recognizes as peculiarly appertaining to the ancient city of Cologne; its magnificent Münster, its far-famed Eau de Cologne, which, if you believe what you read on the envelopes, can cure every ill that flesh is heir to, and its most abominable smells. Coleridge has celebrated the latter in terms more appropriate than elegant; but such an unsavory subject would make even a poet unpoetical.

"Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne ;
But tell me, nymphs ; what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

This characteristic of Cologne is, of course, the first that strikes the traveller. We prepared against it as well as we could ; but the dreadful effluvia of the black, filthy streams that defile every street, penetrated even through the folds of pocket-handkerchiefs soaked in perfume, with which we tried to atone to our poor noses for the violence done to them. It was not, however, of long continuance, for we were quickly borne out of reach of the annoyance across the bridge of boats, to the Belle-vue hotel.

Every one going to Cologne ought to stay at this luxurious hotel, which has only been just established at the opposite side of the Rhine, at a place called Deutz, immediately opposite the bridge. The smell of a new house, always so pleasant from the fresh wood-work, and clean associations connected therewith, never appeared so fragrant as when we inhaled it at the

Belle-vue, after the atmosphere of Cologne. After a few moments' sojourn in the newly and well-furnished salon, in which, by the way, there is a nice piano-forte, and a glance at the view from the balcony outside, the resolution was taken to remain for two or three days in this delightful quarter.

We had no cause to repent of this arrangement. The weather was intensely hot, and in the evening when the sun had set, and a refreshing breeze came up from the Rhine, the balcony proved a luxurious resort; the garden underneath was a kind of public promenade, fitted up with little tables and benches among the trees; and a band, the finest specimen of the delights of the German music we had yet had, played here from seven o'clock until ten at night.

The next salon to ours was occupied by a party of young Englishmen, some of them acquaintances. The group they formed in the evening seated out on the balcony in loose flowered dressing gowns, with their long pipes, was quite oriental. Indeed, at night the effect of the whole was more like a fairy scene than any sober reality of every-day life.

Before us was the town of Cologne, with the dark outline of its cathedral, and towers, and high roofs drawn against the sky : thousands of lights, like a terrestrial constellation, shining out of the dark masses of building, and reflected in long tremulous rays deep down into the clear waters of the Rhine ; the lordly river itself sweeping rapidly by, and the picturesque bridge of boats stretching across it straight before us. Just beneath, the various little groups scattered up and down among the trees and flowers, and the exquisite music that rose from the garden, made the whole thing like enchantment.

A thousand causes contributed to this feeling—the previous sultriness, the undefined charm that night throws over everything—the beautiful mixture of lights, and trees, and music, and darkness, all was delightful. *All*, did I say ?—no ; there is nothing short of heaven in which *all* is delightful. Everything has a drawback, and there is a *but* which comes in at the end of almost every sentence to spoil the smoothness of the whole. The “ *but* ” on the present occasion, is one which applies to almost every person and thing in Germany, in

the shape of a long pipe or cigar. In the midst of the foregoing picture, which sundry "sober, sensible people" might pronounce somewhat fanciful, but which in reality was not exaggerated, the fume of smoking, so unsavory to an English nose, would come to check any imaginative excursions one might be setting out upon.

This universal practice of smoking, which pervades every rank, and every age, and goes on at every hour and in every place, is sorely denounced by travellers and tourists. This always has seemed to me rather unfair. Nothing, surely, can be more unjust as well as absurd, than to measure one country by another; and after trying German manners by English prejudices, bring in a verdict of guilty against the former. Smoking is disagreeable to the English in general—indeed to one half of society so offensive, that a separation of the sexes is always necessary whenever the practice is indulged in. But in Germany this is not the case; it is a German *custom*, and national customs (always, of course, providing they are innocent ones) should not expose any people to such unmitigated censure.

A great deal of sympathy has been wasted on the German ladies, which is a sad pity, for sympathy is so good a thing, and unluckily there is so little of it to be found in this wicked world, that it ought never to be thrown away. Any one, to stand where we do now on the balcony of the hotel Belle-vue, and look down with an English eye on the scene below, would be puzzled whether most to wonder at or commiserate the ladies in the garden.

Every man, without exception, is smoking; each little table has its lamp (though it is broad daylight) for the sole purpose of lighting the pipes and cigars, and so unremitting are the votaries of tobacco, that yonder, is an old gentleman actually eating and smoking at the same time, the long pipe being pushed into one corner of his mouth so as to leave an entrance in front for the spoon or fork. At the table just below us are two ladies, both young and both pretty, and opposite, are seated two gentlemen, each with a cigar in his mouth. Now another man has joined the party, and the smoke of the three cigars is directed full into the ladies' faces: the last puff has gone right under the pink bonnet of one of them, and is

curling round the roses and blonde, and among her glossy ringlets.

Now judging of these ladies by English tastes and feelings, what could be said of them? Why, that they were undergoing a species of martyrdom, stifling their repugnance, and with a patient endurance and heroic self-devotion, worthy of a better cause, sitting there, victims to the gratification of their companions. Not at all. One of the martyrs has just turned her face this way, and she is laughing and talking as merrily as possible; and now she blushes and smiles at something that has been whispered through a puff of smoke on the opposite side of the table, as though there were not such a thing as a cigar in the world.

The fact is, a German woman of this class (at least as far as I can form a judgment) does not, and cannot, dislike smoking, whatever may be said to the contrary. She has been accustomed to breathe an atmosphere loaded with tobacco ever since she was born, and she sits beside her husband or brother with as much comfort while he has a cigar in his mouth, as an English woman would if her's were sipping his claret. I have not so good an opinion of German wives

and sisters, as to suppose they would make such a painful sacrifice of their feelings to indulge the tastes of the lords of the creation ; and full sure I am, that German husbands and brothers would be the very last to require such a concession, for they are the kindest people in the world.

The kitchen at the hotel Belle-vue is on the same floor with the eating-room, and in going up and down stairs, you pass the open bar on which the dishes are placed to be carried into the table d'hôte.

“ Eat what you see, but never see what you eat,” seems to be an established maxim in foreign cookery. People are generally advised to be satisfied with the end, and not to be too curious as to the means,—a peep behind the scenes being rather likely to diminish the appetite for the condiments set before them.

This certainly did not apply to the kitchen in question. Instead of the greasy, soupy smell that often issues from culinary regions, nothing could be more savoury or appétissant than the odours that floated about the door of this. We often stopped in the way up to our salon to admire the busy scene that was always

going on inside. The bright shining kitchen utensils, the cook in his neat white costume, with all his attendant satellites, the multitudes of tiny dishes, each filled with its small nicely-arranged nondescript, but inviting-looking contents.

The day after our arrival at Cologne was Sunday, and we went in the morning to the cathedral, where there was a *grande messe* and delightful music. The latter was all amateur, and surpassingly lovely did it sound accompanied by the pealing tones of the organ which reverberated through the lofty aisles of the magnificent Münster. If I might presume to say, that any temple made with hands were in any degree worthy of the Great Being for whose worship it was erected, I would do so of this splendid edifice. The projector of it had, indeed, high and holy ideas of the "honour due unto his name," and if they had been carried into execution, the work would have been a stupendous one.

Nothing raises and elevates the soul so much as sacred music. Nothing so transports it above this perishable earth, and brings so

vividly before the mind that bright world, where we learn from Revelation that songs—the music and melody of praise—will be chief among the employments of the blest. The swell of voices echoing through a lofty cathedral, re-echoed, prolonged, and at last dying away among the distant aisles, always make me realize the awful and mysterious moment when the spirit will be freed from its tenement of clay.

What a moment will that be! The burst of transcendent melody that will greet the enraptured soul—the countless throng around the throne, ten thousand times ten thousand, having harps of gold, that sing the song of the Lamb that was slain; “the voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, the voice of harpers, harping with their harps.”

All these—all that is connected with that glorious world of light, and love, and melody, it is wonderful to think upon. It is wonderful to think of the unutterably blissful region into which the trembling soul that departs in Christ is in a moment transferred from a world of suffering, a bed of sickness and pain. The mind could never grasp a truth so far beyond its limited powers, were it not for the promises

with which the Bible is fraught. To strengthen these, or rather to encourage *us*, (for the words of Jehovah require no strengthening,) how often in our daily experience do we hear of dying christians, who have actually enjoyed a foretaste of that better land they are about entering, "to sin, to weep, to part no more!"

It is pleasant to dwell on those eternal joys that lie beyond the gate of death. The contrast of our own miserable deficiencies, our fallen, sinful state, to the things laid up for us in our "everlasting home," makes us reflect more deeply on the only condition on which we may hope for them. It leads us to cling more closely to Christ, the door and the way, to seek and follow him with redoubled earnestness, and to love with heart-felt gratitude the Saviour who procured for us, guilty, unworthy sinners, such joys, by a life of labour and shame, a cruel and agonizing death!

Mr. N——, brother of Lord ——, a clergyman, who was, like ourselves, staying at Cologne, sent a message to us in the morning, offering to read prayers in our salon. On our return from the Münster, a small congregation assembled there to unite in the simple and

beautiful liturgy of the church—doubly beautiful and doubly dear in a foreign land.

The next day, we visited the tomb of the Three Kings, and saw the treasures and reliques at the cathedral. The latter are neither so numerous nor so rich as those at Aix-la-Chapelle. The shrine of the kings is as splendid as gold, silver, cameos, and precious stones can make it; and there is something very thrilling in the effect of all these seen by the light of the lamps and tapers that burn in the enclosure, (which is never visited by a gleam of day,) and the contrast of the gorgeous shrine with the three blackened remains of mortality contained in it.

The crucifixion of St. Peter, in the church that bears his name, is one of the "sights" of Cologne. It is by Rubens, and is a terrific painting. Agony the most intense, is frightfully portrayed in every swoln muscle and writhing feature of the martyred saint. The imagination that conceived such a picture must, indeed, have been one of extraordinary power.

It seems strange that the same place should be famed for the worst smells and the best perfume in the world, yet one probably was the

cause of the other. Doubtless, it was in some fit of desperation at the unbearable odours on every side, the inventor was driven to such a vigorous exertion of his energies, that the far-famed Eau de Cologne was the result. Naturalists say, that in the vegetable world the bane and antidote are always found growing in the same soil—and so it is at Cologne.

CHAPTER VI.

The Rhine Steamer—People on the deck, and places on the shore—A husband and wife.

I HAD been so repeatedly told that I should surely be disappointed in the Rhine, that as a necessary consequence I was not so. It is no wonder that this “valley of sweet waters” should so often share the fate of an over-praised beauty; for artist, poet, painter, and tourist, have so set on fire the imaginations of stay-at-home travellers, by their delineations of every rock, tree, and castle between Cologne and Mayence, that the said imaginations have each drawn their own pictures long before reality applies its searching touchstone, and dissolves the charm. Alas! imagination is a deceitful, though beautiful painter, and prepares sad disappointments for those who indulge in its too fascinating delights!

The great flatness and total want of beauty on the banks of the Rhine for several miles after you leave Cologne, are, however, excellent preparations for the scenery that ensues when you reach the seven hills. Then there are the thousand associations connected with the place; the atmosphere of legend, and poetry, and romance, that floats like a halo over every hill and valley. Is there any one "so senseless and cold" that he can look upon "the castled crag of Drachenfels," or "Ehrenbreitstein, with her (once) shattered wall," and not feel some chord touched within his breast, that thrills to the mighty spell which has been flung, as with a magician's hand, over this enchanted region?

In fact, in passing along the banks of the Rhine, the eyes are much less busily employed than other more mysterious and invisible faculties. Memory, imagination,—all are at work. Everything that we have read and dreamt of those scenes, rises up before us as we glide by them, and the spirit of Byron and Bulwer seem to hover over the spots their genius has hallowed. I could almost fancy I saw the interesting Gertrude Vane listening to

that tenderest and most anxious of lovers, Trevelyan, as he beguiled the hours of travel and suffering with the legends of the Rhine.

Nothing can be more beautiful in themselves than the two castles of Sternfels and Liebenstein, but how far more interesting are they when connected with the story of which they form the subject in the "Pilgrims of the Rhine." As we came in sight of them, Leoline, Otho, and the noble and constant Warbeck, seemed again to people the lonely towers, and I looked at "the Brothers" with a delight, that I am sure was chiefly owing to that most powerful charm—association.

This a debt for which authors deserve our best acknowledgments;—they invest persons and places with an attraction which belongs, not to the things themselves, but to the imaginative and descriptive powers of the writer; and thus they make us sharers in their enjoyment, and we look at each object through the brilliant prism of their minds. Who can hear the name of Malines without associating with it the intense interest and pleasure with which they have read the exquisite story of the "Maid of Malines?" I am sure if ever I go there, in-

stead of merely seeing the brick and mortar, slates and tiles, of an ordinary town, I shall be looking out for the narrow street where the kind Lucille threw herself between the blind man and the dragoon's horse, and fancy the next turn will bring me to the spot where the former stood when he exclaimed so helplessly, "Fido, Fido, why hast thou deserted me!"

Mr. Bulwer has a peculiar talent for describing the affections; and this, however easy at first it may seem, is by no means a light task. The shades of feeling are so many and so minute, that it requires a fine perception and great knowledge of human nature to paint them as they are. True, these beautiful plants are the natural growth of the human heart—they spring up alike in the rudest as well as the most cultivated soil, and flourish as vigorously under the bitter blasts of misfortune as the sun of prosperity. But though so universal, the effects are so various in different dispositions, that it is not easy to seize and define them. This Mr. Bulwer has done, and whether it be the love of mother, wife, brother, or any of the other affections that sweeten the cup of life, he has embodied them in terms so

tender, so natural, so true, that they come home to every heart; one is every moment forced to lay down the book and exclaim, "O how *often* I have felt that!"

Love, properly so called, he touches with a pencil, that, to my mind, has few equals. One secret of this I imagine to be that there is so little of it. Instead of sickening over his whole book with shallow rivulets of mawkish, monotonous, milk-and-watery-weak stuff, that must, according to the nature of things, evaporate away all its spirit, by reason of the immense space it is spread over, he concentrates the whole into one narrow stream, but so deep, so pure, so fervent, so holy—it is the very essence of the passion—and double-refined essence too.

People quarrel with the "Pilgrims of the Rhine" for being wild and fanciful in many places; but I am obliged to confess, that the two exquisite stories alluded to have such charms for me, and leave so sweet an impression on my mind, that I cannot turn from them to the less pleasing task of searching through the book for its faults. One thing, however, does grieve me, and that is Trevelyan's desperate

and frantic grief for Gertrude. He clings to her with a despairing energy, as though the separation were an eternal one, and there were no bright world beyond the grave where the bereaved one will be united to those who are "not lost, but gone before."

There is no picture so frightful, or that so wrings the heart to look upon, as that of a human being struggling in the agonies of a sorrow *without hope*. This is one of the bitterest punishments of living "without God in the world." The awful stroke comes, and from a comparatively unknown hand; the idol is torn away—removed—he hardly knows where; the world has become a weary, desolate blank, and there is no other to look to; he writhes in anguish, and in blindness, hopeless and alone. To such a one, indeed, death is appalling—terrific, beyond description and endurance.

But to one accustomed to look upon every occurrence as the act of a God who knows and who does what is best for us,—who is too wise, too kind ever to afflict willingly the children of men, how different is the case! His sorrows are not the wild and frenzied agony of hopeless despair. He lays the beloved remains of

his lost one in the ground, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. This is the bright ray that streams even into the dark precincts of the grave, and pours a balm into the wounded heart, as soothing as the gracious words that fell upon the ear of the stricken Jairus, "Weep not, the maid is not dead, but sleepeth."

Indeed, under any, the most favourable, circumstances—the stroke which rends away those fibres that have twined themselves round our heart of hearts, is so agonizing, that I cannot conceive how those unhappy individuals who have to writhe under it without the support of religion, can ever endure the pang. It is too dreadful to think of any one in such a fearful situation, as to be unable to look to such consoling words as these, "Verily, verily I say unto you, the hour is coming and now is, when the DEAD shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live!"

O Thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !

When joy no longer soothes, or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our years,
Is dimmed and vanish'd too !

Oh ! who could bear this bitter doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
One peace-branch from above.

But I am wandering from the deck of the Concordia, and following one of those trains of thought which carried me often far away from the Rhine, even while my eyes were fixed on its banks.

One of the old castles (that conferred on the King of Prussia) has been restored and is now inhabited ; but I could not look at this with the same interest as at the old dilapidated ruins of those falling into decay. The spectres of the past still haunt the latter : one cannot gaze on them without thinking of all the various scenes those ancient walls have witnessed. The loves, the joys, the sorrows, that swelled the breasts long since at peace, when they, like ourselves were

“ Warm with life, the youthful pulses flying.”

How often did the sigh of disappointed hope, or the gay laugh of heedless joy, re-echo through these lonely and deserted chambers! How often the voice of melody or the roar of wassail mirth, gladden those now cold and silent halls, where the ivy waves in the breeze like a pall over the stately baronial towers, once the theatre of so many stirring events and passions!

Besides the delight afforded to the "picturesque-loving eye," by a voyage on the Rhine, there is another pleasure connected with it,—I was going to say, almost equally great. I mean that of studying character. True, this is a gratification that may be enjoyed nearly everywhere, but on board a Rhine steamer you have it in perfection. All nations and languages meet on its deck. Here are a group of Dutch, there a party of English,—further on Germans, French, people of every country mixed up together, and borne along on the little floating world. Various are the tongues that meet your ear, and the specimen of French and English (especially the former, which every one tries to speak) are such as often sorely puzzle the natives of the countries

to which the poor mal-treated languages belong.

Here a young man is bending towards a lady, addressing her with the most eager gesticulation, anxiety depicted in every feature of his intelligent face, his eyes sparkling with the vehemence with which he seems pressing his subject upon her. Her attention is rivetted, and she is looking into the said eyes with such earnestness, as though her fate depended upon her catching every syllable that passes his lips. What can he be saying? Is he explaining a mathematical problem, or asking her to take him for better or worse? Not at all; the young man is a German and she an English girl, neither understanding the language of the other, and the former is straining every nerve to make her aware, in broken French, that she has just seated herself upon his pipe.

As in a river-steamer there is no illness, nothing impedes the display of feeling; and there is besides ample space and free verge for its exercise. All are strangers to each other; no person has any character to keep up for cleverness, fashion, or the thousand other things

which cause a mask to be so often worn before acquaintances, and therefore the real one belonging to each comes out genuine and unchecked.

There is nothing to my mind so interesting as studying character. Delightful as is fine scenery, and magnificent architecture, they are nothing to be compared to the ever-changing varieties of our own species. The face of nature is not half so entertaining as the face of man.

The steamer was crowded, and I prepared to indulge in the luxury of my favourite pursuit, as I looked round at the various groups on the deck. It was amusing to see the *préparations de voyage* they had all made in the shape of pocket-telescopes, guide-books, &c. The seats and tables were quite covered with the latter—you could not turn your eyes in any direction without seeing “Panoramas of the Rhine, Rhenish Albums,” “Mrs. Trollope,” “Schreiber’s Rhine,” “Tombstone’s Views,” “Bulwer’s Pilgrims,” &c., &c.; every one had a different book, and all thought their own guide, and their own glass, infallible. The day was very windy, and great was the difficulty to keep all these several books in order—as soon as one was

opened all the leaves began flying and fluttering in the breeze, and seemed so intent on baffling every effort to keep them down, that the castle had gone by long before the unfortunate voyager was able to find out its name in his book or map.

A fat, John-Bullish looking man, with an immense double-chin, sat on a bench opposite us, with his wife, two daughters, and a son. We heard he was a rich pastry-cook from Oxford, but on the Rhine the family seemed to have completely changed their trade, and from making cakes, had taken to making books. They were all, with the exception of the old lady, who did not look very literary, writing in little red-morocco books ; and so indefatigably did they continue this occupation, never raising their head to look at anything, that one would imagine they had brought the whole yearly accounts of the shop to settle on the banks of the Rhine.

We made some acquaintances among our *compagnons de voyage*—those transient friendships of a day that are made in travelling, and which are often attended with as much pain as pleasure ; for when one has had the good fortune of meeting agreeable and congenial persons,

and arrived at that degree of intimacy which the various little incidents in travelling create at once, it is very sad to have to part without the slightest hope of ever seeing them again. This has happened to us more than once, and we talk over the brief hours pleasantly spent with those we were thus brought into a momentary contact with real regret.

Our first *friend* on board the steamer was a dear old gentleman whom I noticed on getting on board at Cologne. He attracted our attention, first, because he looked so exceedingly gentleman-like, and, secondly, because he seemed in such delicate health. He was tall, and seemed, from the way in which his clothes fitted him, to have been once stouter; his face and lips were of a clear marble-like paleness, and there was a delicate pink flush on his cheek, that spoke of suffering. With all this there was an expression of mildness and patience on his fine, open brow,—a sort of placid cheerfulness about him that made him very interesting.

I know not how, but there is something that always draws me most irresistibly towards any one that appears a sufferer. Even if they be ever so unattractive in other respects, yet this

claim awakens some strong and secret sympathy in their favour, and I never can look upon them without longing to be able to say, or do, or try something that might comfort and soothe them. There are so many things connected with the pale cheek, and languid eye, and wan lips—they tell such a tale of sleepless nights and weary days, and patient, uncomplaining resignation, and silent struggles against the irritation that accompanies suffering! and then one always pictures the anxious wife, or sister, or mother, watching every turn of those changeful looks with a restless eye, and a heart that rises and sinks like the silver of a thermometer.

Perhaps some of these thoughts may have appeared in the looks I could not help directing towards the old gentleman. He soon approached our party, and began to converse with that mixture of reserve and ease which marks in a moment the man of perfect good breeding when addressing strangers. He spoke English, and so fluently and well, that for the first few sentences we thought he was a countryman. He told us, however, that he was a Hollander, but like many of that people whom

we have met, had travelled a great deal, and been for some years in England. He had evidently read much and seen more, so that his conversation was very agreeable; and his manner partook greatly of that delightful school, called the "old school," the courtesy and chivalry of which, when our grandmothers descant thereon, do make us, who have arrived some fifty years too late in this degenerate world, to lament that "the schoolmaster has been abroad."

Our old friend was very anxious to point out all the beauties of the Rhine, as we passed along. He had, he told us, made the voyage many, many times, as he had for several years been in the habit of going to Wiesbaden every season, "to patch up," he added, with a slight sigh, "a sadly worn-out and ailing constitution."

On board the steamer we recognized, after a short time, three young Prussians, whom, having already met the day or two before, were hailed as comparatively quite old acquaintances. We were looking at the painting of the crucifixion of St. Peter at Cologne, when we first saw them, and after an interchange of various civilities, a sort of intimacy commenced between them and W——. The recognition that

now took place when all met on board the steamer was a most cordial one.

My attention, however, was soon diverted from them by two persons seated opposite, whose movements and relative situations it took me a good deal of time, and some puzzling, to interpret. They were a young man and woman, who came into the vessel together, and seemed to know no one, and the first thing I ascertained about them was, that they were French. The lady was very young,—not pretty, but very interesting; she was extremely pale, with black hair, and soft, dark eyes. Her companion was one of the most unprepossessing persons I ever saw, and very unlike a Frenchman. He was a heavy, sluggish, lump of humanity, and I looked in vain for an expression of *anything* in his stupid face.

“There may be good-nature,” thought I, “though no intelligence or animation;” and so I watched: but no—there were eyes, nose, and mouth—and nothing beside.

His manner to his gentle companion was as uncouth and indifferent as possible. He flung himself down beside her, and turning his back, threw his arm over the railings and gazed

stupidly into the Rhine. "Now what can they be to each other?" thought I. "I should say, judging from him, a pair some twenty years married, but that they are too young for that—she indeed hardly looks twenty years old. Can they be brother and sister? He might perhaps belong to that amiable class of brothers whose motto is, "any man's sister but my own." But she—and I watched them more narrowly for a short time, and at last came to the decision that there was something far other than sisterly in her manner.

"I never saw anything like her devotion to him; she kept her eyes fixed upon his ungainly figure, as though nothing else in the world were capable of arresting them; and if for a moment they wandered from the beloved object, they soon returned, like Noah's dove, to the ark in which all her affections seemed centred. When we passed a remarkable spot she drew out her panorama of the Rhine, and opening it on her lap, pointed out the place; he never by any chance turned round to see what she took such pains to show him; so then all that was left her was to read the description, straining her voice that the sound might

reach him,—for be it remembered, that all this time her ungracious lord (so I judged him to be) sat with his back half-turned to her.

The day was intensely hot, and about eleven o'clock the sun came round, so that the awning did not shade the bench where this pair were sitting. The lady opened her parasol, and her first glance after so doing was to ascertain what part of the mass of flesh before her was exposed to the rays; she then raised her parasol, and held it at what must have been to her a painful height, so as to cover her companion, while I remarked, that in so doing, the full power of the scorching sun fell upon her own fair, delicate throat.

There was something in this utter forgetfulness of self, this devotion to an object who not only did not return the affection lavished upon him, but seemed quite insensible to it, that was very touching. I could not avoid observing narrowly the movements of the pair; and the more I looked, the more interested I became. I saw her draw gently away the pocket-handkerchief that lay on his knee, and then empty into it nearly half the contents of her eau-de-cologne bottle. She replaced the hand-

kerchief, but he did not seem to notice what she had been about, so half-raising herself from her seat, and bending over him, she took it up again and applied it to as much of his face as she could reach ; for even then he did not turn towards her, though he grunted out some sort of acknowledgment for her attention.

After this there was a long pause ; some one near, I observed, tried to get the lady into conversation, but she only answered in monosyllables, and turned again towards her husband, whose round back, rising up like a wall before her, seemed to have more attractions than any other object. After sitting a long time in silence, she tapped playfully on the said back—the man turned quickly round, with an air of stupid inquiry, as much as to say, “ Well, what do you want now ? ” I thought the look of winning fondness with which she gazed up into his face, would have moved even him. But no ; with an impatient gesture which said as plainly as gesture could, “ Oh ! is *that* all ! ” he flung himself round again, and resumed his stare into the water.

My heart ached for the wife ! “ Interesting young creature ! ” thought I, “ how would the

affection you are wasting on that insensible clod, rejoice the heart, and embellish the life of one who could appreciate you!" It really made me sad to see so much tenderness all unreturned and unvalued; and I began to moralize on the waywardness and contrariety of things in this nether world.

I have heard one, who is a keen observer and judge of human nature, say, "That there are few men who can bear the trial of having a wife very much in love with them; it ends in general by spoiling the best." Now the present case was probably one in point; and I thought, if the rule apply equally to both parties,—(and why should it not?)—what a wretched reflection it was, and what a woeful comment on poor human nature! Certainly if the interesting young Frenchwoman had concealed her feelings for her ungracious husband, and endeavoured to treat him with a little of the indifference he showed her, he might have thought more of her, and valued her more. But this would have been utterly impossible on her part; she might as well have tried to set bounds to the sea, as to disguise the affection that seemed to fill her heart so

full that it overflowed in every action, word, and look.

I believe, after all, I wasted a great deal of sympathy and compassion on this adoring young wife. She seemed perfectly happy, and I am sure every service she rendered, and every little sacrifice she made for the object of her love, was a real gratification to her. I looked towards them again in the course of the day, and—*mirabile dictu*!—he was turned round and actually listening to her! When I saw her looking up at him with her whole soul in her eyes, and every feature brightened into an expression of love, and admiration, and pride, I wondered how I ever could have pitied her!

There is something in an affection like this that differs from the ordinary interchange of feeling. It suffices to itself; it is so engrossed in its object, that self is totally lost sight of; it asks no return, and therefore there is no disappointment attending it. This sort of love assumes a far higher tone than any other, being perfectly disinterested, and as there is no reciprocity, it becomes more like the veneration felt for a superior being, and goes on exalting the object, which, by sharing in all the

little weaknesses of the passion, would have appeared on the same level. But what a mysterious and intricate piece of mechanism is man, and how hard it is to divine, much more describe, any one of the complicated feelings that are every day passing under our eyes !

CHAPTER VII.

More persons on board the steamer—The three Prussian Barons—An agreeable Frenchman.

IN the afternoon the little world on board the Concordia began to assume a more lively appearance. Dinner opens people's hearts wonderfully, and as during it sundry discoveries were made as to who could understand each other and who not, when all came on deck after it was over, there was much more talking than before. Little family knots that had kept all close, with their heads together like a flock of sheep the whole morning, now opened out, and got rid of their exclusiveness. Almost every one, except the frigid Frenchman and his wife, increased in communicativeness. It was very amusing to hear the various plans the several people had laid down for themselves,

and the comparing of notes on the subject. No two were alike ; each had managed to contrive a route differing in some way or other from every one else—there was a perfect net-work of arrangements.

“ I suppose you sleep at Coblenz to-night, and go on in the steamer to-morrow, mein Herr ?”

“ O dear, no ;—I mean to stay a day to see Ehrenbreitstein, and embark again the following morning.”

“ I advise you not to do that, sir,” says a third. “ *I* intend performing the rest of the excursion by land, and stopping to see everything worth looking at by the way—one sees nothing from a steamer.”

“ Do you go to Baden, or to Schwalbach, madame ?”

“ To neither ; Schwalbach is much too quiet for me. I should die of ennui in a week—I shall try Wiesbaden—I have heard it is very full.”

“ And I Ems.”

“ Ems !” exclaimed a fat, melting-looking, red-faced Frenchwoman, “ don’t go there, Monsieur, it will be the death of you—I have just

escaped from it, Dieu merci !—'tis the hottest hole in Europe, sunk down in the middle of high hills, and there you are packed together with a set of people broiling like yourself,—like so many eels in the bottom of a frying-pan. Ah ! j'étais écrasée, ma foi !—ensevelie—étouffée—je ne pouvais pas respirer. Ah !” and the fat lady laid her hand on her extensive chest, and panted again at the recollection of her sufferings.

Our three Prussian friends, who had kept close to our party all day and spoken to no one else, were to go to the same hotel at Coblenz, and, like ourselves, remain a day there. So far our plans (for a wonder) coincided, and we were glad to find that they intended being our fellow voyagers along the Rhine as far as Bingen, the day following. They were travelling for their amusement, and two of them were brothers. I could not help thinking how in persons of every country the *gentleman* breaks out without any intention or effort on the part of the individual. There was not the slightest pretension in these three young men, and yet when they walked up and down the deck, there was a sort of involuntary deference in the looks that were di-

rected towards them. This was particularly the case with respect to the English pastry-cook and his party,—persons of this class having an instinctive perception of aristocracy in any shape.

At Coblenz we got into another “Belle Vue.” This seems a most favourite name with foreign hotel-keepers, and often is a sore misnomer. Some of them are about as appropriately named as a row of houses I once saw in an English watering-place, in front of which rose a high stone wall, so close that you might almost put your hand upon it from the windows. Against these houses was nailed a board with “Prospect Cottages” painted on it in letters a foot long.

Our hotel at Coblenz, however, was not in this style, there being a “belle vue” in reality as well as in name. It was like that at Cologne, but on the left bank of the river, exactly opposite the bridge of boats, and when this was lit up at night the effect was very beautiful. You could not see the bridge itself; the double row of lamps upon it looked as if they were suspended in the air as they stretched across the river, and were reflected in it. Directly in

front of us rose the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and that also looked much more picturesque and beautiful at night, when you lost the details, and saw only the dark, shadowy outline frowning against the sky. One might almost fancy it to be some huge sentinel keeping watch over the sleeping city as it towered gloomily above it.

Part of the next day was spent in recovering ourselves after the blowing and broiling we had gotten on the Rhine, and part in visiting the town, and rambling along the banks of the "blue Moselle." In our walk we met the three Prussians, and they joined us in our researches. The acquaintance had now increased to such a footing that it began to be desirable that we should know each other's names—they, I believe, did know who we were, and I suppose did not wish to have "an advantage" over us, as the phrase is; for after a little consultation one of the brothers stepped forward, and presented his companion as the Baron von Kerstenbroigk, and his brother as the Baron von Plettenberg, both lieutenants in the King of Prussia's guards, first

regiment of lancers—he himself was Baron Wilhelm von Plettenberg, and not a military man.

Now that they are introduced in due form, I must describe them. The Baron von Kerstenbroigk was the handsomest of the three, and just such a man as the hero of a novel is generally represented. He was very tall and very dark, a sort of Vandyke face, with hair, mustachios, and a profusion of *favoris*, as black as very jet itself. Though I speak of a “hero,” I must say he was far from having anything of that superfine and lack-a-daisical race of gentry belonging to him, as he was a fine soldier-like looking young man, with just enough of gravity and reserve to make him interesting. There was, however, something very sly in the way he drew down his cap over his dark eyes, and his laugh was delightful—so boyish and full of fun.

The brothers Plettenberg had completely German faces, full of good-nature, very fair, and with the sort of auburn mustachios one sees on every lip (not the ladies,) in this country. The elder was rather sedate; his smile changed his countenance completely, but otherwise it was of that reflecting, contemplative cast

that invites you to study it, and makes you fancy there is much to discover :

. . . . " the stern
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern."

Nevertheless he was *not* " stern," only grave ; but I could not spoil Lord Byron's rhyme.

The Baron Wilhelm von Plettenberg's face makes me laugh now while I am thinking of it and writing about it. I never saw a physiognomy more full of glee, and merriment, and good-nature, and fun. When he laughed, every line in his face, his eyes, the dimples that kept peeping in and out round his mouth, and in his cheeks,—the white teeth that glanced from under his thick mustachios,—all laughed, too. He had a droll roguish way of putting his tongue between his teeth when anything amused him, that was quite irresistible. I never could help laughing when I caught a glimpse of his countenance, even though it was at the other end of the steamer, and I did not know the cause of his mirth :—the latter was most infectious.

The two other barons spoke nothing but German ; but Wilhelm von Plettenberg did not

stop at any language. His French was not the most intelligible in the world, but *qu'importe!* His English consisted chiefly in copying our exclamations as we passed the castles, &c. on the Rhine. At last he became so *au fait* that even before we had time to say anything, he would cry out, "Eh! look, look—*das ist beautiful!*" and his merry laugh at this exploit in English rang through the deck.

Our day's delay at Coblenz caused us to lose many of our fellow-passengers; but the vessel was as full as ever when we embarked again. We had not much opportunity, however, of studying the new-comers, though there were some interesting little groups among them too; for the increasing beauty of the scenery engrossed all our attention. The day was neither so hot nor so windy as the former, and there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the voyage between Coblenz and Mayence.

I was glad to see a large party of Dutch on board. Experience had even already taught me to look for superior information and agreeability in these people, and I could bear ample testimony to the truth of Mrs. Trollope's flattering report of them. One young Dutchman,

who got into conversation with us this day, spoke English almost as well as ourselves, and his knowledge of English literature was such as many a native of our isles might have been proud of. I was looking into Mrs. Trollope's account of the Rhine, when he came up; his eyes brightened as they fell upon the book, and of course I took care to enlarge upon what I knew was in his thoughts at the moment, namely, her remarks on his countrymen. He was a very favourable sample himself.

We were now approaching Bingen, and the time drew nigh when we must bid adieu to our *old* and well-beloved friends, the three Prussian barons. The parting was a most tender one, for we really were all very sorry to say good-bye. They had been collecting together their baggage, and when the fatal bell sounded the signal to leave the steamer, all came up to where we were sitting, and stood before us with doffed caps. Kerstenbroigk looked grave, Plettenberg graver than ever, and Wilhelm—the gay Wilhelm!—not a wrinkle moved round his funny eyes—not a dimple “had leave to stir;” his whole face was sobered down into sadness: we discovered that he actually *could* look serious.

Then ensued mutual regrets, and protestations, and exchanging of cards, and hopes of meeting again, and pretty speeches of all sorts; but again the inexorable bell rang, and more impatiently than before, and away hurried our friends. The steamer waited a few minutes longer while the luggage of the people landing at Bingen was being carried on shore. After the Prussian travellers had got all theirs safely together on the quay, they hastened down to the water's edge, just as the vessel was starting, and there they stood, the three young men, waving their hats until we were out of sight. Just as we were turning a point of rock, and when they could perceive us no longer, I saw them wheel round, and bound lightly up the acclivity.

This was our last glimpse of our three agreeable friends! Most probably we shall never see them again!

We were not much in the humour for making new acquaintances after this little scene. G—— complained of a head-ache, and went to sit for a while in the carriage. W—— began to talk to a French lady a little way off, who had sat next him at dinner, and I remained standing in

the same place, looking over the ship's side at the banks of the Rhine, which were gradually decreasing in beauty, and moralizing most profoundly on various subjects.

I thought how little we endeavour to turn to a *practical* account the passing events of every day ! All is changing and fleeting and transitory around us, except our own thoughts, which stand still, (in some senses at least,) and continue stupidly engrossed with the present, seldom carried forward by these perpetual changes to the *end* of them all, the eternity which lies beyond, to which they are hurrying us. This must be the case ; for were it otherwise we should be much less occupied with this world than we are, and think more of the next.

As it is, leaf after leaf of the book of life is opening before us ; we study it with delight, for in truth it *is* a delightful thing to read those living pages, as in turn each presents itself ; to observe our fellow-actors on the stage, each performing his part in the drama of life ; to speculate on the motives, the feelings, the secret springs that direct every action, word, and look ; in short, to consider the different

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My new friend entertained, or seemed to entertain, an exalted idea of the English women, their education and attainments. No wonder, contrasting them with his own country-women,

minds and characters with which we are brought in contact as sources of interest and investigation.

Well, the leaf turns!—(one I felt had just done so in our case),—another appears, and we apply ourselves with renewed energy to study it. But do we make a practical use of all this? Do we think of the time when the book will be closed for ever?—when we shall have got to the last of those pages on which we so love to ponder?—when the awful volume of eternity, not time, will open before us?

I was interrupted in my musings by a gentleman who came up with one of those nice little portable stools, like our garden chairs, which are used on the Rhine steamers. He arranged the stool against the side of the vessel, and very politely begged me to be seated. Though I should rather not have been interrupted just then, I could not avoid acknowledging the civility, and this led to further conversation.

I soon found my companion to be just the sort of person likely to fall in with the moralizing, philosophising mood I was indulging, as he proved to be what in French is so expres-

sively called "un homme sensible,"—meaning, however, something very different from a "sensible man." He was a Parisian, and his melodious accent sounded like music after the barbarous, mutilated sort of Gallic compound we had heard all day from the various people of various countries in the steamer. German, too, in the mouths of some persons, especially in men of the inferior ranks, has a harsh, guttural, and somewhat vulgar sound; but French, by whoever spoken, has a finish and refinement about it, that makes the speaker attractive. The Parisian accent my new acquaintance had in perfection, and from what I gathered from his conversation, he appeared to move in a high circle in Paris. He gave me an interesting account of the state of society there, and deplored bitterly the engrossing interest politics possessed now in every circle. "They had," he said, "excluded every other subject, and literature and the fine arts were quite driven out of the field."

My new friend entertained, or seemed to entertain, an exalted idea of the English women, their education and attainments. No wonder, contrasting them with his own country-women,

who, until within a few years, were scarcely taught to spell, and even now, from his account, must, in general, be very superficially educated. Indeed, from all I can learn about woman-kind abroad, always excepting the "Hollandaises," a very Turkish sort of opinion seems to be prevalent respecting them:—*souls*, I believe, they are allowed to possess, but *minds* are still regarded as rather a doubtful appendage.

About the education of men, the Parisian gentleman gave me much interesting information. He said the studies at the Ecole Polytechnique were so severe, that it required strong health to enable a young man to go through with them. He made the very same complaints I have so often heard in England about the time and trouble wasted in acquiring a mass of useless classical lore, which is often forgotten completely a year or two after the student has turned his back upon the university.

"With respect to myself," he added, "I was one of the best classical scholars of my day at the Ecole Polytechnique. My poor mother was the happiest of women every examination, for I carried away every prize. I do not say this *par vanité*; on the contrary, I ought to be

ashamed to confess that I have now forgotten almost every word of my Latin ; and here I have been in this steamer all day not able to speak a word to a soul, because, instead of studying English and German, and what would have been useful to me now, I wasted the time over what has not been so in the slightest degree. Greek and Latin are very well at college,—*mais en voyage, c'est une autre affaire.*"

"Do you purpose travelling far?" I asked.

"No, only to Baden. After the fatigues of a season in Paris, a German watering-place is very needful—I should have liked a quieter place to recruit in ; but *ma femme*," and he glanced over very affectionately towards the lady W—— was talking to,—"*ma femme veut s'amuser*, and I always gratify her when I can."

He then gave me an account of his adventures since he left Paris, which were various, his carriage having broken down two or three times, &c. He did not seem, however, to care for anything, so that Madame was not put out of her way, and he appeared very anxious that the "*toilettes nombreuses*," which he said filled the imperials, and were, I suppose, destined to astonish the fashionables of Baden, should

arrive there safely. "I generally get up at four every morning to see that all is right," he added, "but of course I do not disturb *her* until the last moment."

"Here, at all events, is a good husband!" thought I.

We went on discussing other topics, grave and gay, and every moment I became more and more convinced that my French friend was a person of good sense, refinement of feeling, and observation, and that he had a very interesting and instructive way of communicating his knowledge on most subjects. Moreover, I came to this conclusion, that if we had met earlier in the day, I should not have seen quite so much as I did of the beauties of the Rhine.

We agreed very well until we got to French literature and poetry—he was enthusiastic about the latter; but though I made every concession I possibly could, consistent with candour, I could not entirely conceal my old deep-rooted feelings respecting the "monotony in wire." He took a most agreeable mode of endeavouring to bring me over, that of quoting some of the most admired passages in Racine's

“Phedre” and “La Henriade.” They could not have had a better advocate; he repeated them with exquisite expression and feeling, and when he launched forth at last in that touching episode of *Délille*, the young man lost in the catacombs at Rome, which, in spite of all my prejudices, is one of my greatest favourites in the poetical way, I had not a word to say. Indeed, he seemed to imagine, from the effect this produced, that I was become quite a convert, and triumph shone in his eyes as he gave the last lines,

“Et rempli d’une joie inconnue et profonde
Son cœur croit assister au premier jour du monde.”

However this was, I was able to make the amende honorable to his national vanity in speaking of *De la Martine’s* delightful work, “*Souvenirs, Impressions et Pensées, &c.*” He told me this excellent man devotes all the proceeds of his writings to charity, and he bitterly deplored his now giving himself up so entirely to politics as he does.

“We have plenty of politicians,” he said, “mais des poètes comme de la Martine—cela ne se trouve pas tous les jours.”

Strange to say, I found out that our two fellow-voyagers of the former day, whom I had pronounced husband and wife, had excited the interest of this French gentleman quite as much as mine. He had, he said, observed them closely,—been quite struck with the devotion of the young lady, and equally puzzled with myself to discover their relationship to each other. I was delighted to hear this, as it justified my bestowing so much attention upon them, and showed there *was* something more in the case than what it owed to my imaginative propensities.

Nothing had been lost on Monsieur. The eau-de-cologne—the parasol—he had noticed all, and his curiosity prompted him to find out more about them. They *were* husband and wife, and only six months married! This was the bridal excursion—they were going into Switzerland and Italy, and were not to return home for a year:—"so," added my informant, "cette jeune dame aura assez de tems pour ses efforts de gagner le cœur de Monsieur son époux."—(The young lady will have abundance of time for her efforts to win the heart of her spouse.) Charles C——t was the name of the

impenetrable bridegroom—he had a house in the Faubourg St. Germain, was a man of fortune, and travelling with a handsome equipage.

“But it was none of these things that gained him his interesting young wife,” said the Frenchman, “that is quite plain—mais, c’est incroyable !—un homme de la sorte inspirer une telle passion !”

He then began to speak of the lady, and we debated sundry very abstruse and knotty points respecting her, viz. whether her excessive affection for her husband was a source of happiness or misery to her, or whether its not being returned was likely to render the thing more permanent or extinguish it altogether.

“One thing is certain,” said my companion, his countenance becoming very grave as he wound up his arguments ; “one thing is certain, and that is, that the more *épris* a man is, the worse a ménage always goes on. No husband who, in the slightest degree consults his own interest, should ever pay too much attention to his wife.”

I struggled hard to maintain a proper degree

of gravity at this speech, and the way in which it was delivered ; but it would not do ; my rebellious lips refused to obey, and broke out, in spite of me, into a smile."

The quick-sighted Frenchman perceived it in a moment, and understood the cause. I saw by his face when I looked up again, that he read what was passing in my mind.

" Pray forgive me," I said, " excuse my taking the liberty of forming an opinion on so slight an acquaintance ; but—I—I——"

" Ah ! I see Mademoiselle has had the penetration to discover that my practice does not agree with my theory. Well, I confess it, and perhaps," he added with a smile, " that is the very reason my eyes are so open to the evil consequences I allude to."

This rather confirmed my opinion of Madame, who, though she had managed so to captivate her very agreeable husband, was, nevertheless, I fancied, not half so much to be liked as he. She seemed an exacting, troublesome little personage, and just the sort of woman to take advantage of his attachment to her.

I could hardly fancy any Frenchman could

so far get over his national prejudices, as to censure in the unqualified terms he did, their system of marriages. He explained the whole business. When a man has enjoyed about thirty years of his life, his friends begin to think that he is old enough, and steady enough, and discreet and experienced enough, to undertake the management of that very anxious little household acquisition, a wife. A young lady belonging to some *ami de la maison*, just emancipated from her convent, and sent home at the privileged age of eighteen, is fixed on. What she is, nobody cares—indeed even if they did, nobody could find out; for a well-behaved young French lady is trained up to conceal every natural feeling, and to look, and speak, and laugh, and cry, according to fixed rules. All, therefore, are exactly alike, —until they are married!

However, the young lady's family is good, and so is her fortune, and the friends on both sides meet at the house of a third. Here they and their lawyers settle the whole affair. The two young people are made one flesh, and if they fall in love with each other after, why, so much the better for them!

“Ma foi!” exclaimed Monsieur, “is it not a detestable arrangement, thus cutting off les plus beaux jours de la vie—Il est si doux pour un homme sensible de se croire aimé une fois au moins! But you must not think all marriages are conducted so, sans amour. No—no—every rule has its exceptions.” And again his eye stole over to the opposite side of the deck.

We were now approaching Mayence. Madame began to get fidgety, and to look anxiously towards her carriage. Doubtless she was thinking of her caps and bonnets, and calculating the chances of their being tumbled in getting the vehicle on shore. Her watchful spouse, whose glances generally took a little reconnoitring voyage towards her every ten minutes, to see how she was getting on, flew to her side. In a few moments he returned, and we exchanged various good wishes and a most affectionate farewell.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mayence—The Cathedral—Market-Place—Scriptural Paintings.

ALL now was bustle on board the little vessel, every one hurrying on shore to secure accommodations at the various hotels, and indeed it was necessary to be “sharp” in order to effect this.

W—— left us on board, and ran on before to the hotel. After two or three attempts, he at last succeeded with much difficulty in procuring a bed-room, and a large salon, at the end of which they promised to put up a bed. It was most fortunate he was able to manage this, for dear **G**—— was quite overcome with fatigue and indisposition, and in her suffering state it was very desirable to get housed somewhere without delay.

A tall, thin, good-natured looking, pale-faced waiter, with a long crane-like neck, showed us up stairs with a thousand apologies. He filled that important office in a German hotel, "oberkellner," or head-waiter, and during the ascent a dozen people came to him, pressing their claims from every quarter. No sooner had he stretched out his anxious face in one direction, and began to exert his energies to contrive how he might satisfy the applicant, than another seized him from a fresh side, and then came new requests increasing in urgency, until the poor man, between his wish to oblige every one, and the impossibility of doing so, looked the very picture of distress and perplexity.

The town seemed literally overflowing with travellers. As we sat at the window of the salon, we saw carriage after carriage loaded with imperials, and covered with dust, drive up to the door. The orange and blue postilion had hardly pulled up his reins, when out of the hotel darted the pale-faced waiter, and in his anxiety to save the travellers the trouble of getting out, poked his long neck into the carriage as far as it would reach, looking so sorry, and so concerned, and so miserable at not be-

ing able to receive them, that it was quite distressing to see him.

We could hardly help congratulating ourselves at being so well off, when we saw the tired, hot, dusty, disappointed looking faces that were sent away from the door. The poor horses too, it was a grievous take-in upon them. From the way German horses are harnessed, the leaders being always yards distant from the wheelers,—the former had turned down the porte cochère, and were some paces on the road to the stables, while the carriage was still at the inn door. There they stood, poor, patient things, with their heads down, thinking all their troubles were over, expecting every moment to be unharnessed, and never of course calculating on the chances of the Hotel d' Hollande being full. It quite grieved me to see them rudely roused from this agreeable state of inaction, and their poor heads turned again towards the weary, dusty road.

Everything went on very well until bed-time, when, lo! on examining the door of the salon which had been contrived "a double debt to pay," the key was found missing. A vigorous search was commenced,—divers waiters and

kammermädchen consulted, but to no purpose. At length, the long neck, with the pale face at the end of it, appeared at the door, and hope revived. If any one could procure the indispensable key, it was he, and to go to bed without it was impossible!

There was a long pause,—suspense and sleepiness were contending for pre-eminence when our pale-faced friend appeared,—and—there *was* a key in his hand! He applied it to the door, and the lock sprang out as fast as a foreign lock could spring.

“Ah! that will do famously,” said he, “the key does not belong to the door, so I must take it with me after it is locked—I shall want it for the other rooms to-morrow—but I can fasten this now—that is simple enough.”

Here was a fresh dilemma! To go to sleep locked up in a room, with the key in the waiter’s pocket, would not have been exactly practicable, however simple it appeared in the eyes of our civil friend.

However, he must have been a poor physiognomist who could have anticipated any very obstinate opposition on the part of the pale-faced waiter. There was a nervous anx-

ietty to please in every line of his countenance, and it did not belie him, for after a little more expostulation, he gave up the key. The other rooms were left to their fate, and how they fared in the morning we never heard.

Next day, in defiance of the burning sun, W—— and I set out to see the cathedral. There is something cooling and refreshing in the very thoughts of a Münster during such melting weather. The lofty roofs and high painted windows, through which a ray of sunshine never penetrates—the cold stone floors—the damp, chilling breeze that comes up from the old subterranean vaults, and long, dark, narrow passages, and plays through the arched cloisters; and the fresh, earthy, damp, *old* smell that is peculiar to ancient cathedrals, and is met nowhere else.

But to enjoy all these luxuries one must encounter the intense heat of the streets, and notwithstanding all that has been said and sung of the enjoyment of pleasures in anticipation, I question whether the prospect of the cooling before us, did much in lessening the effect of the burning sun pouring its perpendicular rays upon our unfortunate heads, or the hot paving-

stones sending a current of warmth up through our feet. What between the supply from above and beneath, our persons had imbibed such a thorough baking and broiling during the walk, that the chill of the cathedral was likely to have little effect, except indeed on the principle by which it is said a vessel of boiling liquid, if suddenly plunged into a deep well, is sooner iced than if it had been cold.

But with the church-towers, and all the cooling reflections therewith connected, actually in sight, we were obliged to linger a few minutes in the market-place. We did so despite the heat, and I cannot possibly convey a higher idea of its attractions, or pay it a greater compliment, than when I say this.

The scene was very pretty, and most amusing; the gay, picturesque, showy costumes of the peasants; the delightful smell of the fresh flowers, and fruits, and vegetables, and the variety of things of every sort and kind; toys, birds, old rags, books, furniture, eatables, drinkables, and wearables, that were exposed for sale, made the whole thing most entertaining. Then it was such a miniature picture of life, and particularly rural life, (for most of the

people seemed to have come in from the country,) that it was quite a little world in itself, and most tempting to study.

The peasants were all so happy, and so lively, and so busy, and there was such a hum and buz of talking, and laughing, and bargaining, and gossiping, that the market-place looked like a hive. The old were intent upon gain,—the young upon pleasure, and other frivolous pursuits that young men and maidens of twenty years old and thereabouts, are prone to, in cottages, palaces, and eke in comfortable, happy-medium, substantial brick-and-mortar houses. The children were full of glee and merriment, one or two supremely blest above their companions, in the possession of a great, doughy, half-baked biscuit, thickly plastered over with cherries and lumps of brown sugar.

In short, all were making themselves as happy as they could, *chacun à sa manière*, and I should have been delighted to have got behind a tall market-basket, and staid there half the day, making my observations on each group, and speculating, and guessing, and trying to find out what every man, woman, and child was saying and thinking. But the im-

minent peril in which we were that every moment, this

. solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,

forbade our delaying any longer in the sun, and we repaired to the cathedral.

The outside of the Münster at Mayence has a fine effect, from the peculiar deep-red stone of which it is built. The rich colouring and glow of this is very picturesque, but the *inside* of the building is plain and unadorned. The roof, instead of displaying the gorgeous fret-work we had been accustomed to, is simply plastered, and the walls have the cold, bare, white-washed look of a parish school-house. The altar, however, is like all those in similar places of worship, as smart and showy as carving and gilding can make it. There are several monuments, all very magnificent, and many in very good taste; but though at some you open wide your eyes to wonder and admire, there are others which force you to open your mouth quite as wide to laugh at them, particularly those which represent the electors of Mayence with the kings and emperors they have crowned.

On these occasions, the elector, whom, of course, the artist wishes to magnify and honour as much as he can, is made nearly as large as the niche will admit. The princes, therefore, of whom there are, in some instances, as many as three, are screwed into the corners and angles, diminished to any size that is most convenient.

The next object is to manage the prelate's hands, so that they shall reach the heads to be crowned, and in so doing, they certainly appear to be undergoing sore dislocation. The whole group are placed standing on the backs of outlandish, big-headed, mishapen animals, and these creatures, naturally enough,—who could blame them for it?—are straining every nerve to bite the sacred and imperial toes that are crushing them.

There are several monuments, however, very beautiful, and some venerable from their antiquity. Frastrada, the wife of Charlemagne, is buried at this cathedral, and in the cloisters is a very old monument, erected to the memory of one of those troubadours for whom Mayence was once celebrated. He was called *Frauenlob*, which means the praise of women, from the skill with which he sang the charms of

the fair sex. As a mark of respect and gratitude to him who had devoted his powers to their service, the ladies of Mayence carried the troubadour to his grave. The slab representing this scene is almost worn out by time, but though their features are effaced, the flowing robes and veils of the female bearers are still well defined.

There are not many paintings in the cathedral at Mayence, but several pieces of sculpture. Some of these are as absurd and as full of anachronisms as the massacre of the Innocents at Brussels, with the latter dressed up like little Dutchmen and women. One group I remarked, in one of the aisles, representing our Lord in the sepulchre, surrounded by cardinals in their robes, with the guard of soldiers dressed in the German military costume of the sixteenth century ! These absurd mistakes are very often to be met with abroad, and their effect, when applied to sacred subjects, is very painful. It has frequently surprised me to find in tolerably executed paintings things that would shock the common sense of a child of ten years old.

Very fine paintings, by good masters, of scriptural events, are most interesting to look

at. I do not speak of the light in which they may be held in Roman Catholic churches, for that is a question I mean not to enter upon; but as representing subjects of deep and vital importance, and as tending to excite devotional feeling, I cannot help regarding them as both useful and delightful. They bring those events before us in a more vivid and tangible form, than mere narration could do, and the impression they leave on the mind is indelible. I may be wrong, for I speak only from personal experience, and this is a bad foundation on which to venture an opinion; but I do think reading the scriptures after the mind has been powerfully affected by these beautiful associations with its events, is more forcible and impressive than before.

The feeling left upon mine by the terrific painting of the martyrdom of St. Peter, at Cologne, is one that I am sure no time can efface. There are, perhaps, few persons in holy writ whose character is so strongly conveyed to us in a few bold, marked traits as that of this apostle,—few also which we can so fully enter into and sympathise with. His ardent, zealous, enthusiastic nature, open to every im-

pression, acted on by every impulse in the early stage of his career; his warmth and impetuosity of feeling, which made his love so strong and fervent, his repentance so bitter, so profound; all these characteristics are so natural, and so well understood, that they cannot but impart to the individual a degree of endearing interest.

I can now never read the parting expressions of the aged martyr, "Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me,"—these words breathing such a spirit of patient and meek submission to the divine will, without thinking of the terrific painting. Dreadful indeed was the death to which he looked forward so resignedly!—and revolting the agonies in the midst of which, after his long and laborious life, the venerable saint at last "put off his tabernacle."

The sufferings and martyrdoms of the early Christians are favourite subjects in all the churches and cathedrals abroad. It is impossible to witness these without thinking, with a pang of shame, how unwillingly *we* make the light and trifling sacrifices required of us in

the same great cause, and how often, small as they are, we shrink from them altogether.

There is a very interesting painting of the martyrdom of Stephen on the roof of the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle. Every savage and diabolical passion scowls on the countenances of the murderers, who stand ready to hurl upon his head the huge stones in their hands—while the youthful and beautifully placid countenance of the saint, “like the face of an angel,” is uplifted with an expression of beaming and radiant exultation. One can imagine the parted lips uttering a prayer for his murderers, as he kneels apparently unmindful of the stream of blood that gushes from his right temple.

But what are all these compared to the representation of the great sacrifice in which we are all personally and individually interested? A painting of this subject that comes home to the mind with a thrilling sense of reality, is a Rubens, in the Museum at Brussels. It represents our blessed Lord's ascent to Mount Calvary. The expression of this picture is truly heart-rending. There is something in the countenance of our Divine Redeemer as he toils up the

mountain, bending under the weight of his cross, so expressive of utter exhaustion,—so forsaken,—so abandoned,—every feature is so completely sunk and clouded with suffering, that cold indeed must be the heart that can look on it unmoved. It is a thing not to be described, but you feel that you are gazing on Him whose “visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men.”

One thing is very observable in most sacred paintings, namely, the strong difference made by the artists in the expression given to the countenance of our Lord and that of any of his followers at the hour of death. They seem to have been fully aware of the awful withdrawal of every support, divine and human, from Him upon whom our iniquities were laid. The martyrs, expiring amidst torments frightful to think of, and far too revolting to describe, exhibit a hopeful and a triumphant air, that plainly speaks of a sustaining power and influence from above. This is never seen in the sufferings of the Redeemer.

And so it was. He who did then, and does now, so brighten the dark valley of the shadow

of death to his faithful followers—so cheer and sustain them in the last awful moments—was himself at that hour deserted—forsaken. Alone he was left to tread the wine-press of the Divine wrath—alone to struggle with the anguish that wrung from him that bitter cry, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”

This painting of Rubens reminds me of another sacred though certainly not *scriptural* picture, hanging not far from it on the same wall. It is also by him and beautifully executed, but the design is the most extraordinary one that ever was transferred from an artist's brain to his canvass. Our blessed Lord is represented descending from the clouds armed with thunderbolts and lightnings, and about to destroy the world, which, under the figure of a globe, is in one corner of the picture. Part of it is already consumed, when the Virgin (not in a particularly modest costume) throws herself before it, and holds back the avenging hand, while St. Francis covers up the globe in his cloak.

How so monstrous an idea could ever have entered the imagination of the painter, I cannot imagine. The *Saviour* of the world represented

as its *destroyer* ! He whose very name carries with it the glad sound of deliverance and redemption—the Being to whom alone every creature that draws human breath can cling for salvation ! There was a group of admiring gazers collected round the picture, and they did not seem in the least affected by the ungrateful mistake of the artist. I longed to write at the bottom, those words in St. John's gospel, " God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world ; but that the world through him might be saved."

But I forget all this time, while I have been travelling back crab-fashion through Aix-la-Chapelle to the Museum at Brussels, that one o'clock,—table d'hôte hour at the hotel d'Hollande,—is approaching, and that we have to return to the said hotel for dinner, having to get to Schwalbach in the evening.

The dining-room overflowed with guests. I learned from my neighbour the reason of the long crowded tables, and of the extraordinary influx of visitors the night before, which had so discomposed the pale-faced waiter. There was to be that evening in a garden near Mayence a concert of military music. These

concerts took place every Friday, and multitudes of persons from all the neighbouring watering-places, Ems, Wiesbaden, Schlangenbad, Schwalbach, &c., poured into the town to attend them.

We had a delightful band all the time of dinner playing in a room adjoining the dining salon, and before the dessert was put on, two pretty peasant girls came in with baskets of flowers, which they handed round to the guests. The nosegays were nicely tied up, and as fresh and fragrant as possible, with the dew still sparkling upon them.

I could not help thinking what an idea of refinement it gave, and how softening the effect of dining thus in an atmosphere of music and flowers. This struck me very forcibly when I saw my neighbour, a hard-featured little Prussian officer, who had been talking German the roughest and most guttural across the table to two of his comrades, playing with the nosegay for which he had just thrown a handful of kreutzers to the blushing damsel who had laid it beside his plate. It was composed of a delicate moss-rose, some mignonette, and sweet-pea, and the contrast

of these to the grim, weather-beaten, mahogany-face of the old veteran, whose nature seemed about as soft as his epaulettes, was very striking.

We started from Mayence in the afternoon, and notwithstanding the warnings of the French lady on board the Dampfschiffe, who declared that "at Langen-Schwalbach one would die of ennui in a week,"—the horses' heads were turned in that direction. Ennui being a malady to whose attacks we were not subject, there was not much danger of its proving fatal to any of us, even in this quietest of the German "bads."

As we drove along we could not avoid descanting on what I have before alluded to, the great obligations we owe to authors for the flowers they have strewn in paths where perhaps we ourselves should not have found any.

The visiter of the Brunnens of Nassau must indeed be a very ungrateful, or else a most conceited wight, who does not acknowledge this towards the writer of the "Bubbles." He has invested everything connected with them, with such a spirit of wit and liveliness, such depth of reflection and knowledge of human

nature, that not only is the attraction doubled, but a new interest is actually created.

His descriptions are so graphic, they bring before you so vividly, so tangibly the persons and things described, that when you come to see those persons and things you cannot persuade yourself that they are not old, familiar objects. Indeed from the moment we got into the region of "Bubbles," our feelings were just those of people returning to some well-remembered spot after a long absence; our heads peered out of the carriage windows with the eager, inquiring air of those who expect every moment to recognize some well-known scene, and our lips involuntarily settled themselves into a smile, preparing to be as much amused with the reality as the description.

The superiority of manner over matter (in trifling affairs) strikes you very much in comparing the Brunnens themselves with the Brunnens of the author of the "Bubbles." Not that there is anything exaggerated or over-coloured in his pictures, but certain it is, the place derives far more interest from the book, than the book does from the place. With such an exquisite talent for description, even a rusty nail

might become interesting in his hands; and, their memories stored with his descriptions, the English at these baths are constantly performing that inverted mental operation of referring the original to the copy, instead of the copy to the original. This sort of feeling is very common; when a picturesque group of buildings or a beautiful effect of light strikes us, how apt we are to exclaim, "O how beautiful, how like Prout!—how like Copley Fielding!"* &c.—making,—conceited mortals that we are!—the works of our poor fellow-men the models of excellence instead of its weak imitators.

We stopped for an hour or two at Schlangenbad, and hastened to *re-visit* the spots and scenes we had already so often rambled over on paper. Everything was delightful, seen through eyes that belonged to a "Head" far more gifted than those which flourished between our shoulders.

* Gilpin, when he met with a beautiful scene in nature, used frequently to exclaim, "O how *clever*!"

CHAPTER IX.

Arrival at Langen-Schwalbach—House-hunting—
Pursuits of the visitors—Cottage bonnets—Women
and cows—A lady scarecrow.

It was late in the evening when, suddenly appearing out of the wooded hills that seemed to us far from any haunts of men, the quiet, comfortable-looking, snug little village of Langen-Schwalbach burst upon us by surprise. It is so concealed and embedded in overhanging forests on one side, that you are in it before you are aware there is such a thing as a house within miles of you. The gay, fashionably dressed ladies, with their glasses for drinking the waters in their hand, promenading about, looked as wonderful as the warriors that peopled the lonely hill-side, starting out of

bush and brake at the blast of Roderick Dhu's bugle.

We drove to the Allée Saal. (Promenade hotel.) A group of waiters were at the door, but they did not, as waiters usually do, tear open the carriage door before it has well stopped, and fling down the step with a confusion that brings books, baskets, parasols, or whatever loose articles may chance to be in the pockets or at your feet, tumbling about in the street. On the contrary, these waiters stood perfectly still, with their hands quietly ensconced in their jacket pockets. Their heads, however, shook, and their lips moved, and "Alles besetzt," (all occupied,) issued from the latter.

Our little postilion pricked up his ears at these words—he was a wrinkled, mahogany-coloured, dried-up little fellow, with twinkling eyes, and a huge pair of brass earrings, that each looked nearly as large in circumference as his whole visage. When perched up on his horses and encased in the great boots, that were so ludicrously disproportioned to his spider legs, he reminded you of an old brown shrivelled walnut in its shell, or a smoked herring that had been hung up six months to dry in a cottage chimney.

With that sort of guttural grunt so well understood by German horses, the little man stood up in his boots, and called to the leaders : —they raised their heads slowly and unwillingly, and away we drove to another hotel. This was also full, and now we resolved to alight, and perambulate ourselves the little town of lodging-houses.

Our researches were very amusing, but not very profitable, for “Alles besetzt” met us at every quarter. The various proprietors of the various “hofs” were most civil, and most sorry ; but at each door, full, plump cherry-lips, and thin, shrivelled, skinny lips ; and lips fresh from the ardent pressure of that beloved object, the tobacco-pipe, all told the same tale, “Alles besetzt,” until we began to think these two fatal words were the only ones we were doomed to hear at Langen-Schwalbach.

It was woeful to meet with so much inhospitality in a place where every city and nation under heaven seemed to have its representative. There was the “Englischen Hof,” the “Pariser Hof,” the Petersburg, German, Berlin, and Dutch Hofs, but no country seemed willing to take us in. One hotel-keeper, re-

solved upon outdoing all his cotemporaries, had named *his* hof "Die Ganze Welt," (the whole world,) but I very much question whether even in "the whole world," had we tried, there would have been found a corner for us. The "Beiden Indien" (Two Indies) repulsed us,—the "Drei Switzer" (Three Swiss) were equally unkind.

At last the "Stadt Koblenz," the hospitable little "City of Coblentz," redeemed the character of the nations and opened its doors. All the family came out to meet us. There was Herr Herber, the proprietor, a thin, bald-headed little man, Wilhelm, his son and heir, Zaphina, his daughter, a round, plump, smiling, good-humoured little damsel, and Caterina the servant maid. They accompanied us through the seven carpetless rooms, which, wonderful to relate, were not "besetzt." Though small, they were all well-arranged, no room being burdened or encumbered with extra furniture—indeed, in some, even necessities had very considerably been left out. Nothing too could be more admirable than the ventilation. There were wide apertures between the boards of the staircase, which admitted a refreshing current,

and the fine, bracing, healthful air of Schwalbach, came in through sundry imperceptible crevices in the wooden walls.

We went up stairs and down stairs, and into the rooms and out again several times, with a sort of lingering hope that the more we looked and the oftener we visited, the more reconciled we should become to these *novelties*. The good-humoured people of the house followed us,—Zapphina carrying her ponderous keys. But it would not do, and we apologised our way out of the house and down the steps, the men bowing as civilly, and Zapphina and Caterina smiling as sweetly, and looking as pleased and good-tempered, as if the hof had been engaged.

Some one told us that something was to be had at the “Goldene Kette,” (golden chain,) a hotel in the next street. We picked our way over the rough, uneven pavement, and soon reached an elderly-looking building, with high roof and balconies, very like the old houses at Chester, and gaily painted white and green.

Mine host of the Goldene Kette made his appearance with his mouth full of supper, his face full of smiles, and a napkin tied round his

waist. He assured us, *tout en mangeant*, that he had that day sent away two families ; “ But let me see,” he added, “ I think you said you had a carriage and servants ;” and as if inspired by this idea, he mounted the stairs, making signs for us to follow. We threaded our way through sundry long, narrow, crooked passages, with as many turnings and windings as would have beaten Rosamond’s bower, of immortal memory, quite hollow. Not that they were altogether as *fragrant* :—however, when we were almost giddy from our evolutions, the host stopped opposite a door at which he knocked.

“ Herein,” (“ come in,”) sounded from within, in two or three shrill female voices ; whereupon, timidly, and with a thousand bows, smiles, and apologies, he half opened the door, and invited us to peep in. “ These charming rooms,” he said, “ you can have to-morrow—there is a whole suite of them, one inside the other, and the ladies start for Ems in the morning.”

“ But to-night, good sir—”

“ O to-night !—I can manage that. I have one room vacant at the end of the passage—

you shall have it—'tis not very small. O, I assure you, it is not," he added, earnestly, seeing unfavourable symptoms in our faces—"and for one night only—for one single night!"

This was said very imploringly, and in a sort of appealing tone, which seemed to imply some astonishment on the part of the host, that we could not possibly be so exceedingly unreasonable as to object to sleeping all together in one small room—"for one night only,—one single night."

We proceeded on our way, and explored sundry other hofs. The result of our experience was to put us in much better humour with the "Stadt Koblenz," and finally, all things considered—to pronounce it the most desirable quarter we had seen. We thought of the old song,

" Try me, try me
Prove ere you deny me,"

and on the strength of it, turned our steps towards the despised domicile, and were received as warmly as ever by the smiling Zapphina and her bunch of keys.

The first important point, was to decide which of the seven rooms, each of which had a bed, or beds in it, was to have the honour of being a salon. This arranged, all our energies were next devoted to making said salon as comfortable as we could. During our researches up stairs, the valuable discovery of two chairs—which actually had steel spring cushions upon them! was made:—these luxuries were soon brought down, together with a sofa to replace the bed.

One sofa the room already boasted—a large magnificent-looking article, loyally covered with the national blue, with fine yellow birds having prodigiously long tails, sprawling over it in all directions. The gently swelling cushion looked most inviting to weary travellers—but, alas! like many fair things in this disappointing world, the sofa proved deceitful! No sooner had you thrown yourself down on the yellow birds, than you were rudely flung back again with an unexpected rebound, in the most inhospitable and affronting manner. The stout uncompromising steel springs gave you summary warning that they were made, not for the indulgence of luxury, but to stand the wear

and tear of future generations of dwellers in the Stadt Koblenz.

When the carriage was unpacked, and the writing-cases, books, &c., brought into the salon, they added very much to our scanty furniture. Indeed, at last, things came pouring in so fast, that we were at a loss where to put them, and soon the wooden chairs and tables were all occupied. Our carriage-books had been gradually increasing since we left England; at every town on the way one or two had been added to the collection. We hardly knew how many they had swelled to, until they were now all gathered together, and Herr Herber and his son appeared bearing them between them in a *clothes-basket*! Their exclamations were very amusing; doubtless such a library had never before entered the wooden walls of the Stadt Koblenz: "Bücher genügt für eine ganze welt!" (books enough for the whole world,) they cried, laying down their load.

But enough of our home department:—time would fail me were I to tell of all the luxuries that were gradually added to our establishment, and how comfortable and happy we succeeded in making ourselves in pro-

cess of time ;—how a tin tea-kettle was bought, and a little stool, and some magnificent foot-baths, and cups and saucers, and many things besides ; and how a horizontal grand piano-forte, and a guitar, were hired.

What with these two last, and the uncarpeted floor, and the quantities of books, and our ink-bottles and writing materials, candour compels me to confess the derogatory fact, that our “salon” looked most exceedingly like a school-room, or to speak more elegantly, “*the study*” in an “establishment for young gentlemen or ladies.” The likeness was increased afterwards manifold by the daily visits of the Herr Röhling, professor of the German language in Langen-Schwalbach.

The morning after our arrival was one of pouring rain ; it seemed, however, to make no difference with the water drinkers, who were promenading up and down the walks with their umbrellas in one hand and their glasses in the other, most perseveringly. We could see them from our windows, which commanded one of the prettiest views in the whole of Schwalbach. They doubtless considered that while the inner man and woman were kept so constantly

drenched, the outer might, without having any great injustice to complain of, be suffered to come in for a share of the watery element.

The first thing that struck us at Schwalbach was the complete change of temperature. From broiling heat it became cool, nay, almost sharp did we find the mountain air. It seemed as though we had made a sudden jump from the height of summer to the middle of autumn. This is not altogether to be attributed to the place, though the climate of this elevated region is far cooler than elsewhere, and the winter comes on sooner; but just at this moment the change in the weather was general.

The first night we arrived, it was such a luxury to feel not only cool, but *cold*! that I lay enjoying the latter sensation until it became almost painful. Even then I really had a sort of qualm of conscience in preventing what a few days before I would have given the world to have felt for a few moments, by drawing up the stuffed quilted coverlid, which in Germany serves for blankets and counterpane. It was so delightful, and such a novelty to *shiver* a little, after suffering from heat to that

degree that necessary garments were a burden, that it seemed quite ungrateful not to prolong the pleasure. However, we soon found that the memory of departed warmth, however great, would not keep out present cold, and were glad to have recourse to sundry discarded comforts in the covering way.

How strange it is, that if we examine the sources of most of our sensations, either of pain or pleasure, we shall find them springing from the contrast to some opposite feeling. Following on this train of reasoning, would almost bring us to the conclusion, that, considered in themselves, there exist no such things actually as pain or pleasure, but that they are purely relative sensations. For instance, the exquisitely cool mountain breezes of Schwalbach would not have been hailed with such delight, but for the kind of half-baked condition in which we had existed ever since we reached Brussels. Then again we should not have nestled with so much satisfaction under the soft wadded counterpane, if the said mountain breezes had not been somewhat over penetrating when the moon was up.

It is not the strong, robust man, who com-

placently boasts that "no physician has ever been the better for *his* money," that enjoys his rude health the most. Ah, no. Ask yonder delicate-looking individual, whose pale cheek tells many a tale of recent suffering,—ask him, and he will tell you how delicious,—how surpassingly exquisite are the sensations on awaking out of the first sweet sleep after a fever—when the burning is gone—the dry, parched restlessness that sends the sufferer tossing wearily from side to side, in the vain effort to find some cool spot where he may obtain relief for the fevered limbs, over which the tight burning skin seems stretched as though it would crack;—the throbbing temples—the swollen, aching eye-lids—the intolerable, insatiable thirst, that every draught seems only to increase; it is these, all these, that enhance the delight of that awaking.

Any one that has once felt it, can never forget the sensation—the calm, cool, reposed feeling of delicious languor that succeeds those choking agonies—the soft, moist skin,—the sweet composure and thankfulness. And then when the sufferer is further restored, when he is taken out for the first time under the pure

fragrant air of heaven, and the glad song of the birds, and the trees and flowers, then *he* will tell you what a delightful thing health is.

This is the case with all our enjoyments—use takes off their keen edge. But there is no blessing that should so call forth our unceasing and fervent thankfulness, as that first and greatest treasure—health. The feeling of possessing it should check our repining at almost any other privation; for if we had everything this world affords, and wanted health, they would be as utterly unprofitable, as the loveliest landscape to a blind man. Health is a prism that makes every object seen through it bright and glowing, but “all is yellow to the jaundiced eye:” the mind suffers with its frail companion, the body, and when both are sick and aching, life becomes a weary burden.

I like to dwell on this subject, though it is most trite and common-place, because it is one we are so apt to lose sight of. Ungrateful creatures that we are, how often we forget to say, “the Lord gave,” until we are forced to cry out in anguish of spirit, “the Lord hath taken away.” Health, like many other of those common mercies which are renewed

to us every morning, is for that very reason, because it is a daily and a common blessing—all unacknowledged and unfelt.

No wonder that I should be betrayed into a dissertation on health at Langen-Schwalbach, where so many are in pursuit of it. There are sick ladies, watched and tended by their attentive husbands—and pale, delicate-looking men (always more interesting in that position from the painful contrast of suffering to manly habits and pursuits,) nursed by their anxious wives. Here the languid steps of the invalid mother are supported by the daughter,—and there is the child, watched over by the untiring love and sleepless vigilance of a mother's eye, and a mother's heart.

The one-eyed little doctor of the village, Fenner von Fenneberg, in a small work he has written on the waters of Schwalbach, attributes to them the power of curing almost every ill that flesh is heir to. He even goes so far as to assert that they can calm the sufferings of "*unglückliche liebe*," (unreturned love,) though we have it from the highest authority, that "many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it," so I fear the waters of

Nassau, all-potent as they are, must give up this point.

It must not be imagined that all the bathers, and drinkers, and promenaders, and donkey-riders, are invalids. Far from it. Groups of the healthiest, happiest, most flourishing people in the world are seen sipping the sparkling liquid under the tent-like covering of the Pauline brunnens; all talking, laughing, and engaged in the little interesting matters that sometimes go on at watering-places, the former as merrily, and the latter as earnestly, as if there were no such things as pains and aches in this nether world.

It is amusing to observe the difference between the people of the different countries. The Germans and English are most alike, particularly the ladies. This last is partly owing to their style of dress, which is very like ours, and also to the way of putting on their clothes, so different from the smart, coquettish, *apprêté* manner of the French toilette. I was astonished to see the cottage-bonnet, which I always thought peculiarly and exclusively English, so universal here. One always attaches ideas of propriety, and decorum, and old maidishness to

these demure-looking coiffures; but here, where every German lady wears them, these ideas are soon put to flight. The bonnets themselves are the most prudish, proper articles in the world, as straight as straight can be; but so many laughing, roguish, sly faces are seen dimpling and smiling at the end of these straw telescopes, that one learns to look at the sober exterior with new eyes. The fair complexions and light hair often mislead you, and you fancy you are looking at your countrywomen, until an animated "Ja, ja," (yes, yes,) or an energetic "Gewiss," (certainly,) from some of the groupe, sets you right.

With respect to the men, the case is less doubtful, for the English lords of the creation bear that about them, in general, which distinguishes them from the men of any other country;—but should you be puzzled, you have only to watch a little more narrowly, and you will perchance see the handle of a long pipe, or a cigar peeping out somewhere. Or else have a moment's patience, and you will observe the gentleman fall back a little, put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, extract from thence a

flint and steel, and proceed to strike a light. This is a decisive symptom.

Nassau is not "*le paradis des femmes*," or of anything else feminine, for the women and cows do everything. All the laborious tasks of reaping, mowing, bearing burdens, &c., fall upon them. How the lords of the soil, man and beast, bestow their strength, I cannot conceive or discover. Cows being made to work, is to us, accustomed as we are to consider these animals lawfully entitled to pass their days in honourable idleness, something quite new, and at first it is startling on passing a heavily-loaded cart, to catch the fragrant breath of these hard-working matrons, guided by their equally industrious mistresses. In Belgium I saw the female character under quite a novel point of view, namely, acting scarecrow in a corn-field. It was the first time I ever saw an article of the kind of the feminine gender—and very formidable it looked; the old straw-bonnet perched on one side in a most fierce, virago-like attitude; the ragged shawl fluttering in the wind, the sleeves puffed out, and arms extended in a way menacing enough to

frighten any poor bird. I wonder what would be the effect of putting up a lady-scarecrow in our fields at home. I hope English crows have discernment enough to think they might look for kinder treatment at the hands of the gentler sex, and not be so unchivalrous as to think an old bonnet as terrific as an old hat.

CHAPTER X.

The Lutheran church—A ramble in the forest—"Sir Robert" and his donkey—The headless ladies of Langen-Schwalbach—A mistake.

WE were told that the English service was performed at eleven o'clock at the Lutheran church. Accordingly, on our first Sunday at Schwalbach, we set out for the little place of worship, and on reaching it, found almost all the English in the place collected, and waiting on the high steps outside.

The Lutheran service was over, and the people had left the church, but the doors were still shut, as there was a catechism going on within. My heart swelled when I heard this, for I knew this was just the hour when the very same scene was passing some hundred miles off, close to my dear home. The deep

tones of the catechist, and the replies of the children, reached us from time to time through the closed doors. But I scarcely heard them for some moments. I forgot that I was standing outside the Lutheran church of Langenschwalbach, and my thoughts carried me far, far away to our own village school-house. Once more I stood among the smiling groups of children assembled there to receive their weekly portion of the bread of life. I heard their innocent voices join in the simple hymn, and then it ceased, and my own little pupils closed round me. They I knew were now in better hands than mine, and I pictured them to myself at this moment gathering round their youthful pastor, (who had taken charge of them for the absent teacher,) their well-known faces uplifted towards his grave, earnest countenance. I longed to be inside the Lutheran church where the same thing was now going forward. Once the door half-opened, but it was shut again. My dear companion understood the wistful look I cast at it as it was closing, and going up the step, he gently pushed the door—we glided in, and seated ourselves on a bench opposite.

The scene inside the church was very interesting, at least so it seemed to me. The place itself was perfectly plain, and without the least attempt at ornament; the small pulpit was hung with black, and before it stood a table covered with a white fringed cloth. On either side were ranged the young people and children, seated in rows, one above the other—the girls on the right hand, the boys on the left.

When we went in, the minister was walking slowly backwards and forwards between these two divisions, delivering an address, which he broke off occasionally, to put a question first to one and then to the other. He was a tall, dignified-looking man, with no distinction as to dress but a band and a black scarf: but he looked the divine—you felt that he stood there an “ambassador for Christ,”—having a high and holy office to fill,—an important message to deliver. I never saw a more benign countenance. There was a mixture of kindness and gravity in its expression that was quite beautiful, and his full, rich, deep-toned voice was impressive beyond description. He spoke deliberately and with

solemnity to the children, as he walked slowly between them, his hands crossed on his back. Their eyes were fastened upon him, and some, in the girl's division, were full of tears.

The questions, in general, were answered promptly; occasionally, when some obvious one was put, a chorus of young voices burst out into a reply, and then the sudden smile that beamed on the benevolent features of the minister, and his animated exclamation, "Recht! ganz recht!" (right, quite right!) showed how deeply he was interested in his young flock. When he had finished the catechism and address, he made a signal to the children to rise, and while they remained standing, he approached the table, and joining his hands over it, pronounced a blessing the most fervent and affectionate I ever heard. After this, he walked down the aisle, and I followed the good man with my eyes, while my heart overflowed with respect and veneration, until the door closed upon him.

The children left the church by another way, passing just opposite where we were sitting.—All traces of the solemn air with which they had listened to their pastor had vanished, and

almost every face in the little party was full of glee and merriment as it passed us. I could not help offering up a silent prayer, that the good seed which had that morning been sown here,—as well as in the distant and beloved spot that was so uppermost in my thoughts,—might take root in all those young hearts. It is interesting to look upon a number of youthful heirs of immortality just launched upon the perilous ocean of life, gay and thoughtless, and little dreaming of the waves and storms that await them on that wild sea.

When the church was cleared, the English congregation poured in. This was the first season there had been English service at Schwalbach,—a clergyman visiting the baths having obtained the use of the Lutheran church, in order to give his compatriots the benefit of hearing “the Lord’s song in a strange land,” and in their own tongue.

He made a most profitable use of the opportunity he had procured. The subject of his sermon was, Paul and Silas while imprisoned at Philippi, and their feet fast in the stocks, singing their midnight hymn in such loud and joyous strains that the “prisoners heard them.” The

preacher combated with zeal and talent, the absurd and prevalent mistake, which connects a religious life with a gloomy one. He brought the experience of the dead and the testimony of the living to prove that there was no earthly happiness or enjoyment which religion did not rather enhance than otherwise, and that persons need but try it, to prove, that not only did it smooth the bed of death, but sweeten the cup of life.

There was one thing peculiarly delightful in the little service at Schwalbach. All the responses were repeated aloud by the congregation, there being of course no clerk. Many a time and oft have I deplored this not being more universally the case in our churches at home. There is something so lifeless, so formal, so chilling, in seeing a whole assembly maintaining a mournful silence,—standing coldly aloof while the minister and clerk are going through the service, as though they were only auditors and lookers on in a scene in which they had no part, and were not privileged to lift up their voices and join in the prayers and praises of the sanctuary. This is evidently quite contrary to the intention of the framers of

our beautiful liturgy. Nothing can be plainer than their directions. We have "a confession to be said of the *whole congregation*," (not the one parish clerk,) "after the minister;" and again, "the people also kneeling and *repeating it with him*;" and stronger still, "the minister, clerks, and *people*, shall say the Lord's prayer *with a loud voice*."

Now what would the writers of these words say, if, instead of the full chorus of supplication and thanksgiving that should burst from the lips of the multitudes assembled to pray and not to *listen*,—they were only to hear the one, poor, solitary, meagre, little voice of the parish clerk, who is paid ten or twenty pounds per annum for reading over the words?

There was so much heart in the way the little Schwalbach congregation shared with their minister in the service of the day, as if they really felt they were addressing the Most High quite as much as he, that as my voice mingled with theirs, I could not help almost wishing there were no such stipendiaries as parish clerks in the world.

July 19.—We have had a long and delight-

ful ramble in the forest. The day was lovely, just such a one on which scenery is enjoyed to the greatest perfection,—when the lights and shadows are changing every instant, and producing a hundred different effects on the same spot. Sometimes the whole valley was lit up by a sudden burst of sunshine, and then again the light faded away, or was transferred to the woods beyond, and “all was changed.”

The forests are a delightful feature in the enjoyments of Schwalbach, and the walks cut through them in all directions are so abundant and in such endless variety, that one need never go twice by the same route. These walks are beautifully kept, and there are seats at intervals made of branches of trees, principally beech: the leaves are left on, and when branches, dried leaves and all,—are twisted and interwoven together, they form a much more soft and luxurious cushion than our steel sofa of the Stadt Koblenz.

To assist us in our ascent of the steep zigzag walks, we were accompanied by a donkey and his guide, who were called into requisition occasionally. When we were tired of mounting the hill, we found it a great relief to mount

the *esel* (donkey.) He and his conductor were a very picturesque pair, and the bright colouring of their respective habiliments formed a pretty contrast to the dark foliage of the forest paths through which they were winding. Christiani, the man, was dressed in a blue frock and broad buff belt—he was a funny old fellow with his large earrings and wrinkled face, and nose and chin almost meeting together like a nut-cracker.

Mohr, (Moor,) so called from his dark colour, was sumptuously caparisoned in bright scarlet. His gay saddle was, like those of all his quadruped comrades, ingeniously contrived to be either masculine or feminine as the case required. It was a sort of amphibious construction, for in a moment out went the pommel, away went the back, down went the stirrups, and there it was, fit for any of the beaux of Langen-Schwalbach.

We frequently saw large donkey parties, composed of men as well as ladies,—that is to say, the riders were of both sexes. I never beheld such caricatures as the gentlemen-equestrians. Many of them were certainly much better able to carry the donkey, than the donkey

them : and there was one mustachio'd gigantic young man, sure to be seen in every riding party, who was always obliged to cripple up his knees most carefully when on donkey-back, otherwise his ride would have been somewhat of the same nature with the Irishman's jaunt in a sedan-chair with the bottom out. He might have joined in poor Pat's exclamation when he wiped his face and looked piteously out of the window—" Faix, gentlemen, I'm thinking, only for the honour of the thing, I might just as well be walking."

Mohr understood every word his old master said to him, and always pricked up his long ears particularly at the sound of his own name. " Heut Mohr!—heut Maia !" (the latter seemed a kind of pet name) was encouragingly exclaimed whenever he relaxed his pace, and the appeal proved generally effective.

According to his master's account, Mohr was a wonderful animal, and enjoyed a happy exemption from sundry little common-place infirmities to which donkeys and men are alike subject. For instance, the vulgar, inconvenient sensations of hunger and fatigue, seemed never to interfere with his comforts.

“ Mohr is going very slowly this morning—see, he stops every instant.”

“ Oh, nein ! nein ! (no, no,) he is the quickest esel in the village,—young, strong. Heut ! Morchen,—heut,—heut Maia !”

“ Perhaps he is hungry ?”

“ Hungry !” exclaimed the old man in a tone of astonishment at such an idea once crossing our minds, “ after four kreutzers’ worth of bread this morning ! Nein, nein !”

“ Well, then, he is tired.”

“ Tired ! Mohr tired !—mein Herr,” (with an incredulous laugh, as if now indeed we were talking of impossibilities,) “ Oh nein—he is not tired. Heut Maia ! heut !” he cried, with renewed energy, accompanying the words this time with a sly blow behind, which we were not intended to see. The accelerated pace was of course to be considered quite a spontaneous effort on the part of poor Morchen, and not at all the result of the gentle hint he had received in the rear.

We found out that our old blue-frocked friend’s surname was Peel. W—— asked him whether he had ever heard of a great man in England of that name ? “ Perhaps he may be

a relation of yours,—who knows? Sir Robert Peel,—think again.”

Poor Christiani put on a very grave, pondering face, and was evidently revolving this important question in his mind. But when he looked up and saw us smiling at the idea of the poor, old, simple-hearted, unsophisticated Nassau donkey-guide, with almost as few ideas in his artless head as his shaggy companion, puzzling himself to find out his relationship with the English statesman, he took the jest at once.

“ Ah! so—so—!” he cried, laughing, and shaking his earrings at W——; “ come, Maia, heut! heut!” But he was evidently flattered, and when W—— afterwards playfully called him “ Sir Robert,” his nut-cracker face widened into a very self-satisfied grin.

All this time we were mounting, and winding, and getting deeper and deeper into the “ eternal forests.” One might indeed almost fancy them “ eternal,” so unbroken was the stillness,—so peaceful, so complete the solitude of the place. At first the wood was comparatively low, and on either side of the path were rich grassy fragrant banks covered with wild flowers.

Nothing can equal the beauty and variety of these spontaneous children of nature in the forests of Nassau. There is the graceful bindweed, the foxglove, dear to the lovers of fairy lore; the wild thyme, the bluebell, wild geranium, and thousands of others, bright-coloured and beautiful, which I had never seen before.

As we advanced we came to the more ancient parts of the forest, full of old, stately veteran oaks, and spreading beech. It was delightful here. The soft, subdued sunshine came down through the pillar-like stems of the graceful trees, with a charm that I cannot describe—it added to the repose and stillness of the scene, and shed a sort of calm, dreamy influence over the spirits, that made you feel a longing to linger there,—a regret to leave that tranquil spot, that seemed above the reach of the agitating passions and turmoil of the world. The pure air of those elevated regions contributed doubtless to this effect on the mind; and then the *smell* of the forest—there is something in this so peculiar, so different from anything else. The damp fresh earth; the decayed leaves underneath, and the fragrant living ones

overhead; the moss, and the wild flowers, and the thick-tufted rich grass, that yield their scent and their sweetness when you crush them beneath your feet, and the bark of the old trees; —all these combine to regale a sense that is oftener affronted than gratified: you cannot help pausing every moment to inhale a long, deep, fragrant breath of these forest delights.

Every now and then we emerged into open, sunny glades, where large single trees, the veterans of the forest, stood out alone, or in groups, and here and there the tall silver stem of the birch rose gracefully upwards, a bright contrast to the sober colouring of the oak and beech trunks. These glades were so still and so beautiful, that we expected to see the deer bounding through them, or lying at repose under the trees. In less open spots the effect of the sunshine through the leaves was enchanting. The light fell sometimes in broken patches here and there, and sometimes flickered on the ground with that dancing tremulous motion which on a hot day is so delightful; for it conveys to you as it were the sense of the brilliant rays, together with the

feeling that you are shielded from their power, at one and the same time.

But I fear I am getting unintelligible—a catastrophe that often ensues when one undertakes the doubtful attempt of transferring into other minds the sensations of one's own. Sensations are so much the effect of time, place, circumstance, age, accident, and constitution, that to describe them, much less impart them to another, is almost hopeless; indeed even the same mind is so differently affected at different times, that the impressions of the morning may be scarcely comprehensible to itself at night. How often are we enigmas to ourselves and others!

Besides, it is time to leave the forest, which I find I am as unwilling to quit in description, as we were in reality. Many a longing regretful look we turned towards it as we prepared to descend. Not so poor Mohr. No romantic, foolish ideas of lights and shadows, sounds and scents, disturbed *his* wise head. From the moment it was turned towards the Pauline Brunnen, he trotted on at so brisk a rate, that instead of the "heut! Morchen, heut!" poor "Sir Robert" had something to do to restrain him to a pace that suited his old limbs to keep

up with. We let them go on and settle matters together as they could, while we stopped occasionally at the beechen seats that are placed wherever the view opens.

The prospect, after clearing the forests, and while you are descending the hill, is beautiful. The whole country lies at your feet like a map, and you have the contrasts of hill and valley, village and forest, rural life and fashionable life, all in one picture.

On the left hand is the little valley of the Pauline Brunnen, with the gay water-drinking folks diminished to fairies, promenading up and down, and in and out between the trees; and the spring at the end with its canvass awning like a great mushroom. Even at this distance the music rises from the valley, although it is so far off that you cannot distinguish the performers. This is strange,—but so it is, that at Schwalbach, wherever you go, the music seems to follow you. There is something in the echoes, or in the shape of the ground, that conveys the sound, whether it proceed from the Stahl Brunnen, the Pauline, or any other quarter.

The rural view is on the right, and very

pretty it is. Ripe golden corn, some still waving in the fields, and more being cut down by busy groups of peasant-girls. Some of these are tying it up in bundles, and carrying it off on their heads; others piling it up in carts, to which are yoked patient cows, with their heads fastened together. Besides the corn-fields, there are patches of flax, and clover, and little meadows;—small gardens full of cherry-trees and potatoes, with the French-beans trained picturesquely up rows of crossed sticks; and many other features of pastoral life.

Stretching straight before you is the dear, quiet, village of Schwalbach. There it lies, in all its length, with its numerous Hofs and Gast-houses,—a slight mist resting on the little cluster of high roofs, and the two tall church-towers,—one Lutheran, the other Catholic, standing like sentinels at each end of the single street.

The day after our arrival here we were startled by the apparition of two extraordinary figures advancing towards us up the street. They were females, both very fashionably

dressed, one in white, the other in some showy flowered pattern, with immense stiff gigot sleeves, that stood out like balloons. The ladies, perfectly well formed in other respects, were, horrid to relate, *headless* !

We looked at them with amazement and curiosity. They moved on slowly and steadily like any one else, keeping side by side, but were evidently timid, from the careful manner in which they avoided being jostled by the passers-by. Whenever, too, a carriage or cart approached, they were in a great hurry to get across to the other side of the street ; and once, to escape a cloud of dust, raised by a large donkey-party, they both ran behind a large yard-gate for shelter.

We watched anxiously, while nearer and nearer came the mysterious ladies without heads. At length, they were quite close, and now proved to be two well-starched gowns going home to their respective owners at the end of the laundress's fingers.

This is the way all the dresses are returned from the wash at Schwalbach. The Wäscherin, instead of submitting these important *pièces de toilette* to the indignity of being doubled up

and confined in a basket, convert their fingers into pegs, hang the dresses thereon as large as life, and bear them away,—modestly content to be eclipsed behind their own handy work. You frequently see on some fair promenader at the brunnens, the same identical gown you had met quietly walking home, apparently by itself, the evening before.

At the end of our first week here, one day the door opened in a great hurry, and to our dismay, all our petticoats walked in to us. We were just going to tea, and not at all prepared for such *stiff* visitors.

The laundress, to whose digits they were appended, was a little, sharp, shrewish-looking creature, all bustle and flutter, with piercing black eyes, that were never still an instant,—and blessed with a volubility of tongue quite inconceivable. She broke into the room with a volley of eloquence that overpowered us, followed by two children carrying the minor articles in baskets.

In a moment her keen, restless eyes had been sent into every corner in search of some spot whereon to deposit her burden. We saw the “fell intent,” but one might as well have

talked to the Falls of Niagara, as attempt to explain that we did not keep our wardrobe in the salon. She kept chattering on, and peering and fussing about, and we trembled lest the whole contents of the baskets should be overturned into our laps—they indeed seemed the only vacant spots; for one table was occupied with tea-things, and the other with books, papers, &c.

However, in a much shorter time than I have taken to describe it, the baskets were emptied;—sofa, piano, wooden-chairs, and everything were covered, and the poor room looked as if it had been overtaken in a snow-storm, or an avalanche suddenly upset into it. It was some minutes before we could get all the clothes and their loquacious wäscherin cleared away, and we were left to breathe after the noisy and unexpected irruption.

The costume of the peasantry is neither picturesque nor pretty, which is disappointing me, as nothing adds so much to the charm of scenery, as to have the figures in keeping with the landscape in which they appear. Besides, there is always something interesting in a pe-

culiar and national costume. The small round cap, laced boddice, short petticoats, and blue stockings, which we see on the "buy a broom" girls in England, is seldom to be met with, and then only on the old.

The young are generally without caps, and the way they arrange their hair, is beautiful to a degree that is really ridiculous. If an artist or a sculptor had presided at their coiffures, they could not be more regularly Grecian and classical than they are. This is the case with every peasant girl you see, however poor,—the hair Madonna'd in front with beautiful simplicity, and gathered up behind in a large tress of shining braids. It is often quite absurd to see a Grecian head which, for form, might serve as a model to a sculptor, and for neatness and arrangement not disgrace a petite maitresse, rising out of a corn-field; and then to catch a glimpse of the coarse, red face belonging to it—from which slavish toil, and constant exposure to the burning sun, have effaced everything like symmetry.

This attention to the hair seems to pervade every age. I have seen poor children, with clothes the dirtiest and most wretched, whose

hair was carefully divided, and hung down their backs in two long, glossy, shining braids, being tied at the ends with black ribbons.

The women, in general, are not well formed; they have high shoulders and narrow chests,—and if the line of beauty be a curved one, I fear they cannot lay claim to much. A mathematician would certainly find more squares than circles in a Nassau fair one—mais qu'importe!—she can dig, and mow, and carry burdens, and is not that enough? A woman here is for use, not ornament.

July 21.—A few nights since I heard a man's voice under the window singing a few simple notes, which did not strike me as anything particular, and excited no further attention. In an hour afterwards, I was in my room, and after extinguishing the light, had opened the *croisée* to enjoy the lovely scene outside.

The moon had just risen over the wooded hill, and its "silver sheen" was trembling through the leaves of the tall poplars, and touching, with its soft, gentle light, the projecting points of the *Pariser Hof* close by,

while the rest lay in deep, black shadow. The dewy, fragrant night-breeze stole up from the garden so gently, I could almost fancy it was afraid to disturb, with its sweet breath, the perfect stillness and tranquillity of everything around. I stood, drinking in the calm delight of the place and hour, feasting my eyes upon the clouds, and the forests, and the moonshine,—and thinking what a thousand pities it was to shut them up for six or eight hours, just now, when they were enjoying themselves so much.

The church-clock struck twelve. The tones sounded peremptory and warning, and seemed to reproach me for standing there *en robe de chambre*, regaling my senses at the window, instead of putting them and myself to bed, and committing both to “sweet forgetfulness.” I prepared—not without regret—to obey the warning, and was taking a last, long look, when again the strain I had before heard struck upon my ear. The voice was deep and sonorous, but uncultivated, and apparently that of a peasant. I looked out and saw a dark figure, relieved by the moonshine, standing right under the window. After singing his short simple couplet, he wheeled round, and walked quickly away.

“Ha! a serenade,” thought I, “perhaps to the fair Zapphina. The lover is very careful of les bienséances, for he allows no time for any opening of casements, or other tender return, but away he goes the moment his strain is ended.”

The next night the singer made his appearance again, and the same thing happened;—his clear and somewhat rough tones had hardly died away, before the echoes of his rapid footsteps were heard already far off, as he strode stoutly over the pavement. Something detained me very late that night, and I was surprised, in about an hour, to hear him return,—stand in the very same spot, and sing the very same air, in the very same way.

“Most periodical and methodical this German love,” thought I, “and very unreasonable too,—for poor Zapphina and Caterina are doubtless asleep these two hours, after their hard day’s work;—it would take something more than a serenade to awake them now.”

Another hour flew away—and just as I was passing into the world of dreams, the song rose once more under the window. This was con-

clusive—it could be no lover, and my curiosity was raised to know who or what the man was who thus awoke the slumbering echoes of Schwalbach, with his nocturnal melody.

The result of our inquiries surprised me not a little, and pleased me still more. The singer proved to be,—the watchman of the little town,—and his *Nacht-lied*, or night song, as it is beautifully called, (which we procured,)—a sort of hymn, each verse adapted to the hour at which it is sung.

There is something delightful in this idea; it is deeply characteristic of the spirit of natural religion which seems to pervade Germany; and the custom is primitive and poetical to the greatest degree. What can be more touching than to hear the guardian of the silent village, as he walks his nightly rounds, thus drawing a simple moral from the fleeting hours; and invoking for the sleeping inhabitants the protection of that God who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

NACHTWACHTERS LIED.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *acht* geschlagen—
Nur *acht* Seelen spruch Gott los,
Als die Sünd-fluth sich ergoss.—
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr! durch deine weise Macht
Gieb uns eine gute Nacht.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *neun* geschlagen—
Neun versaümten Dank und Pflicht
Mensch, vergiss den Wohlthat nicht.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.

Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *zehn* geschlagen—
Zehn Gebot schärft Gott uns ein
Gieb das wir gehorsam seyn.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.

Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *elf* geschlagen—
Elf Apostel bleiben treu

Gieb das hier kein Abfall sey.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *Zwölf* geschlagen—
Zwolf das ist das Ziel der Zeit
Mensch denk an die Gwigkeit.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *ein* geschlagen—
Ein Gott ist nur in der Welt,
Dem sey Alles heimgestellt.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
Unser Glock hat *zwei* geschlagen—
Zwei weg hat der Mensch vor sich,
Herr den rechten lehre mich.
Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen
Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
 Unser Glock hat *Drei* geschlagen—
Drei ist eins und Gottlich heist,
 Vater, Sohn, und Heil 'ger Geist.
 Menschen wachen kann nicht nützen,
 Gott muss wachen, Gott muss schützen.
 Herr, &c.

Hört ihr Herren und lasst euch sagen
 Unser Glock hat *Vien* geschlagen—
Vierfach ist das Akerfeld
 Mensch wie ist dein Herz bestellt.
 Auf!—ermuntert euren Sinnen
 Denn, ist es nicht die Nacht vonhinnen.
 Danket Gott, der diese Nacht
 Hat so väterlich gewacht!

At the risk of marring the sweet simplicity of the German, and giving a very unfavourable idea of the Watchman's song, I have put it into the following rude rhymes for the benefit of those who do not read the original.

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock,
 The hour of *eight*, good sirs, has struck.
Eight souls alone from death were kept,
 When God the earth with deluge swept.

Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.
Lord ! through thine all-prevailing might
Do thou vouchsafe us a good night !

Hark while I sing !—our village clock
The hour of *nine*, good sirs, has struck.
Nine lepers cleansed returned not,
Be not thy blessings, man, forgot.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord ! &c.

Hark while I sing !—our village clock
The hour of *ten*, good sirs, has struck.
Ten precepts show God's holy will,
Oh ! may we prove obedient still.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord ! &c.

Hark while I sing !—our village clock
The hour *eleven*, good sirs, has struck.
Eleven apostles remained true,
May we be like that faithful few !
Unless the Lord to guard us deign,
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord ! &c.

Hark while I sing !—our village clock
The hour of *twelve*, good sirs, has struck.

Twelve is of time the boundary—
Man!—think upon eternity.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord ! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *one*, good sirs, has struck.
One God alone reigns over all ;
Nought can without his will befall.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord ! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *two*, good sirs, has struck.
Two ways has man to walk in given,
Teach me the right,—the path to Heav'n.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord ! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *three*, good sirs, has struck.
Three Gods in One—exalted most
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Unless the Lord to guard us deign
Man wakes and watches all in vain.

Lord ! &c.

Hark while I sing!—our village clock
The hour of *four*, good sirs, has struck.

Four seasons crown the farmer's care,
Thy heart with equal toil prepare—
Up—up—awake ! * nor slumber on,
The morn approaches, night is gone !
Thank God, who by his power and might
Has watched and kept us through this night !

* At *four o'clock* !—how very German !

CHAPTER XI.

A Dutch gentleman—Arrival of A— Dinner at
Schwalbach—Kellners.

July 23rd.—To-DAY we dined at the “Poste,” and I was very fortunate in a neighbour. About “pudding time,” the centre of a German dinner, two travellers, apparently a father and son, came in. The old gentleman, a very intelligent, prepossessing-looking person, seated himself by me. He asked me several questions about Schwalbach, where he said he had but just arrived, and added that he was Dutch. He seemed exceedingly patriotic, and I took advantage of his willingness to talk of his own country, to obtain a very interesting account of its manners, customs, literature, &c. The great care and attention paid to the education of

men, and women too! seemed, from his account, to outdo even England. As soon as ever they are able to speak, advantage is taken of the dawning vocal faculties to exercise them upon French, English, and German, as well as their mother tongue. This diversion of the gift of speech into so many channels must produce a Babel, which my old friend confessed often ended in their knowing no language well. He himself spoke French admirably—also German: he said his English was as fluent as either, but I could not prevail on him to give me a sample. “O no,” he said, “that I dare not—you English have so little mercy—you are *si difficile*.” I fear we have a very sad character, but a very deserved one, in this respect.

The old Dutch gentleman had read many English works, and was quite conversant with the literature of the day. Of Bulwer he spoke in those enthusiastic terms of admiration, without which his name is never mentioned here;—he is decidedly the favourite of all our authors on the continent. While we kept to books all went on very well; but soon my friend rambled off to politics, and then he became all on fire.

He must have been grievously disappointed to find me so slender a politician, though I set out by telling him it was "part of my system," as Dr. O'Toole says, that politics and petticoats are as well asunder: that as every man was by nature and inclination a law-maker, every woman—(especially young ones)—whose taste does not lead her that way, may leave the affairs of the nation to the wiser heads of the land. Still he persisted in dragging me out of my depth, so that I had to cry out for mercy more times than one.

"What!" he exclaimed in answer to some observation, "and is it possible you have seen O'Connell!" and the old gentleman laid down his knife and fork, and gazed up earnestly into my eyes, as though (Heaven forbid!) the object they had rested on were still visibly reflected there. O'Connell, be it known, ranks next to Bulwer in interest in this country.

"Well! I *should* like to see him," he added, "though, Protestant and Conservative as I am, I think him incalculably mischievous."

We next got upon authors and clever people in general.

"The former," he said, "I should never like

to meet except in their books. Talented persons must of necessity be egotists. Concessions must be granted them, and certain allowances made: in fact, it is a sacrifice we owe to genius, and which it expects."

Now, here I was forced to differ from my old friend, though I believe his opinion is a very usual one. That clever persons should be conceited and egotistical, because they *are* clever, appears quite contrary to the nature of things. In the first place, the very circumstance of their being so, argues superiority of intellect, and more extensive views of things in general than others possess. They stand on higher ground, and from thence they see the wide field of knowledge spread out before them: they see how much, how very much there is to be learned, and how trifling in comparison are their own attainments. It is only a little learning that is a dangerous thing.

In the next place, a far more important cause for humility presents itself. Any one who has ever seriously put to himself this question, "Who made thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" will find in the answer a powerful silencer of

all vain-gloryings. With the knowledge that "every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from God," there rises up the awful conviction, that each must be accounted for to him. Talents, whether of the mind or the purse, viewed in this light, are, indeed, no subjects of vanity; they become sources of anxious responsibility—often of deep self-reproach to their possessors. The thought that to whom much is given, from him will much be required, if present as often as it ought, would annihilate boasting of every sort.

Alas! how great are the short-comings of us all! when we reflect that health, wealth, time, talents,—every faculty of mind and body,—are so many gifts which are not to be laid up in a napkin.

Monday.—Yesterday, after service, Mr. S——, who was going to take a walk in the forest with his children, proposed, as a remedy for a very bad head-ache, that I should accompany them. I accordingly did so, and soon we were climbing up the winding zig-zag paths, Jet, their little black and white spaniel, bounding on before, chasing the butterflies; and the

children, scarcely less active and playful than their fairy companion, skipping about or gathering wild flowers and berries. We made a long circuit, and returned home by the Ems road. When we reached the foot of the hill that slopes down immediately behind the Stadt Koblenz, I was surprised, on turning the corner, to hear sounds of lively conversation and an occasional laugh issuing from the open windows of our salon. This astonished me the more, as I had left G—— and W—— very gravely engrossed with their books, and I knew Sunday was not a visiting day. I looked up, and just caught a glimpse of the collar of a coat, and a small gracefully-shaped head. The head was half turned away, so that I could not see the features; all that appeared was the corner of a forehead, and the division at the side parting two glossy waves of dark chesnut hair. Had I been phrenologically disposed, this would have been an excellent opportunity, but curiosity at the moment predominated. I broke in upon their animated conversation, and found G—— and W—— enjoying the delightful surprise of the arrival of their old friend, A——. His coming is completely unexpected, and quite

a little era in the "even tenor" of our Schwalbach life.

July 27th.—Dinner here is one of the most characteristic, and, to an English visiter, newest features in the place. The sallying forth of the whole population from their abodes at the constitutional hour of one, to congregate together and dine in parties of two or three hundred at a table d'hôte, is indeed very unlike anything we are accustomed to at home, and the novelty is very amusing.

I looked forward with great delight to our first dinner at the Allee Saal; and as I had not then learned to be hungry at one o'clock, prepared to make active use of my eyes and observe everything that was going on. Sitting down to a German table d'hôte without an appetite, is not so great an evil as a similar failure elsewhere. The time is very long, it is true, but not tedious, even though you should not be fortunate in an agreeable neighbour; (in the latter case, of course, time is forgotten; as when thus pleasantly beguiled it flies but too fast.) Where there are so many people and so many dishes, the eyes have ample

amusement, and the ears are regaled with the charming music that plays the whole time of dinner.

I expected to see the Germans eat an immoderate quantity, but observed this was not the case. At the first glance they might appear to do so, for they helped themselves to everything that went round, and their plates were changed every two minutes. But these "helps" were ridiculously small, such as half a chicken's leg, a single slice of tongue, &c. Indeed, the host of the Allee Saal seemed resolved that his guests should not transgress in this way, and on the strength of his hotel being the acknowledged most fashionable dining-place at Schwalbach, often took the liberty of providing very scantily. He seemed to have adopted as his motto the German proverb, "Alle gute dinge sind drei," ("all good things are three,") for he seldom exceeded that number of the same article on each dish; three fairy cutlets,—three slices of ham that looked as if they had been carved for Queen Mab, and so on.

Occasionally a buz of discontent at this short commons would run along the lines,

among the English part of the company; not that there was not enough, but the character for profusion which German dinners deservedly enjoy, makes people unreasonable in their expectations. One day I translated this buz to a German who sat next me, and who had inquired what they were speaking about. "Ha, is that possible!" he exclaimed, "your countrymen complaining of not having enough to eat—why I thought they accused us of being the most voracious people in Europe?"

This was very true, and what could I say to defend my "countrymen?" I could only feel sorry that my neighbour's feelings had been wounded, and for myself resolve to think well, how it might hurt others, before I ever give expression to any ill-natured opinion.

The German *kellners* (waiters) are quite a peculiar race. Their office is a most arduous one, from the ceaseless activity it requires, and the national out-of-door chair-and-table system. They are of necessity always young, and are by far the most dapper, spruce, smart, well-dressed youths one sees.

If I were asked to translate the word *kellner*, I should certainly render it "a biped for carry-

ing plates ;” for their talents in this respect are quite marvellous. Trays are unknown, therefore the endless train of dishes and plates that compose a German dinner, are brought from the kitchen in the hands or rather on the arms of the kellners.

How one left arm can be made to accommodate such a number I cannot conceive. We have frequently reckoned as many as seven, full of soup, ragouts, &c., perched on it, the right being actively employed in handing to the ober-kellner, (head-waiter,) who alone has the privilege of putting them on the table.

The rapidity with which the latter functionary discharged this office at the Allee Saal was quite extraordinary. I have often watched his progress down the table as he advanced attended by a host of kellners, their arms garnished with smoking dishes. As soon as one had been relieved of his cargo, away he flew to the kitchen to fetch a fresh supply, while the indefatigable “ ober-kellner ” continued to fling down the dishes, stretching over the table with an effort that made one arm fly up in the air while its fellow was extended to its utmost with the dish, and sent the corresponding leg

to as near a level with its owner's head as ever Taglioni's was.

How the contents of the dishes spun down thus one after another, like a deal at cards, escaped overflowing, I could not conceive, until closer observation showed me the sort of swing with which each was deposited on the table, causing the gravy, &c., to make a circular evolution within the dish without over-passing its edge.

Owing to this extraordinary alertness of the active ober-kellner, the long tables at the Allee Saal were replenished and cleared in a very short space of time; and not many minutes after the bevy of young kellners made their appearance with each course, the two or three hundred hungry expectants who had hailed its entrée, were busily engaged in eating it.

The S—— family, who are our neighbours at the "Beiden Indien," and whose stay at Schwalbach, contributes so much to our enjoyment here, used to dine as well as ourselves at the Allee Saal. Mr. S——, however, when the complaints of starvation became general, proposed deserting to the Goldene Kette, the smiling host whereof is a protégé of his. He led the

way, and a large body followed in his train, —ourselves among the number,—who have continued to dine almost ever since then at the Goldene Kette.

The profusion of dinner there is really absurd. The first day we went to it, turning a deaf ear to the sounding bell of the Allee Saal, we thought it would never end.

First, as usual, was the soup,—then the invariable boiled beef with its accompaniments of pickled cucumber, onions, or sour kROUT. Tough, and tasteless enough this is, it must be confessed, but no one need eat it who does not choose, for that must be a wondrous appetite that will hold out as long as the supplies that minister to its wants. After the beef is a course of cutlets, sliced ham, (raw!) omelettes, and vegetables. Then come partridges, chickens, sausages, ducks; these are replaced by fish of all sorts,—some so be-sauced and be-decked with garnishes, that they are hardly recognizable as belonging to the finny tribe,—and pyramidal dishes of cray-fish.

The puddings come next, and certainly the ne plus ultra of puddings are the German ones, always including in the praise that belongs to

them the smoking boats of fruit and wine sauce with which they are flanked. Mr. S—— always takes care to secure a second pudding for our end of the table, in the disposal of which we very meritoriously contribute our exertions.

A novice would now reasonably conclude that his labours were ended. No such thing—the pudding is a kind of *æra* whence fresh courses take their date. The sauce-boats are no sooner cleared away than an array of a more formidable kind than has yet appeared, presents itself to view. Roast joints, *reh*, (a forest delicacy of the deer tribe, in great estimation at the tables d'hôte,) geese, turkeys, hares, &c. &c., with smaller dishes containing preserved pears, plums, or cherries, (always eaten with roast-meat in Germany,) and sallads. The sallads and “compôtes” are stationary, while their unwieldy companions are borne off wholesale to the side-table, to be returned retail to the guests. This substantial course is followed by sweets,—cherry tarts, the fruit blushing like coy beauties through their grating of crossed bars,—enormous cakes, all spices and vanille,

with a snowy summit of powdered sugar,—custards, creams, &c. &c.

The dessert and bon-bons close the proceedings, but the former is not patronized by the water-drinkers; and when plums and pears make their appearance, a general movement and scraping of chairs against the floor takes place among these. Now is the time to know who are frequenters of the Brunnens and who are not, by the result of this first break up.

The cost of this abundant dinner is forty-eight kreutzers (about one shilling and four-pence halfpenny) per head,—exclusive of wine; and English, French, Poles, and Russians, appear to us to do it fully as much justice as the proverbially voracious Germans.

Speaking of eatables, I cannot pass over the bread, first, because it is the staff of life everywhere, and next, because it is really perfect here. There are, however, two kinds, one of which is black, sour, and uneatable, but the “milch-brod” for whiteness and delicacy of flavour is unrivalled.

A baker’s window is quite a picturesque object. The shape, and colour, and glazing of

the milch-brod, some round, some oval, some twisted into crescents, and true-lover knots, and suspended on a kind of iron cross over the stall, has a very pretty effect in the village street.

One word of advice before leaving the table d'hôte. Never send away your knife and fork. Your plate will be changed every two minutes; indeed by the time dinner is over, the number you have had will be almost past counting, but never be betrayed into allowing knife or fork to accompany them. It is better to keep and clean your own in your napkin, than to send them away and get those of some one else that the kellner has just run through (not wiped in) his soiled cloth.

Apropos to forks, you may always know, in looking down the tables, who are English and who are not, by a glance at these little utensils. Foreigners hold them not as we do, but in the way we handle the spoon in taking soup. The knife, however, has by far the most busy time of it, having double duty to do, while its companion reposes in idle inactivity. It is allowed free admission into the mouth at discretion; nay, I once witnessed the delicate operation of one being drawn across between the rosy

lips of a pretty girl, to remove any gravy adhering to it, in order doubtless that the salt or vinegar of the ragout might not mar the flavour of the pudding-sauce.

There is some old proverb about "picking your teeth with a fork." A gentleman once told me, he had seen this office performed by a *knife* at a table d'hôte, the operator modestly keeping his hand before his mouth while the process was going on. However I do not believe all I hear; some stories are more witty than true.

After dinner the English return to their hofs, or else betake themselves to the promenades or a ramble in the forest. The Germans sip their coffee under the trees of the Allee Saal. The little groups they form round the tables are very pretty—the ladies with their knitting and worsted work, the gentlemen with their—pshaw!—one cannot write ten words about Germany without stumbling on a tiresome cigar!

One is apt to think reading, and working, and drawing in the open air, under trees, and in shady bowers, wonderfully romantic and delightful; I tried it last summer, and found

it was like what we may suppose "love in a cottage" to be,—better in romance than reality. It *sounds* very well, but when a dazzling sun-ray comes down through the trees full in your eyes,—when the wind suddenly blows about your work, or sets every leaf in your book flapping and fluttering at once,—when myriads of gnats and summer-flies keep buzzing, and stinging, and humming about you until you are in a perfect fever,—or else, when you find some half-dozen of these luckless little creatures, sticking and sprawling in the fresh oil-paint you had just laid on your picture, intending it for clouds, and not fly-traps; then you begin to think that the four walls of a room, though far less poetical, are infinitely more comfortable and adapted to your pursuits, than the "sylvan shade."

The universal practice of knitting is not, it seems, confined to the fair sex in Germany. I have been told that farther north, and in the electorate of Hesse, the men, during the long winter evenings, turn their spades into knitting-needles, and ply them over the cottage fire, while the women spin. "This shocks your English prejudices, does it not?" said my in-

formant, "but is it not much better than spending the dusk hours in the beer-house?" After all, prejudice apart, why may not a man make stockings as well as shoes?

All the linen used in this house is made by the hands of the fair Zapphina, who, like Lucretia of old, presides, while Caterina and the other maidens "handle the distaff." There is a long array of spinning-wheels in an empty room at the top of the house, and I never pass them by in going up and down stairs without thinking of the pleasant, busy scene that goes on in the little kitchen, when the long winter evening has closed in, —after the gay summer visitors have deserted Langen-Schwalbach, and left its quiet inhabitants to their simple, primitive occupations.

CHAPTER XII.

Ruins of Adolphsec—Adolph and Imogene—Shops—
English neighbour at dinner—A word on female inferiority.

AT about an hour's drive from Schwalbach, are the ruins of Adolphsec, and the little village of the same name. Every one goes to see them,—and so, one lovely day after dinner, we got into a rough, jolting German carriage, drawn by a pair of sagacious German horses, and driven by a good-natured German kutscher—to follow the universal example.

There is nothing very particular in the drive,—as to scenery, the road is bordered with cherry-trees, as usual,—and the prospect consists of alternate forest and arable land.

We could not help noticing the poverty of

the crops, which struck us forcibly, after the rich, abundant harvests of Belgium. The corn, "few and far between," looked in comparison, like the thin, spare locks, encore bien conservés, and "tirant sur le grison" of an old beau's head. Certainly no young one,—not even Absalom himself, could boast a more abundant chevelure,—a more thickly covered cranium than—(to carry on my simile) the Belgian fields.

The little village charmed us, from the first glimpse, by its picturesque situation and appearance. It lies high, over the winding river Aarde, and the colouring of the houses on the edge of the steep, and the little church beyond, is beautiful. We rambled over the village, exclaiming at every step, with admiration at the succession of "*bits*," animate and inanimate, that would have rejoiced the eyes of a Prout or a Wilkie.

The ground was so uneven that the roof of one house often touched the threshold of another. And then the cottages themselves!—they were built of roughly-hewn logs, fastened together by large wooden pegs, and the interstices filled with mud. Some were plastered over,

and painted with the brightest colours; others had grotesque figures upon the walls. At every turn *a picture* met our eyes; and it was really puzzling, in such an “embarras de richesse” to choose out of the many a subject for a sketch. G——, however, fixed on one at last; and while she was employed with her pencil, I sat beside her, delighted with observing the picturesque groups of people about, and the interesting little scenes of village life going on in the narrow street.

Here two pretty peasant girls were outside a cottage-door, one seated on the step knitting, the other washing a tub-full of clothes. Now a primitive-looking old man, in a broad-brimmed hat, with his pipe in his mouth, would pass up the street,—then a woman, leading two cows yoked together,—and none of these simple-hearted villagers passed us without stopping and giving us, with a nod and a good-natured smile, their courteous “guten abend,” (good evening.) Just before us a group of lovely children were sitting on some logs of wood, peeping at the strangers with childish curiosity, and laughing with roguish glee whenever we noticed them.

There was altogether an air of rustic simplicity, a primitive, unsophisticated something about the place and its inhabitants that was delightful; and the fresh, country smell of the newly-hewn wood, and fragrant breath of cows, was in perfect keeping with the rest.

On one of the old houses in the village, we discovered an inscription, written in rude characters, but the touching and beautiful moral of which must come home to every heart.

“ Wir bauen hoch und feste,
Und sind doch fremde gasts—
Und wo wir ewig sollen seyn,
Da bauen wir gar wenig ein.”

The following is almost a verbal translation.

“ We build us houses high and strong,
Where—stranger guests!—we dwell not long,
But where for ever we shall be,
There,—thoughtless souls!—*there* build not we!”

The ruins of Adolphsec are ruins indeed—you require to be told that a lordly castle once stood there, for you would hardly gather that so it had been from the fragments of dilapidated wall now standing.

The story connected with these ruins is very interesting, and possesses the rare merit of being *true*:—this is no trifling recommendation in a country where the curiosity of the lover of traditions is balked at every step by absurd stories of dragons, enchanted castles, roads cut through rocks and mountains in a night,—beautiful princesses carried off on flying steeds, &c. &c.

The Emperor Adolph, of Germany, was wounded in battle, and taken to the convent of Lindenthal, many miles from the castle which bears his name. Here his wounds were dressed, and the beautiful Imogene, fairest of the sisterhood, was appointed to watch over his convalescence.

But in their anxiety to show their allegiance to their sovereign by thus choosing for his handmaiden the flower of the convent, the nuns had acted unwisely. While her skilful fingers were employed in healing the emperor's wounds, the bright eyes of Imogene inflicted others more deadly; and soon, alas! a fever of a new kind succeeded that brought on by pain and the loss of blood.

Imogene was as modest as she was fair, and

for a long time Adolph concealed the sentiments with which she had inspired him, dreading to wound the sensitive delicacy of one, in whose ears the accents of love would sound a crime. At last, however, on one occasion, when the other attendants were absent, the emperor's prudence forsook him. He declared his passion in the most eloquent terms, and ended by imploring the lovely nun to fly with him from the convent.

Poor Imogene was thunderstruck! For some moments her confusion and dismay at the new and unexpected language of Adolph overcame her completely. While she stood struggling with her agitation, suspense began to change into hope in the bosom of the emperor; he almost imagined, from the effect his words had produced, that his love was not only permitted but returned. But he was soon undeceived,—the nun recovered herself, and faltering forth her regret and astonishment that her sovereign should have so far forgotten what was due to her habit and vocation, she bade him farewell.

The emperor implored her to remain; he reproached himself bitterly for what he had

done, and vowed that no word unsuited to her maiden ears, and sacred profession, should ever again pass his lips.

"No," said Imogene, "this chamber is no longer the place for me. I would have watched my sovereign as long as my poor services were of any avail—no fatigue or weariness should have forced me to resign so proud a post to any in the convent—but now—— Farewell, Adolph!—there are others within these walls as skilful, as tender, as Imogene—her you may not, must not, ever see again."

So saying, the nun quitted the apartment, and another, less young and less fair, came to fill her place beside the emperor's couch.

Days and weeks passed on. Adolph's wounds were healed, but still he lingered in the convent. He could not bear to tear himself from under the roof that contained his beautiful Imogene. She was dearer to him than ever, now that he had discovered that her virtue and her modesty were as great as her person was fair. Every day he hoped that he should succeed by some means in obtaining a glimpse of her; and though every day he was disappointed, still he hoped on.

At length, his conscience began to reproach him for giving way to this weakness. One night he lay revolving in his mind his projects for the future, and endeavoured to summon up courage to take some decisive step. He cursed the imprudent folly that had driven far from him the object of his unhappy passion, and bitter regrets at the thought of never again seeing Imogene kept him sleepless. The convent clock had just struck midnight, when the door of his chamber noiselessly opened, and—could he believe his senses?—Imogene, like a beautiful vision of sleep, appeared before him.

She advanced steadily up the room, until she reached the emperor; but then her courage wholly forsook her. The interesting girl had evidently summoned up all her strength, and overcome all her scruples, for some desperate effort; but now it had vanished, and she stood beside the couch of Adolph, trembling and speechless, her eyes fastened on the ground, her lips quivering.

“And hast thou indeed relented, beautiful Imogene?” exclaimed the emperor; “and art thou come once more to bless these eyes, that have pined for thee so many long, long days

and weary nights? Nay, tremble not thus;—what hast thou to fear, and why this excessive agitation?” he added, seeing that Imogene was still overwhelmed with shame.

She was indeed shocked and alarmed at the situation in which she had placed herself; and the feeling of having thus, alone and at midnight, sought the chamber of a man who she knew loved her, made her almost sink with confusion. Her face was deadly pale, and the folds of her black habit rose and fell beneath the crossed hands which she pressed over her bosom, as though to keep down by physical force the agitation that swelled it so violently.

“Alas! alas!” she said, struggling with her emotion, but still without daring to raise her eyes towards Adolph, “what can you—what must you think of me! But come,” she added, with a strong effort, “this is no time to give way to womanly feelings. Emperor, your life is in danger—you must fly from this convent,—to remain another day is death! Charles of Burgundy has discovered the place of your retreat; even now this deadly enemy is plotting an attack upon you. But there is

yet time—you must not delay an hour,—to-morrow it will be too late.”

“And how, gentle Imogene,—how hast thou obtained this important information?”

“Ha!” whispered the nun, starting—and looking hurriedly round the room, she drew closer to Adolph,—“that is a secret none but yourself may know. The confessor of our convent is he, before whom Charles of Burgundy kneels at the confessional,—and—and, hush! did you not hear some one move? O it is a dreadful deed, to reveal aught that is told beneath the seal of confession—he that did it—and I, his accomplice, if it were known,—if it were but breathed, we should both be lost! As it is, a life of penance will hardly wash away the sin. It was long before I could persuade the venerable man to reveal the danger that, as I gathered from his incoherent mutterings, threatened your life—still longer before I could win his consent to my declaring it to you; for he is old and timid, and he trembled at the consequences, should we be found out. But he loves me, like a father,—and my prayers and my tears prevailed. He

told me," she added, looking down, while a crimson flush mounted even to the white fillet across her brow, "he told me, I must conquer my fears, my scruples, and come alone, at midnight, and appear thus bold and unmaidenly in your eyes by——"

Here poor Imogene's voice faltered—her over-strung nerves relaxed, and she burst into a passion of tears.

Adolph gazed upon her with ardent affection. He took her hand, and said, in a softened and agitated tone, while his eyes beamed with tenderness and admiration,

"Beautiful, noble Imogene, and hast thou exposed thy life and done violence to thy sensitive nature for me! Can I be so happy as to have awakened in' thy gentle bosom an interest——"

"A sovereign," said the nun, withdrawing her hand, and recovering her firmness, "has a right to the life and services of his devoted subjects. It would ill become any to withhold either when the welfare of Germany and its emperor were at stake. But the night advances,—all are now asleep in the convent,—and it is the time for exertion, not delay. You

know the way to the chapel,—I will wait for you there in the southern aisle. The venerable confessor has given me the key of a secret door, leading out of the convent-garden, and he has shown me the path through the forest, by which you may escape—I will be your guide—adieu!”

In a few moments, Adolph had finished his preparations, and traversing the corridors that led to the chapel, found Imogene in the spot she had pointed out. She beckoned to him to follow, and led the way out of the precincts of the convent. In silence they gained the forest, and the emperor saw with admiration and wonder this young and timid girl plunge fearlessly into the dark and intricate windings which she had trod but once before in her life, and that under the guidance of the confessor.

On—on she went, deeper and deeper in the forest, nor did she appear for a moment to hesitate, or allow herself to glance at the lonely length of way she would have to retrace in returning to the convent. That prospect might have caused even the stout heart of a man to fail him, at an hour when superstition has peopled with midnight horrors the gloomy forests of Germany.

At length, Imogene stopped. "Adolph," she said, "the path is now visible—you have but to follow it. We part here!"

"Never!" exclaimed the emperor. "Imogene, you return not alone to your convent."

"Ha!" shrieked the nun, turning pale with fear, "and is it indeed come to this? Yes—too late I perceive my imprudence. But, Adolph,—emperor!" she continued, clasping her hands, and sinking on her knees before him, "do not take so ungenerous an advantage of me,—O do not punish me for putting myself into your power, by detaining me thus against my will."

"Think not so hardly of me, sweet Imogene," said Adolph, raising her from the ground; "I would not for worlds constrain thy slightest wish,—or even ask thee to do aught that might displease thee; but thinkest thou I can suffer thee to brook alone the dangers of the forest?—or dost thou imagine life without thee has any charms for Adolph?—No,—thou mayest return this instant to thy convent, and I will follow in silence, and guard thy steps. Let Charles of Burgundy attack me then, at his pleasure,—he will find I shall

sell my life dear. Lady, you have heard my determination—my fate is now in your hands—decide!”

This was a fearful moment for Imogene; if she persisted in returning to the convent, Adolph would inevitably perish; and if not,—here was the dilemma. Perhaps at this instant the dangers she had incurred in revealing the secrets of the confessional, and the long and fearful penances that would ensue, might have flashed across her mind. Perhaps the very risks she had encountered for his sake might have awakened a new and endearing interest in the emperor's favour; perhaps the sense of what was due to her sovereign and her country might influence her;—or perhaps from the very beginning, and all through, it was only the voice of duty and of maiden shame that had silenced *other* feelings, whose whisperings now, in the stillness of the forest, and surrounded as she was by perils and perplexities, urged her to listen to the dictates of her heart.

However this was, tradition does not record. The struggle ended by the beautiful Imogene giving her hand to Adolph, and blushing her

consent to fly with him. She unfastened her desecrated veil, and the emperor throwing his cloak round her to conceal her nun's habit, they crossed the Rhine together. The first spot where they paused and found a refuge, was at Adolphsec, and in gratitude for the shelter it had afforded, the emperor built the castle.

Here Imogene lived, and was frequently visited by Adolph. When he was slain at the battle of Rosenthal, Imogene retired to the convent of that name, but she did not long survive her imperial lover. It is said they were interred in the same church, but this fact has never been well authenticated.

If Sir Francis Head were now to visit Schwalbach, he would not have to complain of the paucity of shops, for there is an abundance of them in all directions.

There are arcades near the Wein and the Stahl Brunnens, where you can buy things of all sorts and kinds. Shoe-stalls with gay-coloured slippers, and embroidered shoes, beautifully worked in gold and silver, from Bohemia. Toy-stalls, in which every article is at

six kreutzers à choisir. Book-stalls, covered with, first and most prominent, "BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU,"—then, Panoramas of the Rhine, and Legends of the Rhine, and Bulwer's Pilgrims, and views of all the "Bads" from Schwalbach to Baden, besides German dictionaries and grammars, and "aids," and vocabularies, and travellers' guides, and manuals, and maps, and various and sundry other publications, all savouring more or less of travelling and strangers. Then there are china-stalls, where you can have cups and saucers, and glasses,—pink, blue, red, and yellow, for drinking the waters in. Smelling-bottles, with views of the Pauline Brunnen and the Bad-hans upon them, &c. &c.

One stall is devoted entirely to pipes; and the devices on these are as various as the tastes of the numerous smokers. Some are adorned with fine landscapes, others have the likenesses of famous generals, doomed to descend from the smoke of the cannon to that of vulgar tobacco. Here is one with a beautiful lady upon it, exciting your compassion for the luckless fair one whose charms are destined to exist in

a perpetual atmosphere of smoke. Kings, queens, emperors, and princesses — none are spared; and even Dr. Fenner's head, with his one eye and a black ribbon over the other, has not escaped the destiny of flourishing on a tobacco-pipe. Had Sir Francis been fortunate enough to have had but one eye, he certainly would have shared the same fate. Even as it is, I often wonder they have not painted something in "human guise," called it the author of the "Bubbles," and stuck it on a pipe. There could be no better speculation.

Dr. Fenner's one eye is a striking proof how tact and talent will know how to "tirer parti," even of an infirmity, and turn it to an excellent account. The black ribbon across the little doctor's face is to him what Abernethy's bluntness, and St. John Long's rubbing, were to them. With his two optics he would have been nothing. After all, there is nothing like a distinction, no matter what it is:—only have something different from everybody else, and be it a beauty or deformity, an agreeable or disagreeable quality, you will be sure to succeed.

To return to the shops. I have been often amused by observing the different way shopping goes on here and with us. Here a customer approaches, and begins looking over the things on the counter. The shopman, or girl, occupied, perhaps, in some further corner, darts forward ; but a glance at the visiter checks the eager advance. The buyer is *English*, and the probabilities are that he does not understand German. This at least is generally taken for granted by the shop-owner ; and it is curious to see him retreat quietly to his corner, and there watch patiently and in silence the result of his customer's investigation of the goods. One can hardly imagine him to belong to the same class from whose officious persecutions shop-frequenters are doomed to suffer at home ; that tiresome tribe, who descant on a shade of silk or puff off a yard of ribbon until your head aches ; who insist on persuading you that bad is good, and white black, against the evidence of your eyes and your judgment, with such persevering pertinacity, that at last the luckless purchaser is so bewildered, he hardly knows right from wrong. At Schwalbach, if you do not like a thing, instead of entering into super-

fluous apologies and explanations, you have only to look significantly at the shopkeeper, then at the article,—shake your head, and walk off.

The pecuniary part of the transaction is generally left, as a matter of necessity, to the honesty of the dealer. John Bull grumbles woefully at the intricacies of German coin, which is certainly puzzling enough, as it changes in general in the different petty states. Between guldens and kreutzers, dollars and florins, silver groschen, and good groschen, hellers and pfennigs, the poor traveller gets into such a labyrinth that he is often obliged to give it up in despair.

How amusing it is sometimes to see the air of hopeless resignation with which an Englishman abandons his purse to the marchand, sitting patiently by while the latter turns out its contents and helps himself,—and eyeing him all the time, as much as to say, “Now I am sure you are cheating me.”

Sometimes a purchaser, more erudite than the rest, and who has studied the subject, endeavours himself to make up the amount of the shopman's demand. After due deliberation

and calculation, he succeeds in selecting out of a score of odd-looking little pieces of all colours and sizes, the required sum. But when he has presented it to the man with no little complacency, perhaps half the coins are returned with "Das ist Hessisch," (that is Hessian); "Das ist Preussisch," (that is Prussian.) These pieces, very good in their proper place, are worth nothing here, where all must be "Nassauisch."

August 1.—A rainy, gloomy, cheerless looking day. At the table d'hôte I sat near a very agreeable Englishman, who was detained at Schwalbach very much against his will by a sick wife. He had arrived the day before, intending only to change horses; but the sudden alteration of climate, the cold of this mountainous region, had disagreed with the lady. They were pressing on in all haste to Italy, and this delay seemed to chafe the gentleman very much. He suffered from the solitude in a crowd so well described in the second canto of Childe Harold, and was unable to enjoy the reverse of the picture in the previous stanza—

“ To sit on rocks—to muse o’er flood and fell—
To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene ;”

of which the poet declares—

“ This is *not* solitude ;—’tis but to hold,
Converse with Nature’s charms, and view her stores
unrolled :”

for he did not like to indulge himself in any very prolonged ramble in the forests here, owing to his wife’s being ill and lonely at the hotel.

He was a very superior person. We happened to strike into an interesting train of conversation, and I soon found him to be one of those people so very, very rarely to be met with, who catch up your meaning, and enter into your opinions and feelings upon a subject almost before you have expressed them. There are few of these,—I mean who can *understand* the sentiments of others, even though they do not exactly coincide with their own.

He wanted to persuade me that women were equal to men as to intellect, and brought a hundred reasons and sundry examples to prove it. I do not know whether he was serious or not.

I never give men credit for being so when they say this ; but imagine it is merely to flatter, although they defend their opinion zealously, and appear in earnest. Compliments and flattery are such common coin, and so well received in general, that they are dealt without any consideration for the pain they inflict upon sensitive minds, or those whose vanity is not sufficient to give them currency. A sense of deficiency,—a consciousness of not deserving it,—often converts what is meant as a compliment into the bitterest reproach. Many a time I have writhed under one, and tried to simper and look pleased, merely not to disappoint the good-natured intention of the complimenter, while my heart has been secretly smiting me.

But to return to my friend and his opinions. However ingeniously they were put forward, I should have been very sorry had he shaken mine on the subject in question. His theory would have utterly destroyed all of the beautiful relationship between the sexes,—that dependence on one side and protection on the other,—which seems to be the natural order of Providence. This is subverted by the attempt to equalise their powers, either mental or physical ; for one

may as well think of doing so with respect to the latter as the former; both would be equally absurd. The pen of a De Staël, the pencil of an Angelica Kauffman, have been given to the world, 'tis true,—but, like all other exceptions, they only prove the rule from which they differ. It was no human voice that said, “The head of the woman is the man.”

And it is well for her this should be so. A woman's heart and not her head is generally her guide. Yielding to her impulses as she so often does,—apt to be led away by her feelings and affections,—influenced by a lively imagination and acute susceptibilities, what would become of her could she not stay her weakness upon the sound and sterling qualities of the stronger sex? Women never aim so suicidal a blow against their own interests as when they try to do away with or revolt against this doctrine of their inferiority. They throw away their props, reject the guidance and guardianship with which the goodness of God has provided them, and absolve the lords of the creation from that protection which they are so willing to afford.

Thus the bond is broken,—one party at

least is a sore loser, and perhaps both. Woman is left helpless and isolated, and man is denied the generous gratification it must always yield the strong to support and sustain the weak.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hohenstein—Music at the Brunnens—Sketches of some of the Water-drinkers—German Bows—Reflections on Travelling—Old Christiani.

WE had not been very long at Schwalbach, when we went to view the beautiful ruins of Hohenstein in the neighbourhood. The day was extremely hot, so that the occasional plunges which the road made into the forest were very acceptable. When it emerged from the trees we had no shade from the sun, while we wound along the edge of precipices—up and down round and round the hills.

The beauty of the ruins, and their picturesque and romantic situation, surprised us, as they are not done justice to in any of the guide-books or itinéraires. We explored them, and found them in excellent preservation, after which we had coffee from a neighbouring Gasthaus, (inn,)

within the old walls, in an open space, where two or three German parties were, according to the fashion of their country, sitting round little tables, drinking wine or coffee, working, reading, sketching, or smoking. We then prepared to descend into the valley over which the castle towers almost perpendicularly, as of course from thence the best view was to be had of the ruins.

The descent into the valley is very precipitous—you wind round by the little narrow road, down the steep, upon which much of the village is built. This affords you some peculiar and very picturesque views; for while some of the houses are high above your head, you are as it were suspended in air over the others, and thus get many a peep down into interesting little interiors. Like the *Diabre Boiteux* of Le Sage, you hover over the roofs, and the *affaires du ménage*, and simple scenes of cottage life, are all visible. Nothing was so pretty to look down into as the little open courts and farm-yards,—the groups of busy people in them, hewing wood, washing, knitting, drawing water, &c., together with the cows, donkeys, and goats, diminished to fairy puppets.

When you get to the bottom, the view is beautiful. The fine old ruin crowning the steep—the little Lutheran church, half-way down,—high-roofed cottages scattered about, and the peasants in their picturesque dresses, all are delightful.

The fairy valley itself is a sweet spot. It is long and narrow, closed in on all sides with forests, and beautiful masses of grey, slaty rock. The Aarde winds through it, and near the centre is a little rustic bridge. Numberless tiny streamlets traverse the valley in all directions, betraying their silent course only by the livelier green along their passage. The soil is very fertile, to judge from the small rich patches of corn, meadow, and clover, and the soft, thick grass, that swells up under your feet far more luxuriously than any Brussels carpet.

While some of the party went further on, I sat down on a bank beside the little footpath to rest, and I never enjoyed a half hour more completely.

The scene was lovely, and so was the evening, the mellow tints of which began to add their soft colouring to the landscape. Directly in front towered the magnificent ruins of Ho-

henstein, as bold and picturesque as many of the castles on the Rhine, and without the stiff, stunted vines to spoil the effect with their long formal rows. In the middle of the valley, just close to where I was sitting, was a beautiful group of grey rocks, planted half way up, and looking like a mimic fortification. Nothing could be more tranquil or enjoyable than the whole scene. Not a sound broke the stillness but the musical rushing of the stream, or the ceaseless chirp of the grasshopper that peopled every bank and meadow, and occasionally the sharpening of a scythe by a girl who was mowing a little way down in the valley. It was so narrow, that the peasants at work on the heights at either side, would sometimes call to each other across it, and now and then I heard snatches of song, or a merry laugh dying away in the distance.

While I was sitting on the bank, a group of pretty children came, nodding and smiling, and offering me some wild flowers, tied up in nose-gays, which they had gathered.

I amused myself watching the movements of the young girl who was mowing in the valley; they were the same I had observed in the

Nassau women-farmers. Her implements were a scythe, a large wooden rake, and a piece of coarse linen cloth. After cutting down a considerable quantity of grass, she raked it together in little heaps, then unfolding her cloth, she enclosed within it an immense bundle of the grass, straining the ends together, and managing, by some incomprehensible manœuvre of strength and slight of hand, to get the whole on her head. The scythe and rake were stuck in the pile of grass, their long handles hanging downwards. With one hand she carried the comb she had just taken out of her glossy hair, and thus looking all grass from the waist up, (for head and shoulders were completely covered,) she moved off. Whether she returned to carry away the other heaps in like manner, or whether her day's work was over, and that she was carrying this provision home to her cow, I know not, as shortly after we left the valley.

We had a lovely ride home in the cool of the evening through the forests and corn-fields. The latter were full of peasants in their gay dresses, busily employed cutting down the grain and making it into sheaves. It was de-

lightful to see them all so busy and so happy. There were men as well as women, and quite as much play as work going on. The fields rang with their merriment. When the carriages of our party passed them, these good-natured people courteously all turned round with their smiles of acknowledgment—every hat and cap flew off, and red and blue petticoats touched the ground in a rustic curtsy to the strangers.

Schwalbach, coming down into it on that side, looks very pretty. There is the picturesque old church, the clergyman's house close beside it, and the very curious old wooden houses of the lower town. These last are very interesting, and many have pictures and inscriptions upon them.

What philosopher is it who says, that the feelings and frame of mind during the day, depend on the first sensations at the moment of awaking; and that the most advantageous way of being roused from your slumbers is by music?

The dwellers in the Stadt Koblenz, who are not German enough in their habits to have

their eyes open before six, ought to be the most amiable and happy people in the world, according to this rule ; the delightful strains from the Stahl Brunnen close by, being the first sounds that welcome them into waking life. The music begins about six. I shall never forget the delightful sensations I experienced the first morning after our arrival here, when I awoke to the soft, exquisite melody of the morning hymn, with which the players always open the day. For some minutes I could hardly believe that I was really awake, but imagined myself under the influence of some delicious dream : the effect was quite heavenly. Since then, neither repetition nor custom has weakened the pleasure of this daily renewing delight.

The morning impressions are kept up during the day. After awaking to the sound of music, and braiding your hair en cadence, you have *La dame Blanche*, or the *Schmetterling galop*, as an accompaniment to the soup and cherry tart of the *table-d'hôte*.

Then, in the evening again, the bands play, first at one brunnen and then at the other, until the very air becomes redolent of music, and

the promenades, the trees, the flowers, —every thing assumes that dreamy, undulating, scenic effect which music imparts. I know not whether I can express what I mean or not; but while music is playing, a harmony seems to pervade even inanimate objects;—a *mouvement cadencé*, which of course is communicated to them by the concord of sweet sounds that fills the ear and mind of the listener.

August 6th. Being neither a bather, drinker, nor promenade, I am able, through the loopholes of retreat, alias the *croisées* of my own little room, to see a great deal of what goes on in the water-bibbing world outside, without “feeling the stir.”

Almost every face is now familiar. There is the Herzog himself, William Duke of Nassau, who is here lodged unpretendingly at the “Kranich,” like any other passing traveller, with only one chamberlain besides his servants. No one, to have seen him as I did this morning, bounding across the green before our windows, after one of Prince Victorstein’s spaniels, would imagine him to be an absolute monarch, with power of life and death in his hands. You must remark him, however, for

his aristocratic features, and fine, manly figure, and moreover an expression of goodness and kindness in his countenance, that is delightful. I think it would be impossible to look into his face, and not be a loyal subject.

Then there is the little mustachio'd French general—the only man in Schwalbach whose horse's hoofs are privileged to profane the well-kept, well-gravelled walks and promenades.

• This distinction, the pretty, brown, long-tailed animal in question, enjoys over his fellow-quadrupeds, by virtue of the wooden-leg of his master; which projects over the stirrup—an honourable trophy of the old general's bravery.

• A group of Russians has just passed. There are three men and one clever-looking, very ill-favoured woman, who seems to possess the most unbounded influence over her companions. They dine every day at our table at the *Goldene Kette*; and for a long time, so empressé were all three in their devotion to her, we were puzzled to decide which was the husband.

• There is the Roman Countess, Madame de S——, once the reigning beauty of half

Italy, and still handsome and elegant-looking. Her parents, though of good family, were so reduced, that from actual poverty, they put her into a convent at sixteen. She was going to take the veil, when a fat, rich merchant, old enough to be her grandfather, travelling through the town, saw her. He made his proposals, was accepted, and she led a wretched life with him for twenty years. He then died, and two years since she married her present German husband, with whom she is, it is said, as happy as possible.

Among all the people who walk, and talk, and drink, there are none that interest us so much, as a pair we regularly meet on the promenades of the Stahl Brunnen. They are a mother and daughter in humble life,—just a step, if indeed at all, above peasants.

The mother is a gentle, delicate-looking woman, decently dressed, with her snow-white crimped cap drawn close over her pale face, and an air of meek, patient suffering, that is very interesting. The daughter, a modest, quiet-looking girl, about sixteen, has quite won our hearts by her air of simple self-possession, apparently the result of perfect innocence and un-

sophistication—she is such a beautiful contrast to the mincing, apprêté, dressed-out people about her, so easy and natural, so free from either shyness or presumption. Her whole thoughts seem engrossed with her mother, whose arm she always draws affectionately close under her own, while she carries the glass for her to drink out of.

As she walks along with her nicely-braided shining hair, her neat scarlet plaid neckkerchief, and nice shoes and stockings,—never dreaming that any one notices her,—she would be astonished to know that she and her quiet mother are more objects of real respect and admiration to us, than many of the gay folks around.

The English, probably because the London season is now over, begin to abound here, and in the snatches of conversation that rise from the gardens to my window, “the accents of my native tongue” are becoming more frequent. Formerly the buzz was unmixed German.

I forgot, in speaking of the external distinguishing marks between Germans and English,

to mention the profound bows, and the flourish of hats down to the ground, that takes place between the former, on all meetings and partings. This is seen to perfection about eight o'clock, when every one is leaving the walks, and coming home to breakfast. It is very amusing:—the ladies bow quite as much, and exactly in the same way, as the men; and when one considers the difference of construction between the persons of both—and the disposition that well-starched muslin petticoats have to erect themselves behind, if they get even a slight encouragement or inclination thereto—the effect of low bows of the feminine gender may be imagined somewhat comic.

When I see two parties of Germans drawn up in front of each other about breakfast hour, I never can resist the temptation, however gravely I may be employed, of running to the window in time for the parting. At last it comes. At the same instant—as if by word of command, off flies every hat and casquette in the two rows, while coat-tails and petticoats bend simultaneously. The several parties continue bowing, backing, and scraping for a yard

or two, when the respective garments right themselves again, their owners wheel about, and I return to my book or my pen.

The quantity of travelling that is going on before our eyes every day is quite incredible. The Stadt Koblenz being at the turn of the Ems road, and just at the bottom of the hill, causes us to see every carriage that passes—for they always stop opposite our door to take off the “sabot,” with which the wheel was dragged down the steep descent. We have counted, in about an hour, as many as ten or twelve carriages of every sort, with their dusty imperials, tired-looking travellers, and blue and orange postilions. The English of course predominate,—but there are numbers of Dutch, French, and Germans. This surprised me, as I had no idea that foreigners (I crave their pardon for the impertinence of so calling them here on their own ground) moved about so much as I find they do.

There is something in seeing travelling, and being one's self en voyage, that is calculated to produce serious reflection. It recalls so strongly our own actual state in this world,—

that of strangers — pilgrims — travellers ; — it reminds us that we are only passing through — journeying on to a distant home ; and that every day brings us nearer to our destination. Our habits, too, in travelling, our anxiety to find out everything about the place to which we are going, and to ascertain the exact and best road, ought to furnish us a valuable lesson. We have a divine and precious guide-book in our more important journey, to warn us of the perils to be met with by the way, and show how we may escape them, and reach that far land in safety. O that we studied and consulted it more diligently than we do !

There was a departure from our neighbour, the Pariser Hof, the other morning, which struck me very much in this point of view ; perhaps owing to some previous train of thinking, or else to the frame of mind I happened to be in at the moment.

The carriage came to the door, — every article belonging to the family was removed into it, — and soon it was plain they had ceased to have any sort of connexion with, or interest in, the house that had been their abode probably for a long time.

As I stood looking at them from the window, my mind was forcibly carried forward to the moment of departure from this earthly sojourn, when, my term ended, I should have no more to do with this world or its concerns, than the people in the carriage with the Pariser Hof upon which they were turning their backs, and from which they were just driving away as fast as possible.

A few days since, poor old Christiani, the donkey guide, asked W——, in the gravest and most serious manner, whether he lived in the same town in England with his “great relative.” It was curious enough, that W——’s jest happened to touch upon a very tender chord, as “Sir Robert” (this is the name by which he is known now among all our Schwalbach acquaintances) has lately been indulging in golden dreams about rich relations, and actually made a pilgrimage to Frankfort, six months since, to find out some by whom he hoped to make his fortune.

“Sir Robert’s” speculation, like many others of the same nature, proved a failure:—he discovered his relations—but all he gained by

them was a long journey and the mighty sum of four kreutzers. He was returning to Schwalbach, when, fatigued in body, and sick at heart, he threw himself on a bank to rest. He had a long stick in his hand, and while chewing the cud of disappointment, kept moving about this stick in a pool of water that was at his feet, without in the least thinking what he was about. Something hard struck it, and to his great astonishment and delight, he brought up two or three kreutzers. As may be supposed, he went on with his search, and kreutzer after kreutzer emerged from the muddy pool, until at last they amounted to between six and seven guldens (about ten shillings.) Poor Christiani! his good luck was almost as great as that of the old dervish in the Arabian Night's Entertainments. I am afraid his visit to England to look after his great namesake, would hardly prove as productive.

CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to the school-house—Schlangenhad—Departure
from Schwalbach.

August 8th.—This morning we went to visit the school, and under most favourable auspices;—for Herr Klein, the interesting Lutheran pastor, was our guide. W—— called on him, and made his acquaintance some days since, when he appointed eight o'clock this morning as the hour of meeting. I looked forward with much more pleasure to seeing himself than anything else, as I really never remember to have been more impressed with feelings of respect and admiration by any individual.

We reached the school-house a little before eight, and found a general jubilee going on among the little people,—it being then break-

fast time. The pastor had not yet arrived ; but soon our eyes were gladdened by the sight of his dignified figure advancing up the street. He greeted us with a simple and courteous welcome, and we remained outside the house until the children had again assembled within its walls.

The more that is seen of Herr Klein, the more delightful his character appears. There is a kindness, a suavity, a playfulness, in his manners, that is irresistibly winning ; and this combined with his zeal in the pulpit, and the quiet, deep vein of piety that pervades every expression, forms a tout ensemble as useful as it is interesting to dwell upon. It is impossible to look at his face, where kindness and benevolence seem to have taken up their abode, without feeling the better for it. I never saw beauty of feature and beauty of expression united in the same degree before : his head would be a study for painter, sculptor, or phrenologist.

All the children seem to love him as a father, and when he came up, their eyes sparkled with delight at seeing him. As I observed their nods, and smiles, and different little manœuvres

to attract his attention, I could not help recalling Goldsmith's lines,

"E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile."

One pretty fair-haired little girl bounded towards him across the street, and catching hold of his hand, hid her rosy face in the skirts of his coat. It was almost unnecessary for him to tell us she was his own,—the father's love, and the father's pride, that beamed in his intelligent eyes, and broke out so eloquently in his happy, beautiful smile, as he drew her towards us, could not be mistaken.

"Do you see that little girl with the patch on her shoulder?" asked Mr. Klein, pointing to one who was seated on the steps of the school-house, playing marbles with an eager group of fairy gamblers; "that is the daughter of the Schwein general;" and he laughed heartily as he spoke.

The Schwein general is certainly the most talked-of personage, and the best known, in Langen-Schwalbach. He is a source of the

greatest amusement to both Germans and English,—and the latter invariably look out for him the first thing when they arrive here. Poor, simple man! How little do he, or his pigs either, imagine they are such objects of interest, or that a clever man has, with a few strokes of his pen, introduced them into the best society in countries about whose existence they neither know, or (if the truth were known) very much care. Such is the powerful alchemy of talent!—it turns all it touches into gold.

The Herzog ought certainly to confer some distinction,—a title or an estate, upon the author of “the Bubbles,” in gratitude for all the good service the latter has done his kingdom of Nassau.

When the children had returned to their occupations, we went into the school-house. The first room we came to was that of the girls; who were all learning astronomy! A strange preparation, thought I, for the after-life of a Nassau female. — Who would think that the walking masses, half grass, half woman, one meets every day in the fields and lanes, would be able to tell whether the earth moved round

the sun; or the sun round the earth, or if the moon were any bigger than their own reaping hooks.

We asked the master to allow us to hear them sing. Great was the delight of the little *mädchens* when this request was made known; there was a universal brightening of faces and shuffling of leaves; the pedagogue took down an old violin from a peg where it hung, and accompanied their sweet voices in a pretty simple air, which they sung in parts and from the notes.

I remarked one little Jewess, sitting a few benches off:—she was not pretty,—dark complexion, coal black hair, and small, insignificant features. I should never have observed her but for her eyes, though they were cast down when first I looked towards her—but the effect was quite extraordinary, even though this was the case. The full swelling orbs seemed to occupy all the upper part of her face, and the long black lashes that fringed the lids were strangely disproportioned to the little sunk cheeks on which they rested. I could hardly believe *unseen* eyes could be so felt. I watched anxiously their lifting up from the book: at

last she raised them, and such resplendent things!—they were quite overpowering, and hardly seemed to belong to the small, sickly, sallow face out of which they shone.

The boys were in the next room—fine, manly, intelligent little fellows, with countenances full of good-nature and German kindness, though not altogether without that reckless spirit of enterprise that characterises this joyous period of existence, and which you cannot but admire, though it sometimes makes you tremble.

The master chalked on a black board an intricate calculation of fractions. “Who will do this?” he asked, turning towards the rows of bright, eager faces. In a moment twenty hands were raised, strained up out of their blue sleeves, à l’envi l’un de l’autre, and the owners on their tip-toes in their anxiety to be the chosen one. The master smiled kindly on his young charge, and chose one fair-haired youth, to the disappointment of all who were forced to sit down. The boy stood up in his place, and went through the whole of the difficult calculation without slate or pencil.

The next room was full of little boys between

six and eight years of age. They sang a hymn for us, the simple words of which were very touching. As I stood behind one dear little fellow, "hardly higher than the table," I understood how it was that the Germans were a nation of musicians, and that in listening to the rude songs of the peasants at their work, the ear is never shocked by the drawling, untaught style of the same class of people in our countries. From the time they are able to lisp, they are all made to sing by note. My little friend in the ragged blouze, and all the other children, had the music as well as the words they were singing, in their hands, written on sheets of paper; they followed the time as correctly as possible, marking with their little fingers on the page, the crotchets, quavers, rests, &c.

Mr. Klein asked one of the masters to show us his collection of butterflies. He gave his children into the charge of one of the older boys, and showed us downstairs to his own little domicile. Here we found a pretty, simple young woman, his wife, with a child in her arms, sitting in a neat room, which would have made a study for a painter of

interiors. It was hung round with mahogany glazed cases, and in these the butterflies were beautifully arranged, and with the greatest taste.

They were all natives of the forests about Schwalbach, and many as brilliant and dazzling in colours as the East Indian ones. There was the large death's-head butterfly, with the ghastly figure, as plain as possible, on the back. I recognised many beautiful butterflies of the different species I had so often admired sporting about amid the green of the forest,

“ Like flying gems or winged flowers ! ”

The lehrer, (teacher,) and his pretty wife, were delighted with the admiration we bestowed on their house, their child, and their butterflies ; they were all certainly very interesting in their respective ways.

The schools in Nassau are supported by the government. It is compulsory on every peasant to send his children there ; lists of those who attend are forwarded periodically to the authorities, together with a return of the de-

faukters. The parents of the latter are fined some kreutzers, if they cannot prove that they have obtained the necessary permission, always granted in harvest, or other busy times, to keep their children at home.

I quitted the school at Schwalbach with very delightful feelings. A peasantry brought up within such walls, where the simple truths of salvation are taught to all,—where the little dark-eyed Jewess lifts up her voice with her Christian brothers and sisters in the same hymn to their Divine Redeemer, ought surely (humanly speaking) to be “their country’s pride,” and a blessing to the rulers who watch over the immortal beings committed to their charge with such parental care.

Thursday, 11th.—A—— drove us over in his carriage to Schlangenbad. The day was very warm, and therefore we doubly enjoyed one of its delightful baths, of cosmetic celebrity. The effect of the Schlangenbad waters on the skin is really wonderful; it seems like exaggeration, or fancy, on the part of those who have described them already, to say that one quarter of an hour’s luxurious lying

under their clear soft surface, should be able to produce such an impression. Yet so it is, in sober earnest. I think it was two days at least before the effect of even our one bath went off; and when, forgetting what manner of man or woman we had become in it, we afterwards happened to pass our hands over our foreheads, either for want of thought, or in search of some stray thought that had made its escape, the agreeable contact recalled us suddenly to the sense of the soothing, softening influence of the waters.

We dined at the table d'hôte; and while the soup was bringing in, amused ourselves with looking about at the brilliant complexions of the people who had been so marvellously improved by their sojourn at Schlangenbad. It was curious to recognise the bleached skins of some well-known Schwalbach faces which we had missed for a fortnight or three weeks at the Pauline Brunnen.

After dinner we walked about the delightful walks of Schlangenbad. The character of the place is totally different from that of Schwalbach. The latter is a sociable, rustic village,

that gives you all the pictures of rural life—cottages, groups of peasants, cattle, farm-houses, harvest scenes, and all that sort of thing.

The former, from what I could observe, has more of the romantic than the pastoral about it. There are long, shady, dreamy walks, with the sun-light flickering down through the tall thick trees, and narrow winding paths up rocky steep ascents, and little lonely glades by the banks of a stream, where you may throw yourself on the soft grass, and fancy there is no living thing beside in the wide world, except the grasshopper, that

..... "evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill,"

and the butterfly that is chasing his playfellow from one wild flower to another.

In the course of our rambles we came to a dilapidated house, apparently uninhabited. We pushed at the door;—it was opened by a pale, gloomy-looking man, who, without uttering a word, motioned to us to come in, and disappeared. We went on through some large,

cheerless, deserted chambers, and soon found ourselves in a long, closely-covered walk. It ran round the building like a cloister, and was almost dark from the trees that had closed over it, and were kept shorn in a low arch overhead.

I never was in such a place—so damp, so gloomy, so forlorn—the air seemed to be like a dead weight on the chest, as if it were never stirred,—so thick and heavy, it was an effort to breathe. At the end of this gloomy alley was a rouge et noir table—a fitting place truly for such an object! One might almost imagine the evil spirits who preside over gambling, and watch with fiendish exultation the malignant passions it excites in its wretched victims, had communicated their baleful influence to this dreary spot. It was so oppressive that if I had been alone, I could have sat down and cried most comfortably. As it was, when we got out of this region of play into the pure, fresh air, and cheering sunshine of the open space outside, I could not help drawing a long, deep breath, and feeling I had gotten rid of a painful weight.

But at Schlangenbad, between its walks and

its waters, its scenery and its salubrity, any uncomfortable feeling cannot last very long. I got soon laughed out of mine; and when we were seated on a green bench, before a little green table, covered with white cups and saucers, drinking our coffee under the trees, to the sound of the delightful music of the band on the terrace underneath, while dispersed about were sundry little knots of people also with green tables and white coffee-cups before them, there was not much sadness left, as may be supposed. While we were sitting in one of the shady promenades, an old man appeared with a small wooden bandbox in his hand. He laid the said box at our feet, raised the lid, and took thereout not a cap or a canezou, as might reasonably be expected, but five serpents, and three eggs

These serpents, or schlangen, whence the place derives its name and its salubrity, are between four and five feet long. They are said to be perfectly harmless. Nothing could be better behaved than those we saw: they appeared highly delighted at finding themselves out of their bandbox, and very sensibly wriggled off towards the grass the instant they were

at liberty. Their old keeper, however, soon checked their excursive propensities, a disappointment they all bore very well, with the exception of the proprietress of the eggs. She regularly turned round and flew at the old man, putting out her forked tongue at him every time he touched her. Poor lady! she was evidently preparing to increase the number of white chalky-looking eggs, from sundry knobs that marred the symmetry of her smooth form, like the knots in an oak walking-stick. The tension of her polished skin over these must have been very uncomfortable, and so doubtless it was her interesting situation that soured her temper.

In the evening we returned to Schwalbach, all very much delighted with our pleasant day at Schlangenbad. A——, who looks upon everything there through a medium so couleur de rose that even the *grausam* walk had charms for him, declared that it was just the place to pass a honeymoon, and that moreover it was well worth while getting married solely and wholly for the purpose of spending the bridal month at Schlangenbad.

Next morning was that fixed for our departure from Schwalbach, after a stay of four quie

happy weeks. I awoke with a "serrement de cœur," at the thought that it was indeed the last; and I could not help looking round with a feeling of regret at the little room with its rude furniture and carved, old-fashioned, high-backed chairs, of which I had really become quite fond, on the same principle doubtless that endears to us even the defects of a person we love.

The life we led at Schwalbach was so even, —so regular,—the place itself so retired and simple,—so secluded in its peaceful valley from the jar and turmoil of the world, that a sojourn there ought to be good for the health of soul as well as body. But, alas! every day's experience shows us too plainly that place and circumstance have comparatively little to do with this matter. As long as the evil is from within, that from our own hearts flow the sources of sin and of sorrow, the crowded city, or retired valley, are much alike. We carry our internal world, whatever it may be, into either. Our faults, generally speaking, are our own, and have nothing to do with what surrounds us.

But I must not begin moralising, albeit I believe it is a very common accompaniment of

the mood in which I was while we were driving out of Schwalbach. Zapphina, Caterina, and all the inhabitants of the poor Stadt Koblenz, (a little yellow and white kitten which had become a great pet of ours, though its face was not always of the cleanest, inclusive) were drawn up on the steps to bid us adieu.

There was waving of handkerchiefs from a neighbouring balcony, and sundry takings off of hats, and bows, and curtsies from friends high and low in the dear village. The carriage, too, bore away many a little souvenir—a piece of music, the melody of the *Nacht wächter's* lied (watchman's song) was put into it just as we drove off, a parting gift from our venerable friend the Herr Klein. Then there was a bunch of carnations and mignonette from poor old "Sir Robert," tied up with coarse grey thread, &c. &c.

As we drove up the hill the music from the Pauline Brunnen reached us. We might have exclaimed in the language of Keats—

" Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side ;—and now 'tis buried deep

In the next valley glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep?

I am sure the waking realities of our happy
visit at Schwalbach will live for some time in
our memories.

CHAPTER XV.

Frankfort—Hotel de Russie—Rothschild's house—
Excursion to Wilhelmsbad—My neighbours.

IN recommencing our journey we were struck by the change that one short month had made since we had been last en voyage. The trees were beginning to be touched with their autumnal hues, and here and there a sear and yellow leaf strewed the ground.

The poppies, whose dazzling scarlet had so often excited our admiration, were now all turned to seed, and either stood blackening and withering in the fields, or else were piled up in stacks to be made into opium. The roads were bordered on either side with mountain ash in full berry, and apple-trees, bending to the ground under the weight of their rosy fruit.

Many of these last, when the trunk was inclined forward, had been supported by tall, pillar-like stones from the red quarries of rock in the neighbourhood. A piece of coarse cloth folded together was always placed on the top of the stone to prevent its injuring the bark; and I remarked that in many instances the tree had grown down over stone and cloth together in a very curious manner.

These trees loaded with fruit remaining thus untouched along the public roads, show that the people are very honest, or else that our grandmother Eve has not transmitted to her descendants in this quarter as much of her taste for apples as has been inherited by our dearly beloved countrymen. I fear they would hardly withstand the temptation of all this unguarded fruit.

We did not remain at Wiesbaden longer than while the horses were being changed. It is so completely different from either Schwalbach or Schlangenbad, that it would hardly please the same taste. Any one who prefers a bustling little town, gay streets, well-filled shops, and abundance of the human face divine, to rural and romantic beauties, will be

happier here. The country about Wiesbaden is flat and unpicturesque in general.

As we approached Frankfort we saw several fields of Indian corn, the first of this luxuriant plant we had as yet met with.

It is difficult in driving into Frankfort to imagine that you are not entering a capital: there is such an air of bustle in the environs, and the villas that surround the town are so luxurious, so beautifully kept, and have an appearance of so much wealth about them. They are each surrounded by gardens, the beautiful flowers in which delight the eye and make the air fragrant with their exquisite perfumes. These gardens are full of flowering shrubs, acacia, and other trees, and under them are disposed the little tables and chairs, which are such an indispensable in German luxury, from their habits of eating, &c., out of doors.

Great are the vicissitudes of this life! What a contrast was the splendid Hotel de Russie, into which we now entered, with its palace-like front, and huge lions frowning at either side of the great marble staircase, to the poor little Stadt Koblenz, in dear, quiet Schwalbach.

We had the greatest difficulty in procuring

rooms, owing to the overflow of travellers. Dusty, disappointed carriages and tired horses, were retracing their steps out of the Porte Cochère as we drove in, and we certainly should have shared the same fate, had it not been for the interference and interest of Madame Sarg, the host's pretty wife. Fortunately W—— had made a table-d'hôte acquaintance with her at Schwalbach, where she and her little girl were drinking the waters for a few days. We now reaped the benefit of this friendship, and after mounting what seemed full half a mile of stairs, took possession of some excellent rooms.

This hotel is an immense building, and cost thirty thousand pounds to erect. Sarg, the present proprietor, was quite a child of fortune. He was Ober-Kellner in a small gasthaus in Frankfort, where he contrived to save four or five thousand guldens, (about three hundred pounds.) This and a handsome face were what he had to begin life with. His good looks gained him the favour of an heiress, the pretty daughter of one of the richest men in Frankfort, a butcher. In process of

time Sarg became possessed of the lady, her fortune, and the Hotel de Russie, which his father-in-law gave him as a wedding-gift, having purchased it for five thousand pounds.

We visited the curiosities of Frankfort; the far-famed statue of Ariadne by Danneker, in Mr. Bethman's garden,—the picturesque old house, built in the year eleven hundred—interesting in itself, and for its antiquity, and doubly so from having been the residence of Luther,—Baron Rothschild's beautiful villa and gardens, &c.

Nothing can surpass the luxury of the latter. The house unites what are rarely found combined together, comfort and splendour, and has that inhabited look, the want of which makes the most splendidly-furnished palace undesirable, and effectually saves me at least from all temptation to break the tenth commandment. Perhaps one reason of the comfort of Baron Rothschild's villa is that the rooms are not very large, and the plan of the house compact. The walls are so covered with looking-glass, that you get quite puzzled at first. Two or three times I turned into a gallery or corridor, ima-

gining one of our party was at the end, when I found that, like the dog crossing the stream, I was following the shadow not the substance. Some of the rooms are fitted up with crimson and gold, others with white and silver, yellow, &c. and they are all luxurious beyond description.

There is an exquisite boudoir, the walls covered with arabesques, that is more like what you read of in an oriental tale than anything else, and the bed-rooms are of a piece with the rest. One would imagine they were only for show; but that here and there are symptoms of occupation. That next the boudoir I did think it impossible any one could profane to the vulgar purpose of sleeping in, until a recently-used night-lamp, some perfume bottles, brushes, and a morocco spectacle-case, lying about on the toilette-table, showed the contrary.

The rooms were full of articles of lady's workmanship, such as foot-stools, sachets, sofa-pillows, skreens, &c., done in that worsted tapestry so universal here, the rage for which has lately been transferred to the ladies of England. I never saw it in greater perfec-

tion or variety than in these rooms — there was embroidery on cloth, canvass, in gold and silver, floss silks, &c. One little round table-cover, embroidered on white velvet, and fringed with festoons of rough uncut coral, was the most elegant thing imaginable. This was in a bed-room !

The servant told us that all the beautiful work we saw was done by the hands of one lady—the lovely niece of the baron, who was married lately to the son of the London Rothschild, since dead. There seemed occupation for a life. The poor old servant was as proud and pleased as possible at our admiration of his young lady's skill, and drew forth from their gauze covers many beautiful specimens that we might examine them more minutely.

The gardens correspond with the house—*c'est tout dire* ! They are exquisitely kept, and there are tents, temples, vine-covered walks, &c. &c. In one of these temples was a pamphlet lying open on a marble table. I looked into it, expecting to see a Hebrew document, when to my surprise I discovered it to be a christian tract ! It was in French, and the effect of meeting the Saviour's name

and his praises in this Jewish dwelling was singular. The lake is very pretty, covered with swans and all sorts of water-fowl. The abodes of the latter are perfect bijoux, in the form of fairy Grecian temples, raised a foot over the water, with a little bridge going up into them. Some were at the edge of the lake, embowered in hydrangias, geraniums, and other beautiful flowers and shrubs ranged on platforms behind them. If I had lived in the days of the believers of Metempsychosis, how I should have longed to get into the body of one of those luxurious swans !

On our return from walking round the gardens, we saw a pretty girl, one of the maids, come out of the house, and call to something across the grass-plot. A graceful little animal of the gazelle species, with the full, soft, black eyes that have been sung by Childe Harold, came out of the underwood at her voice. It was very lame, and looked, poor little thing, rough in its coat and sickly. She began feeding it with greengage plums, which it ate voraciously, and we went up and inquired what was the matter.

“ It was brought from America,” said the

girl, in the softest and most musical German I had heard since we have been in the country, "and now it has got the *Englische krankheit*."

"The *what*?" we exclaimed in dismay at hearing of a malady peculiarly distinguished as the "English sickness."

"Ja, die *Englische krankheit*," continued the silver-tongued damsel, most gravely and pertinaciously, not in the least heeding the personal interest we had in the matter; "in the *Englische krankheit*, the bones get weak,"—(we began to feel whether our own were not beginning already to totter)—"they melt away, and in seven years you are either cured, or else you die. Ja, ja! it is a very bad thing, the *Englische krankheit*."

"Very bad indeed!" thought we poor Englishers, as we wished good-bye to the pretty maid, the sick gazelle, with his English disease, and his greengage plums.

August 14.—The most natural conclusion, after being for half a day established in the Hotel de Russie, would be that the whole world, and every one in it, had but one pursuit—travelling! Our ears were absolutely stunned

with the rattle of travelling carriages and diligences over the hard pavement, the crack of the postilion's whip, and the discord of the postilion's horn. Every five minutes the porter's bell in the court-yard of the hotel sounded, either to ring in arriving guests, or to ring out departing ones. The post-horses, and their orange and blue drivers, must have a busy time of it !

All the houses in Frankfort have looking-glasses fixed to the windows outside, in which the whole street is reflected ; so that a person in the room can see everything that passes without the trouble of looking out.

Many of the houses are very large, and show their proprietors (chiefly merchants) to be wealthy. You fancy you are looking at half a street, and on inquiry find that the entire range forms but one house. They have generally balconies covered with striped awnings, and the groups of people on these, sometimes a whole family seated there in the evening, have a most picturesque and oriental effect.

August 15.—"Of course, mein Herr, you will go and see Wilhelmsbad," said the valet-de-place to-day. "It is a palace of the Elector

of Hesse, not occupied now by him, but thrown open to the public. Every stranger visits it, and it is the rendezvous of half Frankfort—you will see all the beau monde—they go there to play, to dance, to drink coffee, to dine, to amuse themselves. Of course you will go to Wilhelmsbad."

We could not possibly decline what half Frankfort, and all the travellers that had preceded us from time immemorial, were in the habit of doing, so we resolved to devote an afternoon to Wilhelmsbad. The valet-de-place strongly urged the expediency of not dining until we got to the palace, where it seemed in his eyes that everything could be done better than anywhere else in the world. Accordingly we set out, A——, who had arrived in Frankfort the day after we did, being of the party.

For the first mile or two the scenery disappointed us a little. There were no striking features; and indeed upon the whole our view strongly resembled that which a fly might enjoy while walking over a dinner-table, so dead and unbroken was the flat. Supposing the promenade to take place during the dessert, the likeness between the case of the fly and ours would

be complete, for we saw nothing but apples on every side and wherever we turned. However, things might mend ;—the beautiful scenery and splendours we were promised would soon come ; and so, buoyed up with hope, we drove along.

We stopped at the striped white and red barrière. A small window opened ;—first appeared a cloud of smoke, then a face with yellow mustachios and a pipe in its mouth emerged from the fumes, and lastly a long pole, having a sort of little tin box like a warming-pan at the end to hold money, was projected out of the window, and half across the road, to receive the toll. The ingenious contrivance to economise trouble being drawn back again amid a fresh puff of smoke, the window closed, and away we drove.

The custom of every duchy and province bearing the colours of its chief is very interesting, and makes travelling through the country very pleasant, as you know at once when you get into a new territory, what it is, and to whom it belongs, by the stripes and colours. These are put upon every government article to which a paint-brush can be applied ; lamp-posts, finger-posts, sentry-boxes, palings, bar-

rières, &c. I felt quite grieved when we took leave of the Nassau orange and blue a few miles before we reached Frankfort, and saw the well-known colours give place to the red and white of Hesse. There was a small pillar to mark the termination of the sway of our friend the Herzog.

Besides the colours, there are other badges and insignia of the sovereign worn by the people, which give the passing traveller the idea that they take a pleasure in identifying themselves with their ruler, and showing they belong to him; a sort of paternal and filial bond that is very interesting, like the faithful followers of an ancient family, proud of wearing its livery and acknowledging its sway.

But all this time we kept anxiously looking out to the right and left for beauties and prospects that, alas! never came. Perhaps another idea,—shall I confess it?—began to mingle with our desires after the sublime and beautiful of Wilhelmsbad. The fact was, that having been accustomed for the last six weeks to dine at the wholesome hour of one, and it being now considerably past four, we were all getting excessively hungry.

Man is a creature of habit—(the observation is somewhat trite)—and the appetite is a troublesome thing that seems to partake of the same nature ; for it comes when it is accustomed, without the least regard to circumstance or convenience. Not even, therefore, the promised charms of the palace could prevent our recurring with certain very complacent anticipations to that part of Karl's description wherein he dwelt on the perfections of the table-d'hôte.

At last we came to a creeping, sluggish, stagnant stream, with a crazy rustic bridge over it, and an old dirty pleasure-boat decaying on its green surface. Something like a building appeared through the trees.

"Wilhelmsbad !" exclaimed the valet-de-place, rising himself majestically out of the rumble behind, and then re-seating himself with a dignified wave of the hand, as though to utter that one important name was enough,—it left him nothing more to add.

We drove up to the shaky, dilapidated old house ; but at that moment the beauties of the Kurfürst's palace not being uppermost in our thoughts, the disappointment was not so much felt.

A waiter appeared at the door.

"We can dine here, can we not?" said W——.

"Nein, nein," ("no, no,") answered the *kellner* with a shake of the head, "not now. There is nothing to be had—*nichts zu bekommen*."

"*Nichts!*—nothing!!" vociferated Karl, in a tone of such utter and lamentable dismay, as, in the energy of the moment, he bundled himself down off the carriage, that there was no resisting it. We all with one accord burst into a fit of laughter.

They must have thought us the most good-humoured people under the sun to laugh when we were told we could not get any dinner, after arriving tired and hungry at the end of a very long drive.

W—— and the *valet-de-place* went to see what they could do in this emergency, and we sallied into the grounds to console ourselves with the picturesque, repenting, however, having turned our backs upon Mr. Sarg's one o'clock fare at the *Hotel de Russie*.

Picturesque there was none in this dilapidated abode of former grandeur. After passing

through large, empty, cheerless, forlorn chambers, smelling most abominably of the pipes and cigars with which the "beau-monde of Frankfort" regaled themselves therein, we came to a dreary garden. In the middle of a blackened grass-plot stood the headless, mutilated trunk of a stone statue, which in by-gone days had been a fountain.

Altogether the place was going completely to ruin, and the only attraction it could have had for the people we saw arriving in carriages and sitting round the little tables under the trees, must have been its affording facilities for gambling,—a thing forbidden in Frankfort.

The mysterious fascination which gives to gambling its excitement, appears to me to lie much more deeply hidden among the secret springs of human sympathy than many may be inclined to suppose. The mere love of gambling, in an abstract point of view, is a melancholy chapter in the history of our nature; but life itself is so full of extraordinary chances—chances which baffle all calculation, that the study of it, in a philosophical light, is sufficient to indicate, to a certain extent, the character of some of those—

"Who stake in London their estate
On two small rattling bits of bone,
On lesser figure or on great."

from motives commonly believed to be merely mercenary.

The rasserenato physiognomy of the valet-de-place, as he came out to join us after his sudden retreat, showed us that matters were improving in the eating way. Indeed, on our return to the house, we found the "nichts" of the waiter turn out to be an excellent dinner. Sago-soup, trout, bouilli, pudding, roast chevreuil and cherries, apricots, bons-bons, in short, all the regular succession of a German dinner, with hock and Ingleheimer.

We could not help laughing at our adventure. There was something so absurd in the idea of our having taken so much trouble, put ourselves out of our way, lost a day out of the three or four we had to pass at Frankfort, and all to come to this miserable place. We four looked so small and so disconsolate, seated in the middle of the great, bare, forlorn, empty chamber, that we actually laughed at the melancholy figure we made.

Our mirth was like the Irish tune which set men, women, children, chairs, tables, fire-irons,

every person and thing that heard it, dancing,—for a peasant woman passing by with a child in her arms stopped to look in, and joined in the laugh,—and a melancholy-looking soldier, moping about under the windows, opened his mouth and eyes, and wondered, doubtless, what there was in the dull, gloomy air of Wilhelmsbad, that could so inspire us. I am sure the valet-de-place inwardly rejoiced at having made us so happy, and our ill-timed merriment will lay the foundation of future victims to the Kurfürst's abode.

There is a curious tradition about the bridge at Frankfort, which accords with the taste of the Germans, always to introduce diabolical agency into their legends.

They say that the builder engaged to have it finished by a certain day. The time drew near,—it was not nearly done,—and in his distress he applied to the devil for assistance; the latter promised it on condition that the first living being who should cross the bridge, should be his. The builder agreed, and in one night the bridge was completed. The devil now anxiously watched for his prize, but

his ally out-witted him,—for he contrived to drive a cock over the bridge first, which Satan in his rage and disappointment, instantly tore in pieces. A figure of a cock now stands in the centre of the bridge, and the above is the way in which they account for its having been placed there to commemorate the event.

Tuesday night, August 16th.—If a room in a hotel could write its history, what a very interesting one it would be,—what a series of changes and contrasts!

This idea came into my mind this evening during a very idle half hour which I spent in the window of my own room, observing my neighbours. It is at the back of the house, in one of four sides of a small hollow square, enclosing a paved court. Down below in this court, are travelling-carriages ranged side by side with such economy of space, that I could not let a pin fall from the window, without its alighting on some imperial or hat-box; and all round me, where those rows of windows rise one above another, are lodged, doubtless, the proprietors of many of the carriages.

I am up so high that I can look down into some of the rooms. What a variety there must

he in the situations and circumstance of their different inmates ! Some prosperous, some unfortunate ; the same roof covering alike the happy and the miserable !

This evening I looked out as a few were at their windows, while I stood at mine. At the right were two Frenchmen, d'un certain âge, in little scarlet scull-caps, leaning on their crossed arms, and discussing something with all their country's gesticulation. Music must have been the subject, for every now and then one would interrupt himself and sing slowly and gravely a fragment of an air or song, holding his companion by the button all the time, to fix his attention, and gazing up earnestly into his face. The dumb-show part of this little pantomime had a most ludicrous effect.

At a window on the story below, a pretty, pensive-looking girl was standing. Presently another came, and putting her arm round the waist of the first, they began to talk. I could not hear whether it was German or English, but it sounded very confidential ; and I could not help fancying those low, sweet voices were murmuring something at that still hour, and in the growing dusk, they might not have com-

municated so unreservedly at another time or place.

Opposite, in one of the very top rooms, was a girl knitting. She was a meek, quiet-looking creature, and went patiently plodding on, never raising her eyes from her monotonous occupation. I remarked her there this morning, when I was dressing—she doubtless had never stirred since !

Just under her was a room occupied by two young men, as mercurial as she was sedentary. One would come to the window and throw himself on a couch with a book in his hand; and then the other, creeping slowly behind, would either suddenly dash away the book, or else throw a handkerchief over the reader's face. The latter starting up to avenge the insult, a general scramble and chase round the room ensued, and again they appeared breathless, and laughing, and flushed, at the window.

Sometimes they amused themselves pelting the ostlers below with crusts of bread, while they kept out of view, wrapped up in the curtain. When the missile rattled down upon the man's hat, he looked up to find out whence it had descended, and then straightway another crust

alit into his open mouth. This feat was successfully accomplished but once, and great was the glee it excited. There was no end of their fun and tricks.

An hour ago, all these windows were lit up, and dim shadowy figures were flitting about behind the blinds. Now all is dark except one solitary chamber to the left, where a mysterious light is still burning. Perhaps it stands beside some weary bed of pain, trimmed by an anxious, watchful friend or sister. Now it stirs. She may be moving it, to try and shade the eyes of the poor invalid from the glare. Or, perhaps, that candle is shedding its midnight beams on some studious youth, or idle scribbler like myself, speculating and dreaming away on paper instead of doing so in bed.

That there is suffering of some sort or other in the next room to mine, is very certain. The heavy, hopeless sighs that have reached me through the thin partition since I commenced writing, are grievous to listen to. What can be the matter with my poor neighbour? He is evidently some one broken in spirit.—From what cause? Is he suffering from his own

fault, or from misfortune? A ruined gambler—or a bereaved mourner? No matter—he is unhappy,—and that is enough to awake sympathy for his sufferings. Last night it was the same way,—I heard him sighing his heart out all the time I was undressing. What a contrast to the person who has just passed along the corridor with a light, bounding, half galloppe step, singing a lively air as if his spirits were almost too buoyant to be kept in check.

But apropos to checking, it is high time I should arrest my garrulous pen, the only thing stirring now, I dare say, in the hotel de Russie. Even my poor broken-hearted neighbour is asleep; the measured breathing on the other side of the partition having for some minutes announced that his sorrows, whatever they may be, are at last suspended, by Nature's kind restorer.

O that he may have poured them out before Him who can bind up the wounded spirit, as well as feel for its griefs—ere he committed himself to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

Frankfort to Fulda—German roads—Thuringian forest
—Eisenach—Luther.

August 17th.—This morning we left Frankfort. As we drove through the town at six o'clock, I could not avoid contrasting its sleepy appearance,—many of the shops with their eyes still fast closed up,—with that of Schwalbach at the same hour. That little, healthy, active place, seemed to be always running races with the sun in the morning, trying which should be first up, and I believe the village generally won the point. At Frankfort, persons and things looked only half awake at the advanced hour of six. The puffs of smoke rose drowsily and languidly from the never-failing tobacco-pipes—few and far between they were emitted, and slowly they

curled round the sleepy mouths and drooping eyes of the smokers.

German habits are very early in general. They rise between four and six, and are in bed before twelve. At Cologne, however, we remarked they were much later at night, though the morning hours were the same. They sometimes sleep after dinner, but this seems by no means a universal or systematic practice.

We had now turned off the beaten road of English travellers, and were soon made aware of this by sundry trifling circumstances. In the first place, the crowds of travelling carriages that we were accustomed to meet on the road suddenly disappeared. In the next, we began to be objects of notice to the people as we passed along. This was not the case at the other side of Frankfort—no one thought of looking at so common a thing as a party of English strangers. Even the curiosity of womankind (that attribute which has been stitched so firmly to the petticoat, that nothing will now remove it) was not to be roused. Not a pair of eyes yielded to the temptation of proving faithless to the knitting-needle. As for the dogs, they never thought of such a thing

as taking the trouble to bark at us. If one did happen to look up, he turned away his head disappointedly, as much as to say, "O, only some more English travellers!" and coolly nestled down his nose upon his fore-paws again.

Now we were beginning to be "rare aves," and to excite some commotion among dogs, boys, women, and even uncurious men! We were stared at, and barked at, and pointed at, until we really began to feel our own importance.

Gellnhausen is a romantic town, with a very curious church, the three towers of which are quite crooked, and were, I believe, built so. Just outside the town is a rich vineyard, sloping beautifully down from the road-side in an almost perpendicular descent. We had now come into a grape country, and met occasional groups of peasant girls with the graceful vine-baskets slung at their backs. These baskets, "contrived a double debt to pay," were now employed in bringing home bundles of faggots from the forest.

Before reaching Gellnhausen we came to the first of those lovely villages which occurred so frequently during the drive. It

was called Rothenburg. I thought I had never beheld anything so delightful, so picturesque, so exactly coming up to the beau ideal of rural life, and rural habitations. It was just the sort of thing one reads of, and dreams of, while visions of pastoral scenes,—the music of oaten reeds, and chalumeaux,—“sweet Auburns”—and Prout’s cottages, are all floating about in the brain. I never expected to meet such among the dull realities of life; to find those “baseless fabrics of a dream,” based so solidly on good substantial terra firma. I stretched my neck out of the carriage-window in despair at losing sight of Rothenburg; but I need not have sent such a longing look after it, for it had many successors that equalled, if not surpassed it in beauty.

The next poste to Gellnhausen was Saalminster, before entering into which place we got into the Bavarian territory,—the colours white and blue.

The costume of the peasants here we remarked as being very pretty, though black seemed the favourite and prevailing colour. Many of the women had black petticoats and little jackets fitting tight to the shape, of coarse

cloth the same colour, edged with green. The cap was very peculiar, small and close, quite at the back of the head, with the crown-piece of gold or some bright colour, and an immense bunch of broad black ribbons streaming behind, nearly down to the heels.

The men all wore large cocked-hats, which had a strange, yet pretty effect. A party of young boys at high romps among some corn-stacks, amused us very much ; their staid-looking head-gear, to which we attach such grave grandfatherly ideas, being so little in accordance with their age and wild frolics.

It was quite a relief to the eye to see the cows here harnessed separately under the carts. The one long yoke of wood across the forehead, to which both poor heads were firmly strapped in Nassau, used always to give me a painful feeling. I could not divest myself of the idea that the poor animals were suffering from being pinioned thus, as of all miseries that of having the *head* pent in a vice must be the greatest. I quite enjoyed looking at the first cow I saw luxuriously tossing hers about, with the power of stooping down if she chose. A poor Nassau cow could not so much as drive away a fly

biting her leg, without dragging down her companion with her, and the heavy wooden beam to boot.

We stopped at Schluchtern at a very modest-looking little inn, and asked rather doubtingly whether they could give us anything to eat. The pretty handmaiden, who let down the carriage steps, answered in the affirmative, and though things looked rather unpromising, (her smiling face, however, not included,) we went in.

After a very short delay, part of which was spent in examining the primitive little village, and part in throwing down crusts of bread from the inn window, to a sedate-looking raven, who was hopping up and down the steps, the damsel appeared with a bowl of smoking eyer suppe (egg soup.) This was followed by an excellent dinner, ending in bonbons and fruit. It was rather unexpected, coming from a little humble village kitchen, whence in England the utmost that could have been looked for would be a tough mutton-chop.

I question, however, whether the dainties were half as acceptable to us, as our crusts were to our friend the raven. Poor fellow ! he was very

thin, and looked in his suit of rusty black like a decayed gentleman, who had seen better days. The way in which he eyed the descending crusts, darting at them with outspread wings and catching them in his bill before they reached the ground, showed he was very hungry.

Nothing can be more admirable than the German roads—you bowl along them as luxuriously as on the most carefully kept avenue in an English country seat. Through Hesse we were struck by the singular appearance of the road being a dark grey colour, while the surrounding country was of a bright red sandstone, and the earth of the same rosy hue. The roads looked like black streaks drawn through the land in every direction. On inquiry we found the material of the latter to be basalt, brought all the way from the Thuringian Forest, and used to keep them in repair.

The road is divided into a certain number of parts, and piles of stones distant from each other between ten and twenty yards, are allotted to each division. Sometimes there are fifty piles in one of these compartments.

Each pile is about six feet long, two and a-

half high, and two and a-half wide: on a flat stone in the centre is painted the number of the pile. The measure is exactly the same throughout, and the labourers are paid sixteen groschen (two shillings) a heap for breaking them. This is good payment, and very luxurious gentlemen moreover are these said stone-breakers. All along the roads, when the weather is hot, they work, generally speaking, behind a sort of rude screen made of straw, or of interwoven branches of trees with the leaves on. Their faces are fortified with large spectacles made of fine wire-work, or else a kind of half-fencing mask that comes down over the nose with a comical harlequin-like expression. In Prussia they have in front of their hats a brass plate with a black eagle upon it.

Their implements appeared to me more convenient than those used at home. Instead of the heavy, short-handled English stone-hammer, these are fixed at the end of a long, tough, elastic stick from the forest. They must require less effort to use from this springing handle, and the blow that descends from it upon a block of basalt, shivers it into many pieces.

The roads are covered with people breaking,

scraping, and levelling. In short, everything connected with them is so well attended to that the whole arrangements are such as would please the eye and rejoice the heart of a M'Adam.

It was late in the evening when we arrived at the cheerful little town of Fulda, where we were to sleep. Here we found one of the nicest little inns we had yet met with, kept by the most civil, good-hearted people imaginable.

Generally, the first operation on entering the salon of a German gasthaus is to proceed straight to the window, unfasten the bolts, throw open the casements, and so obtain ingress for the fresh air, and egress for your own head out of the hateful cigar and tobacco atmosphere of the room. But at the pretty Hotel del Poste at Fulda, no such preliminary to breathing was necessary. The fragrant perfume of roses and mignonette greeted us on the stairs, and in the salon we found vases of fresh flowers on every shelf and table.

It was quite a little baby-house, so neatly arranged and so perfectly clean. Several pieces of ornamental china, and various knick-knacks

were about the room : amongst others a bust of the Regent of Hesse under a glass-case. It was taken when he was twenty years of age, and is very handsome. There were also several engravings of other branches of the same family—*proofs*—forgive the pun—of our host's attachment.

While we examined these, our tall lanky waiter, whose face seemed made for smiling and his figure for bowing, was decking the tea-table with the whitest of cloths, the tenderest of piquéd partridges, and the most delicate of rolls, rusks, and all the varieties of German bread. It all looked very inviting, and after paying our devoirs to it, and finding everything as good as it looked, we repaired to our fairy bedrooms, which were as neat and as comfortable as the rest of the little establishment.

Next morning we left the smiling town, passing by the palace, and well-kept public walks. Immediately outside Fulda is the convent of Frauenberg, a striking object standing boldly on the summit of a wooded hill. There was a row of little windows fronting the road, with the casements all open. I could not help looking up to them with a sort of expectation of seeing a pale-faced nun in her fillet and veil

peeping out. The sisters have a lovely spot for their prayers and meditations. The beautiful works of the great Creator, to whom they have devoted their lives, are spread in rich profusion beneath and around their abode. The country about here is very pretty,—wooded hills succeeding each other, each with a convent or church peeping out of the trees at the highest point, being the principal features.

We were struck with the graceful shape and beautiful colour of a sort of high pail for water, carried by the peasants on their backs:—they were all of that fresh perfect whiteness, which belongs to wood only, before it has been used, and must have been made of maple, otherwise even the scrupulous cleanliness with which they were kept could not have preserved the colour.

While we were on the travelled roads, we were frequently teased with stopping to change horses with some carriage going the contrary way, in order to save *messieurs les postillons* the trouble of retracing their steps when their task of driving was over. Now this additional delay in the slowness of German posting was more rare. Once or twice a diligence brought

us to a dead halt, and our poor horses were then sufferers, having to exchange a comparatively light carriage and five travellers, for the great, heavy, crowded, lumbering machine.

Yesterday morning, coming out of Gellnhau-
sen, we made a droll exchange, not of horses,
but of drivers. In going slowly up a long hill,
I saw the postilion run suddenly forward, de-
spoil himself in a moment of coat, hat, horn,
and whip, fling these habiliments over a booted
and spurred man standing by the road side,
who jumped up in his place, without the saga-
cious leaders pausing an instant, and away we
went, driven by the same clothes but a different
man. I suppose there had been some previous
arrangement between them, but the effect of
this little pantomime was very comical.

After passing through Hunefeld and Buttlar,
both tolerably large towns, we reached Vach
towards evening. The scenery until now and
on the previous day, very much resembled that
in the prettiest parts of England—rich, planted,
and park-like. However, there were sundry
little traits and characteristics to remind us that
we were not in John Bull's country, but in that
of his Saxon ancestors.

A peasant girl with her long, flowing black ribbons, and picturesque water-pail at her back ;—two storks marching gravely over a stubble-field ;—a man breaking stones and puffing away at the same time from a long china pipe ;—a group of little boys running beside the carriage singing a wild air in parts ;—others holding up tiny baskets full of forest raspberries,—all these and many more, were *not* symptoms of England.

The villages, too—but what shall I say about them ? A Thuringian village is indescribable—at least by me. I should only mar the beauty I wished to extol. True I might sketch a few of the leading features ;—I might try to describe those wooden cottages clustered together in such beautiful confusion, their high-tiled roofs peeping up among the vines, on the heights, and down in the little valleys in places where you least expected them. The church, too, with its venerable tower and belfry, I might describe, perched on the highest and wildest spot of the irregular surface, the little steep, well-trod path winding up to it through trees and rocky gardens. The narrow street, with the long Prout-like draperies of cloth hanging from

the topmost windows, or skeins of bright-coloured worsted of the same home manufacture. The cottage covered with wooden tiles ; —the glancing casements with their sexagonal panes ;—the rude shelf outside each window, filled with flower-pots, scarlet geranium, carnation, and the gorgeous hydrangia, and singing birds in their wicker cages suspended among the flowers ;—the walls painted with bright colours in fantastic patterns, grotesque animals and figures ; the holy inscription over the door, in three or four uncouth but expressive lines, invoking for the building protection from on high. The shelf beside the porch filled with shining crockery-ware, or a tempting display of those turban-shaped loaves and rolls that are as pleasing to the eye as the taste. The little gardens, with their store of purple plums, and walnut-trees, and scarlet kidney-beans,—the bee-hives in the shade, the rustic seat, the picturesque piles of wood for the winter fire, and the little draw-well. The old woman spinning on the high steps outside the door,—the children climbing up and down the wooden balconies,—the groups of laughing girls plying their knitting needles or winding worsted

skeins, or training the straggling vines in the gardens. All these I might describe, and they would in days to come recal, as I glanced over the page, the enchanting scenes with which they are connected, to mind and memory ; I should feel the charm, and be transported once more in imagination among those delightful scenes ; but to others,—to those whom I so wish to make sharers with myself in the pleasure,—I cannot, alas ! impart it.

The scenery between Vach and Eisenach is magnificent, and thoroughly German in its character. Shortly after leaving the former town, the road plunges into the Thuringian forest, and at every mile it increases in interest.

Nothing could be more beautiful than its windings ; sometimes along the edge of steep precipices, the tops of the tall trees forming a thick leafy carpet below, while towering high over our heads on the opposite side rose perpendicular masses of rock and mountain,—the stately fir and graceful birch springing up straight from the very topmost edge of the bare, red rock. The road was bordered with hedges of dark fir, while all around, far as the eye could reach, were spread the “ eternal forests.”

There was a surpassing grandeur in this scenery. Its features were on so vast a scale that they overpowered the beholder with their sublimity. Those bold, stupendous forests of dark pine, untrodden by human foot, the haunt of the wolf and wild boar, into whose gloomy depths the eye dared not penetrate, inspired a strange feeling of awe, a breathless sense of human nothingness. The mighty hand of the Creator seemed indeed peculiarly present in this magnificent region: it was impossible to avoid exclaiming at every step, "How wonderful are thy works!—in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

When we reached the last hill before entering Eisenach, a beautiful object suddenly appeared in sight. It was the castle of Wartburg, and on turning an angle of the winding road, it burst upon our view so abruptly and with such picturesque effect, that we all uttered a simultaneous cry of admiration, which made the postilion turn round on his saddle with a most satisfied grin. Wartburg is—but I must proceed to Eisenach before descanting upon it.

We halted at the Halbe Mond, our quarter for the night, and after dinner took a long ex-

ploring ramble. The little town, so beautifully situated, has not much in itself to recommend it. It was once the seat of a flourishing trade, and that having declined, Eisenach has now the melancholy marks and tokens of a place that "has seen better days."

But it is hallowed by associations the most interesting. Luther, the pride and glory of Germany, passed some of his early years here, and here it was that Providence raised up for him the benefactress whose friendship formed so essential a link in the chain of events that led to his bright career.

As I walked down the little street at Eisenach, the youthful sufferings of this devoted servant of Christ rose into my memory. I pictured to myself the interesting child, his features already tinged with that melancholy which clouded his early days, arriving at his mother's relations in Eisenach from Magdeburg, where he had been so harshly treated at school.

These poor people, unable to support him entirely at their own expense, sent him into the town to earn a few kreutzers by singing. In this very street perhaps it was that the sweet

tones of his touching voice, as he sang the simple hymns taught him by his religious parents, won the heart of Madame Cotta, and decided her on becoming a second mother to the friendless boy. She had already observed his interesting appearance and ardent devotion at church : and now she took him into her house, gave him a seat at her table, provided him with books, and fostered those talents for poetry and music he so eminently possessed, and to which his devout and enthusiastic disposition so strongly inclined him.

Luther's progress in learning was very rapid. His zeal and diligence were unwearied, and his piety decided even at this early age. He began every undertaking with earnest prayer, and his motto was—" Whatever is devoutly prayed for is half studied." His father wished him to become a lawyer ; and so well had he improved the advantages procured for him by Madame Cotta, that he was fit for the university at Erfurth in his eighteenth year, and two years after he went there was made a professor.

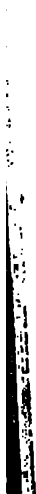
Erfurth was the scene of that event which changed so completely the current of Luther's

life, and laid the foundation of his future achievements. But I must confine myself to Eisenach for the present, and leave the occurrences of Erfurth until we arrive at the place.

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SOUVENIRS

OF A

SUMMER IN GERMANY.



SOUVENIRS

OF A

SUMMER IN GERMANY.

IN 1836.

He that travels far oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring tower,
Which seen delights him.—Then coming home,
Describes and prints it, that the world may know.
So I with brush in hand and pallet spread,
Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing
That fancy finds in her excursive flights.

COWPER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SOUVENIRS
OF A
SUMMER IN GERMANY.

CHAPTER I.

Wartburg—Luther's confinement there—Lewis and Elizabeth—Albert and Margaret—Frederick of the bitten cheek—The Monk and Nun of Madlestein—Gotha—A dinner eaten by guests for whom it was not intended—Luther at Erfurth.

THERE is a barber at the Halbe Monde, who might have been a rival to the "barber of Seville," of musical and immortal memory. He is a universal genius, a perfect factotum. Waiter, valet-de-place, friseur, cicerone—he is everything by turns as the case demands; and having had the honour of shaving Goëthe twice, an honour of which he is not a little

proud, is now a literary character, and talks of Schiller, Wieland, Herder, as familiar acquaintances, quoting from their works, and criticising them most learnedly. Of his very intimate friend Goëthe he tells never-ending anecdotes, and describes him as one of the most lively persons whose chins ever came under his hands.

This was the man who presented himself in reply to W——'s inquiries for a guide to Wartburg, and a most entertaining one he proved.

Wartburg is at about an hour's walk from Eisenach. It is a most interesting place, both from the beauty of its situation and the historical associations connected with it.

Luther was for ten months an inmate, or rather a prisoner, in this castle, and the room he occupied, with his chair, table, desk, &c. is preserved in its original state. On the 26th of April, 1521, he left Worms, after the memorable diet, during which he had made such a bold profession of his faith before the emperor, Duke Erich of Brunswick, and the whole council, at the close of which he had been excommunicated and placed under the ban of the empire.

Notwithstanding all the threats held out to him, Luther stopped at Eisenach to preach, and on his journey thence to his home at Wit-

tenberg, while passing through the woods, was waylaid and attacked by a body of armed men. They dispersed his attendants and guide, took him prisoner, and obliged him to change clothes with a countryman. They then put him on a horse, and conveyed him in silence to the Wartburg.

It was some time before Luther was aware that this capture was by order of his friend Frederic, Elector of Saxony, who had recourse to it as the only means of preserving the Reformer from the dangers that threatened his life. The place of his retreat was kept a profound secret, even from his friends—he assumed the dress of a young nobleman of that period, allowing his hair and mustachios to grow, and went by the name of Junker Georg, ('Squire George.')

While at Wartburg, Luther never lost sight of the sacred cause in which he was embarked. He commenced translating the Bible into German, and composed many treatises and works on disputed points; among others was one against monastic vows, and the celibacy of the clergy, which he dedicated to his father. The severity of his studies while here undermined his health, and he was tormented with the desire to return to his useful and honourable

avocations at Wittenberg. This at length became so strong, that he was unable to control it, and accordingly started at midnight from the castle and arrived in safety at the house of Nicholas Amsdorf, his friend, and a preacher at Wittenberg. After remaining here several days he returned to Wartburg.

Luther had resumed his studies, and was tranquilly pursuing them in his retirement, when news was brought him of the imprudent and fanatical zeal of Dr. Carlstadt. The latter, not content with the gradual but sure improvements that were taking place in the church at Wittenberg, had abused the christian liberty preached by Luther. In his ill-regulated enthusiasm he had forced his way into the churches, thrown down the images of the saints, and given offence to all parties.

At these tidings the ardent mind of the Reformer could brook no longer restraint. No commands of his friend the Elector of Saxony, no prospect of danger to himself, could withhold him from the performance of what he considered his duty. He wrote to Frederic explaining the motives of his conduct, set out alone on horseback for Wittenberg, and preached there for eight successive days with such eloquence and authority, that he silenced all disturbances

among the people, and awed even his enemies by his greatness of mind and courage.

In the year 1817, upwards of five hundred students assembled at Wartburg from Vienna and all parts of Germany, and held a fête on the anniversary of the Reformation. They marched up in solemn procession to the chapel where Luther preached, dined at the Rittersaal, and separated without any excess.

Wartburg was at different times the abode of several interesting characters, and the annals that are preserved of the castle, and which reach very far back, are most curious and amusing documents. Among them are records of the life of a very remarkable woman, the Princess Elizabeth, wife of Lewis VI., who lived here about the year 1216. She was the foundress of an hospital at Eisenach, and several other charitable institutions.

The account of the early attachment of Lewis and Elizabeth is very interesting. They were brought up together in this beautiful spot, and loved each other from childhood;—the sufferings of the gentle Elizabeth, who is represented as being of a peculiarly affectionate and sensitive nature, when Lewis was obliged to absent himself from Wartburg,—the anxiety with which she watched his returning footsteps

through the woods from the castle turret, are very touchingly described. When Elizabeth was fourteen, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and there were public rejoicings at Eisenach on the occasion.

This princess was a strict Catholic, and remarkable for her piety. Her life was a tissue of good deeds, and her humility, kindness, charity, and self-denial, make her a bright example of all the christian virtues. She visited the poor, inquired into their wants, and relieved them with her own hands. Her memory is still adored at Eisenach, and the public buildings she erected for the sick and infirm are the most touching and appropriate monument that could have been raised to perpetuate it.

Lewis made no objection to the large sums of money laid out by his wife in her charities : on the contrary, it is said he constantly provided her with fresh supplies. Their love was unbroken, and the only cause of difference between them was what the tenderness of Lewis made him consider his wife's over-strictness with herself. The tenets of her religion, which make happiness in the next world to depend in a great degree on sufferings in this, induced her to undergo severe voluntary inflictions. She

appointed one of her ladies in waiting to arouse her from her bed every night, that she might perform her penances and spend some time in prayer. When reproached by Lewis for this, her reply was, that she should be too happy without some discipline of the kind.

It is sad to be obliged to spoil so endearing a picture of love, and confidence, and domestic happiness. However, as the last part of the story includes a miracle, it is to be hoped that the causes which led to it, are as fabulous as the marvel itself. The history goes on to relate, that the time came at last when Lewis no longer looked kindly on his Elizabeth. He listened to the representations of evil persons against her,

“ For whispering tongues can poison truth,”

and they persuaded him that she squandered his property and wasted it on unworthy objects.

One day, as he was ascending the hill to the castle, he met his wife coming down through the forest with a basket of provisions she was taking to a sick man, on her arm. He seized her roughly, and demanded, in no very gentle voice, what were its contents. Elizabeth was terrified at the angry tone and manner of her

husband, and scarcely knowing what she said, faltered out, "blumen," (flowers.) Lewis tore open the basket, and, to the surprise of both, found it full of flowers, as she had said.

There are three little difficulties in this story. First, that so pious a person as Elizabeth should have uttered a falsehood even under the influence of conjugal fear; second, that so kind a husband as Lewis, should have acted the tyrant towards his gentle wife; and third, that broths and jellies should have been suddenly transformed into roses and lilies. I trust, therefore, that this part of the tradition carries its own refutation along with it.

The Princess Elizabeth was canonized in 1231. One of the finest gothic churches in Germany was erected to her honour at Marburg, in Hesse Cassel, and bears her name,—Church of St. Elizabeth. It was begun in

1235, and is one of the oldest and most perfect specimens of the gothic style of architecture extant. In the transept is a small chapel, elaborately ornamented, called the chapel of St. Elizabeth. It contains a carved representation of the saint reclining on her coffin, surrounded by the objects of her bounty,—the maimed and the sick,—while Christ from above extends his hands to receive her into heaven. The stone

floor of this chapel is worn hollow in many places by the knees of the pilgrims who resort yearly to the shrine.

In 1270, Wartburg was inhabited by the Landgrave Albert and his wife Margaret. Their private history is very different indeed from that just related; for Margaret, though a beautiful and amiable princess, soon lost the love of the Landgrave. His affections were seduced from her by one of her own ladies of honour, Cunegonda of Eisenberg. This artful and wicked woman, not content with this injury, conspired against the life of Margaret. It was a long time before she could win the consent of Albert to her nefarious design; but at length, so great was her influence over him, that he was prevailed on to aid in the destruction of his innocent wife. They bribed a man of the lowest of the people, a watchman and donkey-driver, who daily brought wood, water, and other necessities to the castle, to be of the plot. Albert and Cunegonda instructed this man to disguise himself as an evil spirit, and strangle Margaret in her bed, by which means they hoped her death would be attributed to a supernatural cause.

In the dead of the night, the watchman approached the sleeping chamber of the Land-

gravine. When he entered, he became suddenly seized with a feeling of awe, which kept him standing motionless at the door, unable to advance or disturb the unconscious sleeper. The noise, however, awoke Margaret—she raised herself up and inquired who was there—when the man, completely overcome by her beauty, her innocence, and dignity of manner, fell on his knees and confessed all.

The sound of voices in the Landgravine's apartment roused Schenk, her haus-hofmeister, (chamberlain,) who slept in an adjoining room. He rushed in, in alarm, and great was his dismay on learning the dangers that threatened his beloved mistress. He called together the few in the castle who were attached to her fortunes, and after an anxious debate among these devoted friends, instant flight was decided on.

The unhappy Landgravine had now to take a last leave of her children. Margaret was the tenderest of mothers, and she could not tear herself away from these, the only objects that were dear to her in the world, without heart-rending pangs. She embraced them over and over again,—she clasped them to her bosom,—she clung to them with an anguish that no efforts could assuage. But when

she came to take leave of Friedrich, her best beloved—a boy of nearly twelve years' old, and the second son,—the agony of bidding him an eternal farewell, nearly bereft her of her senses;—in a paroxysm of love and despair, she bit his cheek while giving him the last, long, frantic embrace.

Friedrich ever after retained the mark of his wretched mother's frenzied affection. He went by the name of "Friedrich der Gebissene," (the bitten one,) and his portrait is at Wartburg, distinguished by the scar on his cheek.*

When Margaret fled from Wartburg, she took refuge in the lowly dwelling of the poor watchman,—who proved her most daring and devoted friend. She afterwards succeeded in reaching, on foot, the Schloss Craynburg, and finally arrived safely at Frankfort, where she was received by some of her noble relatives.

The unhappy lady, however, did not long require their protection; for, exhausted by her sufferings of mind and body, she expired at Frankfort in two months after reaching it.

* This Frederick der Gebissene appears to have been an important personage in German history. We afterwards heard of his feats, and saw portraits of him, (always with the scarred cheek,) in several places. His grave was pointed out to us in the aisle of the Gothic church at Meissen, near Dresden.

Near Wartburg is a singular stone, named the Madlestein, to which a legend is attached, that forms the subject of one of Wieland's poems. It is called "Die Nonne und Mönch von Madlestein," and records the history of Sextus and Clärche, a nun and monk of two neighbouring convents. This pair were in the habit of meeting near the precincts of the monastery—they were both young and thoughtless, and deficient, too, it seems, as to memory; for they quite forgot their respective vocations in the pleasure of each other's society. The legend relates, that to punish them for this unfortunate piece of forgetfulness, they were one day turned into the stone called the Madlestein. It is a solid block of a reddish colour, and bears some resemblance to two human figures.

On our way down stairs next morning from our rooms to the carriage, we observed a collection of odd-looking things lying in a recess; one of the people of the hotel, seeing us looking towards them, said, "These are for sale; perhaps you would like some." They were apparently fir-branches from the forest, about a yard long, twisted and gnarled into fantastic shapes, having the bark on, and each knot and angle fashioned into the likeness of some grotesque animal. We thought at first they might

be hunting-horns, or whistles, or some such appendage of sylvan sport; but the man decided the difficulty by applying one to his lips, with a certain significant, not-to-be-mistaken gesture, which showed us at once what they were. They were pipes indeed, but, destined to emit *smoke*, not sound.

As we drove out of the town, we remarked an appearance of poverty in the people rarely visible in German towns or villages. Many of the peasants were without shoes or stockings.

This is very seldom the case: indeed, the wonder is how a want of the last-mentioned article should by any possibility occur. I am often at a loss to imagine where feet enough can ever be found to wear all the stockings that employ the ceaseless knitting-needles of every female, high and low, in Germany, to say nothing of the fruits of the men's industry in this way.

Whatever were their privations, the people of Eisenach seemed to bear them most philosophically, for I never saw a more contented-looking, placid race.

A German has a never-failing consoler, a friend constant alike in prosperity and adversity, who soothes his sorrows and shares his joys. Companionship the warmest, the closest,

the most endeared, subsists between them, and it continues through sickness, poverty, and age. This friend, this companion is a—pipe. I hope no one imagined I was going to write any other little monosyllable, with the same number of letters in it.

While most of the male population of Eise-nach were employed in smoking, the females were gathered round a fountain in the centre of the little town,—and a most picturesque group they formed. The village fountain is generally the place for seeing costume, and here, besides the graceful figures and attitudes of the blooming maidens, the water-pails they carried excited admiration. These were of the most elegant forms, and the dazzling whiteness of the maple-wood contrasted with the strap of black leather that fastened them across the shoulders, and the black hoops with which they were bound, made them objects of no small interest in the picture.

The scenery after leaving the town was of the same majestic character with that beyond the Wartburg, and, as on the day before, its wild sublimity filled us with sensations of awe and admiration, that kept us silent merely because we were really at a loss how to express or communicate them.

It is a strange thing,—but I dare say every one has felt it more or less,—the sensation of pain that always accompanies moments of the highest mental enjoyment. One is almost tempted to imagine that there is no such thing in the world as completely unmixed pleasure ; and it is when passing through a beautiful country, amid scenes that excite rapturous feelings of admiration and delight, that this idea is peculiarly present.

One cause of the drawback,—a very common and evident one,—is, of course, the feeling that the pleasure, whatever it may be, is so evanescent. But there is another which has nothing to do with the future. I hardly know how to explain it, but I never can find myself in any sublime scenery, or pass through one of those exquisitely picturesque Thuringian villages, without being oppressed in some degree by it. I feel that my mind is too small, too limited to take in so much beauty ; I fancy I do not enjoy or appreciate it half as much as it deserves. Those Prout-like cottages—those groups of picturesque peasants—those magnificent expanses of forest that follow each other in such bright and rapid succession ; I long to be able to widen mind and memory so as to make them contain everything, and give all a permanent

resting-place. The more keen the enjoyment, so much the more painfully does the feeling intrude, that such moments, and such scenes, and such impressions, must vanish to make way for others. All cannot be retained together ; the bounds are too narrow ; and as one wave washes away that which has gone before it, and is in its turn swallowed up by the next, so our best and brightest joys are literally "writ in water."

All this would be very sad, were we not able to look forward to a better state of things, when we shall cease to be the limited, imperfect creatures we are now—

"Our senses narrow and our reason frail."

God has not given us such fine perceptions to baffle and dissatisfy us with our powers of enjoyment. No. He is too wise, too good for that. He allows us to feel what we might be, and what we cannot be, to give us a longing after that perfection of happiness which he has in store for us.

The country about Gotha is flat ; so that the town is visible for some miles before you reach it. The effect at a little distance is peculiar, the palace being so exceedingly disproportion-

tionate in size to the town, that the latter looks like a large village clustered round this prominent object. The Duke passes his winters in this palace. It is an irregular pile, flanked with towers differing one from the other, and appears from the road to have an extraordinary number of small windows in rows one above the other.

This palace was the scene of a curious occurrence during the campaign of 1757, described by Archenholz in his "History of the Thirty Years' War." Before the decisive battle of Rossbach, Gotha had been chosen by the French as a luxurious retreat where the general and the élite of the army might recruit themselves after the fatigues of the campaign. To this Capua, Soubise, the general-in-chief, with his staff and about 8,000 men, repaired; and great preparations were made at the ducal court to receive the guests in due form.

It was just dinner time:—a splendid banquet had been ordered, the tables were already spread, the company about to seat themselves, when, lo! tidings arrived that Seidlitz, the Prussian general, had suddenly made his appearance at the gates with 1,500 cavalry.

The 8,000 French never thought of resistance; they hurried out of the town, leaving the

luxurious fare and smoking dishes untouched, not, however, we may well suppose, without many a lingering look of regret at the latter. The manifold probability of their having a pretty strong dose of "Seidlitz powder" to digest instead of these dainties, could have in no wise diminished their regrets, and altogether the flying troops, with the dinner-table in the back-ground, would have furnished a comic annual with another capital illustration of "an exchange, receiving the difference."

With respect to the "powder," they were agreeably disappointed, for Seidlitz did not attempt a pursuit,—the tired state of his troops rendering that impossible. He contented himself with taking the places at the ducal table, which had just been vacated by his enemies, and committing havoc upon their ragouts and bouillis instead of upon themselves. Thus a grand entertainment begun by the leaders of one party was finished by those of another,—a more singular spectacle (I fear) than even that of "the funeral baked meats, coldly furnishing forth the marriage table."

Seidlitz made few military prisoners; but valets, cooks, lacquays, hair-dressers, and players,—a stock at that time inseparable from a French army,—fell into his hands in abun-

dance. Archenholz, in his quiet, quaint, German style, gives a curious inventory of the articles found among the baggage of the French generals, which was captured by the Prussians. There were whole chests of perfumes and pom-mades ; a vast quantity of powder-puffs, wigs, bags, parasols, parrots, &c. A valuable prize for Seidlitz and his brave warriors !

The drive, after leaving Gotha, continues to diminish in interest, being flat and destitute of wood. The country is well cultivated, however ; fine fields of poppies, corn, tobacco, and hemp, stretching away from the road on either side, as far as the eye can reach. We remarked that the women here wore gay-coloured cotton mantles, with ample capes. These formed a pretty costume ; and besides their picturesque effect in the fields, served to conceal the narrow shoulders, square waists, and small un-woman-like hips of the wearers.

Erfurth looks well as you approach it. We did not require the black and white stripe on the *barrière* to show us that we were once more in his Prussian majesty's dominions. In the first place, there were the strong fortifications, now quite a novelty to us, not having met with any since we left Mayence ; then the numbers of military scattered about in all di-

rections. Four thousand soldiers compose the garrison at Erfurth ; therefore it may be supposed that you can hardly turn your eyes in any direction without seeing a military cap peeping up out of a window, or glancing in the little street. The barracks, sentry-boxes, and all those other soldier-like symptoms of the country, which Madame de Stael calls "une vaste caserne,"—the peasants in the national blue, and the Prussian eagle figuring over every shop and "gast-haus," were "confirmations strong," had other proofs been wanting.

At Erfurth we again came upon the traces of "the beloved and immortal reformer." Here it was that the first ray of gospel truth broke in upon Luther's mind. While studying the law at the university, in compliance with his father's wish, he accidentally found a Bible in a corner of the library. Though he was now twenty years of age, he had never yet met with a copy of the holy scriptures ; he knew of the existence only of those parts of the gospels and epistles which were read from the pulpit by the priests, the whole Bible being rigorously kept from laymen. The intense interest with which one of Luther's devout and intelligent mind perused the sacred volume may be imagined. The book of Samuel struck

him particularly, and inspired him with an ardent desire to devote himself to the service of God. As this feeling increased, his distaste for the profession chosen for him by his father grew stronger, and the uneasiness of mind consequent upon the struggle between his conscience and his filial duty brought on a dangerous illness.

A circumstance occurred, after his recovery from this, which decided Luther. He was walking in the fields with his friend Alexius, on a very hot day in summer, when a storm of thunder and lightning came on, and the latter was struck dead at his feet. This awful event made a deep impression on Luther; he regarded it as a warning voice from heaven, and resolved on instantly giving up secular pursuits, and going into the monastery of St. Augustine at Erfurth. He wrote to his father, sent him the clothes he wore as a layman, and the ring he had received at the university, with his title of professor; and on July the 17th, 1505, entered the convent.

Here, in the solitude of his cell, Luther continued his earnest and unwearied study of the Bible, notwithstanding the ridicule and persecution to which it exposed him from the monks. When he had taken the vows he was

deprived of his treasure ; but he discovered the place in the library where it was concealed, and day after day persevered in his ardent search after divine truth.

It is deeply interesting to follow this extraordinary man in his bold career ;—to trace the working of his powerful mind in unravelling the mazes of error with which he was surrounded, from the ignorant but specious declamations of Tetzels, who shamelessly declared that “when the money rings in the chest, the soul flies to heaven,” to the wily sophistry of Dr. Eck.

And then, again, his friendship with Melancthon ! what can be more lovely, more interesting, than the picture that presents !—What a contrast was there in the characters of the two friends, and yet how warmly did each appreciate in the other the qualities he possessed not himself !—how beautifully did those opposite gifts sustain and bring out each other ! Melancthon, with his slender, interesting figure, fair hair, open intellectual forehead, and clear, mild eyes ; his gentle, persuasive manners, his profound learning, his calm, dispassionate views on all subjects, and his deep feeling, was a fitting companion for Luther—the bold, the intrepid, the zealous, the energetic. Luther

used to say of himself, that his words and his writings rushed out with the force and violence of the whirlwind;—he often wished he could make them like those of his friend, which were soft as the summer rain,—mild and gentle as the dew from heaven.

And yet Melancthon would have never effected the Reformation!

The university where Luther studied was suppressed in 1816; the convent where he became a monk is now an orphan asylum; and the church in which he once read mass, is a Protestant one. His cell in the Augustine convent is preserved in the same state as when occupied by him; and his table, his portrait against the wall, and his beloved Bible, are still to be seen there.

CHAPTER II.

Prussian officer "breaking" English—Weimar—Schiller—Eye-shaped windows at Hösen—Weissenfels Battle of Lutzen—Battle of Rossbach—German posting.

WE were glad to find a well-filled table-d'hôte at the hotel at Erfurth. It was some time since we had enjoyed the amusement and variety always found where there are so many people from so many places; and the merry din of voices, as we took our seats, sounded very pleasant.

A Prussian officer, with fair hair and moustaches, was beside me, and beyond him his pretty wife and little boy. After a few moments, he turned round, and addressed me in very broken English. It was with the greatest difficulty I could understand what he meant,—

but I caught at some and guessed the rest, and tried to make it appear that I comprehended all; it would never have done to have hurt his vanity, or disappointed his courteous and good-natured intention of doing the agreeable to me in my own tongue. I asked him where he had learned English?

“Ha! my poor English,—dat ist noting—dat ist varily noting—I break it a little, das all.”

It was quite a relief to me when our conversation was over, and my friend had ceased to “break” our unfortunate language. While he was doing so, I was in an agony lest some of those droll mistakes which are so fatal to our risible muscles, but which foreigners, (who really have not our keen sense of the ridiculous,) are proof against, should escape him. Had I been betrayed into a smile it would certainly have been sorely against my will, and I should have hated myself for being so unkind and unfeeling. Yet there are some things that are irresistible. A German, who took it into his head to speak English to W—— the other day, was endeavouring to explain a severe fall he had had from his horse. “Yes, sare,” he said, “it was a ver rude fall—I was so ver much hurt, and so ver much frightened, de

consequence was dat I was brought to bed instantly."

If my moustachio'd neighbour had thought fit to "break" out with a speech of this sort, what should I ever have done!

Weimar, the Athens of the North!—Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Herder,—how many names dear to the lovers of German literature rise into the mind while approaching it! With what an interest does this constellation of genius invest the grass-grown streets and unpretending dwellings of this otherwise insignificant little capital. The glory of Weimar is departed—those stars have set, and the halo that learning and genius once shed over the ducal court, is dimmed and quenched by the cold hand of death.

All alike are humble there,
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave,

and the brightest intellect that ever beamed on mortal brow shields not its envied owner from the bitter doom that man earned for himself.

Perhaps of all the names that added lustre to Weimar the most interesting is that of Schiller. Goethe's mental powers were sel-

dom employed for the improvement of his fellow men,—his pen, generally speaking, was an unhallowed one.

But with Schiller it was far otherwise, though he did not altogether escape animadversion on that point. There is one of his minor poems in particular, which was strongly censured, and gave rise to many severe attacks from his enemies and rivals of the day. They asserted, that in it Schiller had spoken against Christianity, and indulged in reflections injurious to the cause of religion. When Schiller was informed of the construction put upon his words, he contented himself with simply and meekly replying, "They misunderstand me."

Schiller's private history adds to the interest inspired by his name, and makes you love the individual while you admire the poet. His gentle and sensitive disposition, and the patient resignation with which he bore those sufferings which made his life one long season of agony, and brought him at last to a premature grave, cannot but endear his memory. Our Schwalbach acquaintance, the Herr Röhling, was an intimate friend of Schiller's widow. He never tired of relating anecdotes illustrative of the private virtues of the poet. These are seldom found united with pre-eminent genius.

The mind absorbed in the lofty contemplations of poesy and science rarely stoops to the social endearments of every-day life; it is not in a Milton or a Byron we must look for the qualities of husband and father.

But it was not so with Schiller; the agony with which his children followed him to the grave, and the bitter and enduring grief of his widow, showed but too plainly what a bereavement they had sustained. Madame Schiller was a talented woman, and therefore knew how to appreciate the treasure she possessed in her husband. After his death, so completely were her tears her "meat and drink," that in a few months she lost her sight, having literally wept herself blind. Her sister, Caroline Wolltman, has written the life of Schiller.

The literary habits of the poet were injurious to his health, and increased his natural delicacy. He always wrote at night. He commenced his labours at about eleven o'clock, and continued until six in the morning, when he retired to rest for four or, at most, five hours.

It was while at Bonn that Schiller composed *Wallenstein*. The students used frequently to repair to a hill that overlooked his study to observe his movements. He was in the habit of

walking up and down the room, and reciting the verses aloud, and when all was arranged in his mind, and maturely digested, he committed the result to paper. By this means he seldom had to make any alterations in his written effusions. We were shown one of his MSS. It was the fairest I have ever seen, (except perhaps one or two of Sheridan's,) written in a clear, bold hand, and with scarcely an erasure.

It rained so heavily while we were at Weimar, that we were unable to get as far as the Esplanade to see the house of Schiller, or to the Frauenplatz, where Goethe lived, and where he died in 1832. Nearly opposite the hotel was an ancient building, the façade of which was most elaborately ornamented with grotesque figures and intricate gothic carved work. G—— employed part of the evening in making a drawing of this picturesque old house. To accomplish this she was obliged to lean half-way out of the window; (the house being in an oblique direction;) and thus, with her drawing-materials on the stone slab outside, and an umbrella over-head to protect them and herself from the pouring rain, she worked on, to the great amusement and edification of the passers-by in the street.

The quilts we had at Weimar were much the

most luxurious pieces of nocturnal paraphernalia we had yet had in Germany. These *bette-decke*, as they are called, which are contrived to pay the double debt of blankets and counterpane, are very comfortable affairs, wadded and quilted most delightfully. Here they were as pretty to look at as pleasant to feel, being made of green and rose-coloured satins, and light and warm to perfection. Next to a bath of Schlangenbad water was the luxurious sensation of reposing beneath one of these very picturesque counterpanes.

The palace at Weimar is a fine building, surrounded by well-kept gardens, overlooking the river Ilm. For some miles beyond the town, the road continues very pretty, with a fine wood on the left. The groups of peasants coming into market, with their loaded baskets slung at their backs, had a gay and picturesque effect. They were principally women, and their showy costume, bright-coloured kerchiefs and head-gear, glancing under the trees, contrasted well with the dark foliage of the forest path along which they wound.

Hösen, between Eckhardtsberge and Naumburg, is a prettily situated little town, and the salt works, as we descended the hill leading into it, formed a conspicuous and striking fea-

ture. But the peculiarity of this place, and one which kept us laughing at the recollection for nearly a mile after we left it, was the windows in the roofs of the houses. They are shaped exactly like eyes; the tiles swell up gradually like a lid above and below, elongating towards the end, and in the oval space between, there twinkles the little bright window-pane, just in the place of the pupil.

It was, in fact, as exact a model of the human eye as could be made out of such materials. I never saw anything so funny. The whole village had an éveillé, Argus-like look that was irresistibly droll,—all the houses laughing, and blinking, and peeping at us as we drove in. The shape being long, and the lower lid rather straight, gave them a sly, sleepy, half-closed expression, and withal a look of fun and merriment, as if the house were “holding its sides” with laughter. Sometimes we came to a great cyclops-building, with its one staring optic in the middle of the roof, and then appeared a comical, intelligent looking thing, with a pair that twinkled and screwed themselves up at us as we passed in the most provoking and impertinent manner possible. It was really too bad.

I could not help thinking of a German story

I once read about a man who fancied that wherever he went he was pursued and haunted by "Eyes, eyes,—nothing but eyes." The writer of that story must certainly have lived at Hösen.*

Naumburg is a very interesting town. As we drove through the curious old market-place there was a fair going on—that animated scene which lights up a village or town so delightfully, and gives it an air of such life and bustle. This was the first German fair we had seen, and the national characteristic was very evident, for almost every second stall was full of pipes. One of the prettiest stalls was that for the sale of the white wooden water-pails, tubs, buckets, &c.—nothing could be more graceful or picturesque than the forms and colour of these. Another stall contained nothing but bonbons—a curious display of the fantastic variety of shapes into which sugar can be tortured. There was the usual profusion of beautiful flowers in all directions.

* These eye-shaped windows are very common in the Saxon villages. We often met with them afterwards,—and even in Dresden, and other large towns, they are to be seen. I do not know, however, that they ever struck us in such a ludicrous point of view as at Hösen:—perhaps because they were more numerous here, besides being the *first* we had met with.

We remarked that the women here were exceedingly frightful and exceedingly industrious. They were all knitting away most perseveringly while seated behind their wares, and bargaining with their customers.

Weissenfels is the next stage to Naumburg. We drove from Weimar here, a distance of eight and a half German miles, in six hours and twenty minutes. W—— has contrived to accelerate the proverbially slow German travelling, and has proved that a Saxon postilion *can* be moved by money, by inducing ours with the promise of a Berlin dollar at the end of the stage, to go at the rate of about eight English miles an hour.

As for me, I never quarrel with the slow foreign travelling. I often think we drive but too fast, and cast behind me many a lingering look of regret at the lovely scenes from which we are hurrying away, and which I may never look upon again. Those glimpses of beauty resemble so much the transient joys of the poet,—

Like waves that from the shore,
One moment swell—are touched with light,
Then lost for evermore!

that I would not they were passed more rapidly.

Weissenfels is remarkable as being the place where the body of that bravest of heroes, Gustavus Adolphus, was brought after the battle of Lutzen. It was pierced with eight wounds, and long and fiercely did his faithful Swedes fight for the corse of their beloved monarch. One of the walls of the room where it was laid, and afterwards embalmed, was stained with the blood. This room is shown to strangers, and the Swedes who visited it were in the habit of cutting away small portions of the blood-stained plaster as a relic ; until at length it was found necessary to protect the wall by a sliding pannel, and thus prevent all being removed. The marks are freshly distinct to this day.

About a mile outside the village of Lutzen are the battle-plains, and the spot where Gustavus Adolphus fell, the 6th of Nov. 1632. It is marked by a very rude stone, called Schwedenstein, the stone of the Swede, with a few trees round it. We alit from the carriage to visit this unworthy monument to so brave a man, much to the discomfiture of the surly old post-boy who drove us from Lutzen, and who seemed to have no sympathy whatever with our historical reminiscences. It is said that a more fitting trophy is in preparation, and

will shortly be erected on this interesting spot. The plains of Lutzen have now another claim to celebrity as the scene of the bloody engagement between Napoleon and the allies in 1813.

About a mile further on we came within view of another battle-field,—that of Rossbach. This was a most extraordinary engagement, and the account given of it by Archenholz is more like romance than reality. It was fought the 5th of November 1757, during the thirty years' war, between the French and Prussians, the troops of the former amounting to 60,000 men, while the latter were but 22,000. The gaining of this battle was of the last importance to Frederick the Second:—his position was nearly desperate, and yet so firmly did Seidlitz, the Prussian general, rely upon the rapidity with which his troops could form, that he allowed the French to take their ground, and make all their preparations without adopting any measure to oppose them.

It was nearly two o'clock in the day. The Prussians were still cooking their provisions, and all was going on as usual in the camp. The French in astonishment imagined that Seidlitz, intimidated by their numbers, meant to offer no resistance:—they commenced de-

scending the hill expecting an easy victory, when suddenly the word was given—the Prussian cavalry formed and made a desperate charge. The fury of the assault and its total unexpectedness struck a panic into the French, and the victory over them was so complete, that but for night coming on, they would have been all cut to pieces.

Previous to the battle, the French, relying on their superior strength and numbers, had boasted that they would take up their winter “quartière” in Brandenburg. This irritated the Prussians, and now the boast was dearly paid for by some of the vanquished, owing to a verbal misunderstanding on the part of their enemies.

An unfortunate party of cavalry were separated from their comrades in the fray, and while endeavouring to effect a retreat, got hemmed in by a body of Prussian infantry. Seeing that destruction was inevitable, they cried out in German, “Quartière! quartière!” This fatal word enraged the Prussians; they imagined that the soldiers, driven to desperation, instead of craving quarter, as was the case, were malignantly alluding to the obnoxious boast. With the words, “Ja, wir wollen euch *quartière* geben,” (Yes, we will give you

quartière;) the Prussians cut down each poor fellow without mercy. At last the unfortunate horsemen discovered their mistake—they exchanged the cry to that of “ Pardon ! pardon ! ” which saved the lives of the few who remained to benefit by the discovery.

A few miles beyond Lutzen the Prussian territory ends and Saxony begins, the frontier distinguished by a green and white stripe. In the fields here we remarked a sort of curious triangular frame for hay. The frames, in shape like a skeleton umbrella, were fixed in the ground and the hay thrown over them, so that the stacks were hollow. Another agricultural implement, unknown in our countries, was a scythe, with a large wooden rake attached to it. The teeth of the rake were the same length as the scythe, and parallel with it, so that the double instrument did double duty, and mowed and raked together.

The system of posting in Germany is nearly similar in all the states. Hesse alone has not adopted the excellent arrangement of Prussia, Gotha, Weimar, Saxony, &c. viz. the payment of the tolls with the money for post-horses. The tolls are very low. From Gotha to Erfurth, three German miles, (fourteen English,) they were only one shilling. The charges vary ;

the next three miles they were one shilling and seven-pence.

The charge for horses, &c. is always paid before starting. A printed paper is given to the traveller, stating the distance, the charge per horse per mile, the *chaussée geld* and ostler's fee:—on the back is generally marked the drink-money as fixed by law for the postilion. It was by doubling this that W—— contrived to accelerate our pace, and proved that the phlegm of a German post-boy was accessible to the persuasive influence of a thaler.

If a traveller duly read his “post-quittung,” he cannot be imposed upon. In Germany he pays only for the number of horses he uses. We generally came on with three, the foremost of these sagacious creatures standing out at a most independent distance from the others, and to all appearance left to his own guidance. Sometimes a fourth was given without any additional demand.

At Frankfort the charge for the station of two miles was one florin thirty kreutzers (two shillings and six-pence) a horse; in Nassau one florin fifteen kreutzers a horse per station, &c.

A book lies at the post-house, in which the traveller may insert any complaint; and in

Hesse the stipulated time for changing horses is ten minutes if they have been ordered, if not, fifteen minutes. The postilion carries a paper, which is handed from one to the other, stating the time of arrival and departure, the name of the traveller, &c., and continues on to the frontier. This may be in connexion with the police, for by this means a man may be traced from one end of Germany to the other.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Sunday at Leipsig—The Lutheran service—Poniatowski's monument—Church of St. Nicholas—Spouts—Tea equipage at the Blumenberg, and a dissertation on tea-urns—Brockhaus.

LEIPSIG, *August 21st, Sunday night.*—This has been a delightful day,—the pleasantest Sunday we have passed since we have been abroad, and the most like one.

Last evening W—— inquired of the valet-de-place the hours of service: his face brightened at the question. There was a preacher, he said, of the highest celebrity in Germany here;—service began at nine, but we must be in the church at half-past eight, as owing to the multitudes that thronged to hear him, it would be difficult to get a place. “I do not know what is your creed,” said the man, stopping short in the street, “but,” he added, laying his

hand earnestly on W——'s shoulder,—“ that is the man who will tell *what Jesus Christ has done for you.*”

He said this with a triumphant air, as though he really felt the subject, and followed the observation with others that showed he was a Christian in heart as well as in name.

This morning we set out for Paul's Kirche a little after eight. They are almost all Lutherans here. It was delightful to walk up the street, and see that this was indeed a day of rest, and that here the Lord of the sabbath is honoured and his commands obeyed. What a contrast from last evening when we passed up the same way!—then all was bustle, life, traffic—gay wares exposed outside every shop, people buying and selling, waggons jostling each other in the narrow places, on all sides the hum of trade and business. Now all was as quiet as in an English town,—the shops closed, and that delightful sort of pause, which comes with such a soothing, elevating influence on the mind, to check worldly pursuits, and arrest the current of daily “carks and cares.”

Like everything else that is habitual, this is never felt, at least to its full extent, until we are made to value it by its loss. At home I *perceived* of course its effect, but it was only

since I have seen the seventh day as busy, as engrossed with gain and dissipation, as toilsome as the others; that I have learnt to *feel* what a blessing the Sunday pause is. The stillness of the streets this morning was really delightful;—how true it is, that “blessings brighten as they fade;” and that

“Darkness shows us worlds of light,
We could not see by day.”

The church was crowded when we went in. We passed through a long arched cloister, almost dark, in the walls of which are some curious old monuments. Our guide unlocked one of the doors opening on this cloister, and we found ourselves in a very commodious pew.

The inside aisle of the church resembles a cathedral in its arrangements:—men and women were separate, the former standing in the centre as close as they could fit. The pulpit is handsome, and there are a few paintings, but in other respects the building preserves its Lutheran plainness as to fitting up. On a large black board before the pulpit the numbers of the hymns for the day were chalked, so that on looking at it, and seeing 8, 46, &c. marked, you knew at once where to turn to in the prayer-

book. The Lutheran service consists chiefly of these hymns—I hardly know whether to call them prose or verse—but they are very beautiful, and every one joins in them, following the words in the prayer-book.

There is something in the German language peculiarly adapted to devotion:—first, from the child-like simplicity of the expressions, and next, from the strong and fervent affectionateness (if I may manufacture a word) of the language itself. It is so sincere,—so “*hertzlich*,” to make use of a beautiful, untranslatable word of its own,—every syllable seems so to come from the depths and fulness of the heart, that it is peculiarly adapted for the aspirations of a soul to her Maker.

Independently of this, there is perhaps something that strikes us more in the expressions of any language not our own. Certainly in reading the scriptures in a foreign language, beauties are perceived, and passages come home to us with a force that is not the case in a tongue in which we have been habituated to read them since our childhood. Familiarity and custom weaken their effect in some instances.

Beautiful and touching as are these German hymns,—and there is nothing I know of that

will so soon bring tears into the eyes,—one cannot help wishing the Lutheran service were not so exclusively composed of them. I dare not say there is too much praise, but certainly there is too little prayer. Our own beautiful form of worship is so perfect in this respect,—so alternated with thanksgiving, supplication, penitence, rejoicing,—every feeling that can actuate every heart, that it dissatisfies us with others.

After the hymns, the preacher ascended the pulpit, and addressed the congregation. Then followed another hymn, and lastly, the sermon. The subject was the sin and folly of being immoderately cast down, and desponding under adversity, a folly aggravated by the consideration of the value and importance of the most insignificant individual in the sight of God. He was listened to with great attention, and his action was fine; but we were too far off to hear all he said. Perhaps the impression our dear Schwalbach friend, Herr Klein, had left, was too strong and too recent to allow of our appreciating the Leipsig pfarrer as we ought.

It was a lesson to watch the deep devotion in the countenance of our guide, who stood behind us during the service. He was a very

interesting looking man, and his pale, meek, patient face beamed with hope and fervour as he joined in the hymn, or followed the preacher with earnest looks. He seemed too so anxious that we should understand and enter into everything, and was continually peeping over us to see that we had gotten the right place in the prayer-book.

When the heart is deeply imbued with religious feeling, how naturally it seeks to make others partakers of the same spirit!—Love to God and love to man are inseparable—one is the blessed fruit of the other. I thought as I looked at this humble individual, unobtrusively retired in a corner of our pew this morning, how enviable was the feeling that at that moment raised him far above his situation! He was poor, and evidently a sufferer, for his pale face, thin white lips, and resigned expression, bespoke bad health, and yet the hour is coming when perhaps, many who now wear purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, would give worlds, if it were possible, to be in his place.

After the Lutheran service, W—— acted as chaplain to our little congregation at the Blumenberg, and then we had a delightful walk in a garden close to the town. It is full of the

loveliest flowers, particularly dahlias and hydrangias, through lines of which we walked for a long distance.

A close walk over which the trees are trained in a Saxon arch conducted us to a circular open grass-plot in front of a temple. In the centre of this is the monument erected to Poniatowski, overshadowed by four large weeping willows. It is simple, and there is something very melancholy about it altogether, commemorating the fate of one so brave, so devoted to his country, perishing in her defence in the prime of life.

Farther on in the garden, is the spot on the bank of the Elster, where the hero made the fatal plunge into its waters, after being three times desperately wounded. It is an interesting place, and is marked by a small roughly hewn stone monument. Poor Poniatowski ! I brought away a stone from the bank that overlooked his death-struggle, and a sprig of one of the willow trees. I was standing on the low parapet, watching the flowing river, and musing upon the day when its shining waves were tinged with so much brave blood, when my foot slipped, and but for a violent effort to regain my balance, I should have added another to the victims of the battle of Leipsig ; my catas-

trophe however, would not, I fear, have made quite so much noise in the world as that of the Polish hero—though the same Almighty Guardian who held the thread of his life, preserved the nameless stranger visiting the scene of his watery tomb, from a similar fate. I could not help thinking it was a practical comment on part of the sermon of the morning, where we were uged to consider the importance and responsibility of our acts, on the ground of our very hairs being numbered by such a Being as God.

The little monument by the river's brink had the following inscription on one side,

Hic
 In undis Elystri
 JOSEPHUS PONIATOWSKI
 Princeps
 Summus Exercitus Polonorum Prefectus
 Imperii Gallici Mareschallus tribus vulneribus
 Letiferis acceptis Ultimus exacie descendens
 Dum receptum magni Gallorum exercitus tuetur
 Vita gloriæ et patriæ sacrata functus est
 Die XIX Octobris, a MDCCCXIII.
 Anno Ætatis impleto LII.
 Popularis Populari Duci Miles
 Hoc monumentum lacrimis suis irrigatum
 posuit.

The stone, as usual, was covered with initials of those who wished to hand down their names to posterity with that of the hero. There were many Polish names among them, and I can well fancy with what feelings *these* pilgrims visited such a monument.

The following words were written in pencil on one of the sides, perhaps by an exiled Pole, to judge from the bitterness of spirit which seems to have dictated them.

“Reçois mon hommage, Ombre révéreé.

“Le Ciel a eu pitié du héros, et a retiré a lui le souffle de sa vie avant que l'espoir d'une patrie ne fut éteint dans son cœur.”

In the lodge of the garden, which is a private one, there hangs the portrait of Poniatowski, and an engraving representing the moment of his spurring his horse into the Elster. Here they show you a valuable relic,—the hero's pistol. I looked with a melancholy interest at everything connected with him; for, from two or three causes, Poniatowski was the theme of many a childish dream, in days of yore, when I little imagined I should be standing where I was this morning, near this fair city of Leipsig, on the spot where he perished.

After dinner we went out again. We did

not linger very long at the table-d'hôte, for the melon and cake of the desert had hardly been put down, when the ominous apparition of a lighted candle being carried across the room, was a notice to quit there was no resisting. We made our exit instanter, and bore off our noses safe out of the reach of the fumes of tobacco and cigars.

It was easy to see we were now in a part of Germany little frequented by the English and their prejudices. What an outcry there would have been at the Allee Saal or Goldene Kette had such a thing as a lighted candle dared to show its face at the table !

The garden, to which we now directed our steps under the guidance of our interesting valet de place, was also a private one and in quite a different style from the other. It was laid out and adorned in classical taste—Grecian temples with Greek inscriptions—sphinxes—statues—Roman seats, &c.—all beautifully interspersed among the trees, and managed so that there was nothing in the least cockneyish or citizen-like about it.

These grounds were also the seat of slaughter, and had their share in the bloody drama of which Leipsic was the scene: though any one, to wander now under the tall, beautiful, silver

poplars, the tulip-trees loaded with blossoms, and through the solemn monastic fir walk, would never imagine the stillness of the spot had been broken by sounds ruder than the cooing of the pigeons which flew over our heads, while we stood admiring the swans sailing majestically across the lake.

The present owner of these grounds and the splendid house attached to them, is a Professor Keil. His story is very like that of Herr Sarg, of the hotel de Russie at Frankfort, only that it is still more remarkable.

Keil was an obscure, indigent clerk, in a counting-house at Weimar;—but attractive in person and manners. The only daughter of a banker here smiled upon him: when the state of the case was known to Papa, he very wisely sent for the young lady, and told her that as she was his only child, and would have a million and a-half of money, he saw no reason why she should not please herself. She did so, and married Keil. He with great good sense immediately set about getting himself educated, and has since risen to honours by merit as well as money. It was the banker, now dead, who built the house we saw this morning.

On returning to our hotel, we passed through the town—all was as quiet and closed up as

before church, and everything looked Sunday-like except the groups and rows of women, sitting outside every door, engaged in their everlasting employment of knitting. We stopped in the market-place, and could not help remarking with wonder the change since yesterday; everything swept and cleared away as if by magic. Such a difference is far more felt here than in England, as, of course, there is no sort or kind of comparison between the life and gaiety of a foreign street, where the prettiest and the most attractive things of every description are put outside the houses instead of being kept within, and that of an English town.

The old houses in the market-place are very curious; indeed, at every step in this interesting town, your eye is charmed with the most picturesque remains of ancient architecture. Saxon arches, grotesque figures, and beautifully carved oriel windows, are the prominent features of Leipsig. The latter, with their profusion of hydrangias and carnations up to the very top story, and bird-cages hanging out among the flowers, have a lovely effect.

This evening I put down my book to enjoy a view of the passing scene from the window. It is pleasant, wherever one moves, to endeavour,

if possible, to take in the little characteristics of the place—indeed this is the chief charm of travelling—those minute details and peculiarities which strike the eye of a stranger, and arrest the attention with all the zest and piquancy of novelty. Such a feeling is, of course, unknown in a familiar scene; and persons long accustomed to look at things without remarking them, wonder at the interest they excite.

The most un-English trait I gathered during my speculations at the window this evening, was a group of little boys playing in the grass-plot outside. They were all poor, and a few stockingless, and were engaged in some uproarious game, when, in the middle of it, the little urchins burst into the most harmonious melody—each taking his part,—soprano, tenor, bass, &c. with exquisite correctness. I saw them jump up, and linking each other's arms in true schoolboy fashion, sally down the street, vociferating their song in such time and tune, that but for my initiation into the mystery at the Schwalbach school, I should have stared at them as so many little wonders. What a delightful system is this music, as early and as indispensable a branch of education as the A B C!

While I am writing, the fragrant perfume of a bunch of orange flowers and beautiful scarlet pomegranate blossoms is embalming the air of the room:—they were put by our plates at the table-d'hôte, by a little boy who handed them round in a basket. As they lie at this moment at my elbow breathing sweets, they seem to reproach me with my ingratitude in not naming them among the characteristics of the place. So ends the day—not our last at Leipsig, for I am happy to say, it has been just decided that we do not start hence till Tuesday.

Monday.—Yesterday we went to church to hear a fine preacher, to-day to see a fine building.

The Lutheran church of St. Nicholas is very striking at the first coup-d'œil, and the exclamation on entering it is one of admiration. The size of the place, the rows of lofty pillars, the rich carving of the roof,—all are imposing:—but soon you begin to find that the architecture is out of keeping, the arches overhead too low, the paintings not of the finest.

However, it is certainly a splendid church, and moreover a most comfortable one. The long rows of seats are furnished with spring cushions, (these, by the way, are universal in

Germany,) and you may enjoy one of them for life for the moderate sum of four dollars. The town council of Leipsig were obliged to bribe Napoleon with 700,000 dollars, to prevent his turning this beautiful church into an hospital !

The signs of excessive population in Leipsig are very singular. Many houses have *fire* rows of windows in their almost perpendicular roofs, and we are assured, that every story overflows with lodgers to the very top. There is a coffee-house in the market-place, which, besides its numerous rooms below and beneath the slates, has three stories of cellars under ground. The first of these is splendidly fitted up, and the walls entirely covered with looking-glass : it is used as a dining hall by the best society during the great fair here.

“ Leipsig is not a cheap place,” said the English consul to-day across the table-d’hôte ; “ living here is one-third dearer than that at Frankfort.”

“ And not half so good,” added a German opposite.

One must take great care where one walks in the foreign streets. The spouts of the houses project over the roofs above your head, and in

looking up the street have the appearance of a long line of cannon pointed down towards the pavement. The extremity of some are adorned with a hideous dragon-like head, and woe to the luckless wight upon whom this open-mouthed monster discharges his contents. I was very near getting a shower-bath to-day.

I was standing outside a friseur's shop, admiring the goodly rows of mustachios displayed in the window, thinking what a thousand pities it was that some of the lords of the creation should give themselves so much trouble to coax into life these ornaments of the upper lip, when they could get such pretty articles here ready made,—of every size, shape, and colour, curled and stiffened to a hair,—when, lo ! some preliminary drops fell at my feet. I had only just time to get out of the way, when down came the whole torrent.

We always look forward to our breakfast and tea with great pleasure ; not, however, so much from any reasons derived from it as a repast, as from the amusement the whole paraphernalia afford. Now that we are getting deeper into Germany, and away from the parts well frequented by the English and their tea-drinking habits, the entertainment is increased.

"Now, kellner, we can have tea, can we not?" was the first query, last night, after arriving weary and exhausted from the long day's drive.

The man assumed that profound, meditative look which usually follows the propounding of any very intricate subject. He was evidently unwilling to commit himself by a rash promise, though after a cautious pause he answered in the affirmative.

"And *mit machine*—you understand, kellner?"

"O ja—mit machine—Gut."

Now be it explained, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that "*mit machine*," means "with the machine," alias the tea-urn,—and that to bespeak said machine is a most necessary precaution. Otherwise you run manifold risks of falling into the predicament so amusingly described by Captain Hall, namely, a tea equipage composed of "a jug of tepid water, one cup, and six tea-spoons."

We were, however, by no means so unfortunate, for at the end of a quarter of an hour, three white coffee-cups, on an uncomfortable little yellow tray, duly made their appearance, and were put down on a little napkin, the size of half a pocket-handkerchief, in one corner of

the table. This effort completed—the waiter disappeared.

A pause ensued, and just in this crisis, something occurred to bring the ober-kellner into the room. This important personage at the Blumenberg is very different from Germans in general. Instead of the easy, simple, good-natured, matter-of-factness of his country, he is a bustling, conceited, self-important little fellow,—full of airs and graces, theatrical to the most amusing degree. His bow, his slide, and, above all, the exquisite contour of his elbow as he presents you with the vinegar-cruet, would make a Parisian dancing-master die of despair. Truly he is the most graceful of men, the ober-kellner of the Grosse Blumenberg!

His start, and his shrug, as his eye fell upon our poor unfortunate-looking tea-things, were ineffable—it was only a pity that Kemble or Macready were not there to take a few hints.

“Such cups for tea!” he exclaimed, in a tone of contemptuous pity; then coming close up to the table, he added confidentially, and with no small importance, “The fact is, these people really do not know how to treat the English—they are not fit to wait upon foreigners of dis-

tion—*but I will arrange all—I will give the necessary instructions. Pray, ladies, do not disturb yourselves. I promise—I pledge myself,*” (laying his hand on his heart and looking solemnly on the ground,) “that you shall have your tea.”

This oration ended, with bows, slides, and flourishes, the ober-kellner,—courtier-like,—backed out of the room.

Down stairs went he, and up stairs came three tea-cups and the machine. The latter looked very cold and very sulky—surprised and out of humour, doubtless, at finding itself unexpectedly dislodged from some high shelf, where it probably had long reposed in honorable retirement,—dragged down and deprived of some of its cherished dust and cobwebs, just to satisfy the caprices of English strangers, who had better have staid at home.

Whether it was thus cross or not, I cannot say, but certain it is, no particle of hopeful steam, or other signs of warmth, would it emit,—and so, after due deliberation, we decided on not making tea until the spirits-of-wine-lamp underneath had had more effect on the water.

But “experience teacheth,” saith the sage ;

and after waiting and waiting with the most exemplary patience for the water to get hot,—we found, on the contrary, it was doing no such thing, but was getting cold, as fast as it could. It would have been better to have made our tea with tepid liquid than with cold, after all—but now regrets were unavailing—it was too late! The lamp underneath, after sundry convulsive struggles, blinked and sparkled, and finally gave up the ghost.

In this dire extremity there was nothing left but to have recourse to the ober-kellner.

“You had better take it away,” we said to him, pointing with a despairing gesture to the defunct light.

“Take it away!” he cried in an accent that plainly implied that he scorned to be conquered by a tea-urn, “take it away! O nein,—I’ll soon make it boil.”

And so he set vigorously to work, but it was no such easy matter, even for the clever, all-accomplished ober-kellner. Many and many a piece of lighted paper did the wick obstinately continue to look black upon. Nothing waxed hot but the wrath of our worthy friend, who burnt his paper and his fingers,—all in vain.

I thought he would have been forced to give

up at last, but that would have been too derogatory ; he achieved successfully the exploit of lighting the lamp. It began to blaze,—the water began to boil,—the urn to sing,—and, finally, we had some excellent tea.

I do not know whether any one is acquainted with the story-book of “ The old woman and her pig,” embellished with magnificent coloured pictures. It was a source of great juvenile enjoyment to me in days of yore, but probably to others who may not have had the benefit of my extensive course of reading, the work is unknown. All the time the waiter was operating on the spirits-of-wine lamp, I could not help thinking of the old dame’s eloquent and poetical appeal,—

“ Water, water ! slake fire—
Fire, fire ! burn stick,
Stick, stick ! beat dog,
Dog, dog ! bite pig.”

And when, at last, the lamp burst into flame, to the great delight of the kellner, it realised forcibly the triumphant and memorable moment, when, all difficulties conquered, the old woman’s pig trundled magnanimously over the stile.

As far as the raw material went, we were

amply provided, W—— having taken care to lay in a stock at Frankfort. When he went to the shop and asked for tea, the man produced some, with a very self-satisfied air, saying,—“Of course, sir, you will prefer the Russian. However, independently of its recommendation as being from your country, it is very good ;—we consider Russian tea the best that is sold.”

W——’s excellent German was doubtless the cause of this mistake of the tea-merchant as to his country. Many English here do not speak the language at all, and very few indeed with the perfection he does : but the Russians are excellent linguists, and speak foreign languages as fluently as their own.

But, speaking of tea-urns, I must say that the foreign specimens of this race, although odd characters are to be found among them, as among everything else, are on the whole on a very good principle. In Belgium they were contrived so that hot charcoals occupied part of the centre. Farther on, we had a sort of kettle placed over a pan of burning charcoals ; and in these two kinds the water was kept in a state of furious boil for hours. Then here again we have the spirits-of-wine lamp, a very good contrivance—when it chooses to light.

Before I leave this important subject, I must make the amende honorable to the whole body of "machines," and retract an unjust opinion I had formed of them at the first acquaintance. This was founded on their invariable custom of retreating off to the very extreme edge of the table, and remaining there with their backs turned to everything on it, in the most huffy, misanthropical manner, instead of coming, like a good, honest, sociable English tea-urn, to stand by the poor tea-pot, and help her in her arduous duties of filling the cups. But I have found out that this piece of unpolliteness is their misfortune, not their fault, owing to the difference of shape.

How wrong it is to form hasty and uncharitable opinions of any class,—be they men, women, or tea-urns,—without taking into consideration their various circumstances and situations !

We could not possibly be at Leipsig without paying a visit to the famed publishing establishment of Brochhaus, where all the literary business of Germany is transacted. The place has a very dusty, book-wormish look. As we entered, we could not help thinking how many poor authors, their hearts beating with

anxious hope or fear, had crossed that threshold and mounted the dingy stair ; —coming, perhaps, to commit the precious child of their brain, to the tender mercies of that, sometimes, rough step-mother—the gentle public.

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CHAPTER III.

Leipsig to Dresden—Unfavourable impressions—The first peep at the picture-gallery—The flies—Luther and the inkstand.

DRESDEN, *August 23rd.*—This morning we left Leipsig, not a little sorry to bid adieu to that pleasant, bustling, sun-shiny town. Indeed as there were reasons for hurrying on here, we did not think we should have staid even the additional day we did.

“How long do you remain?—where do you come from?—where are you going?” was part of the catechism of the Polizei, as we stopped at the *barrière* coming in. “*Vive la liberté,*” thought I. How would John Bull, at his own side of the water, chafe and rebel if any one took the liberty of asking him where he was going, and how long staying in whatever place he might choose to honour with his presence.

A short way outside Leipsig, workmen are busily employed breaking up the ground and levelling it for a rail-road. This is the first thing of the kind we have seen since we have been in this country, and we could not avoid smiling at the incongruous ideas it brought with it,—the speed connected with rail-roads, and the deliberation of German habits. The work did not seem to be going on at a very rail-road pace; but indeed the most active labourer would find his due power over shovel and pick-axe impeded, were he forced to have a great, lumbering, china pipe hung to his mouth, as these had.

At Wurzen, the next post from Leipsig, there was a wooden bridge erected, over which the rail-road was to pass. Shortly after leaving this place, we got once more into the forests, which we hailed with the greater pleasure from not having met any since we left Eisenach. Under the trees were bright patches of purple heath, that looked and smelt delightfully; but the face of the country is level, and utterly devoid of beauty when you emerge from the forests.

The harvest, however, was going on, and that is an interesting and beautiful scene anywhere, and more particularly in a country

where there are no divisions of land, and where the costume and appearance of the peasantry is novel and picturesque. The groups of them reaping the corn to-day as we passed along,—or seated under the apple and pear-trees that border the road, eating their dinners, were very pretty, the colouring so bright and peculiar.

A long pole with a sheaf of wheat fixed to the end of it like a broom, is the trophy raised to show that the labours of the season are ended,—the harvest home. In some cases these were triumphantly attached to the top of the highest tree in the field.

The scenery did not improve until we came within view of the Elbe, when it began to assume that interest a river usually imparts. As we wound along the bank fine masses of pointed rock began to appear, rising high above our heads, and planted up to the top. These were at the right;—on the left, rows of lofty poplars bordered the road.

The banks of the Elbe reminded us very much of those of the Meuse, though they do not perhaps quite equal the latter in beauty. The Meuse we admired more than we did the Rhine,—particularly in the drive between Namur and Huy.

“Comparisons are odorous,” Mrs. Malaprop says—and the good lady is right; that is to

say, provided she keeps to the original meaning of the saw. It is hardly fair to compare even rivers;—but still there is a kind of satisfaction in extolling and raising unobtrusive merit in opposition to charms be-praised and be-sung, until the shrine is so piled up with incense, a mite more seems altogether superfluous. This last is certainly the case with the Rhine—she has enough of everything—her cup of praise is running over: and it is pleasant to find two such rivals to remind her that though such a bright one, she is not the *only* star in the firmament. The view on entering Meissen is not unlike that of Huy; there is a charming old castle perched up on the very top of a perpendicular rock, the bridge stretching across, &c.

Meissen is the little town where all the Dresden china is manufactured. It is a bustling place, but the streets are exceedingly narrow. As we were proceeding along one, the houses on either side so close to us that we might almost have touched them with our hands, the postilion anxious, no doubt, that our entrée should be with becoming dignity, commenced a flourish upon his horn. He was so intent upon this barbarous melody, that he forgot his reins while absorbed in his quavers.

The consequence was, the carriage dashed up against some obstacle in the narrow street with such violence, that we were sure it must inevitably be overturned. Indeed the shock was so great, and the concussion swung the carriage with such force, that in our fright we hardly knew what was going to happen. Dear G—— became so ill, she was obliged to get out.

When she had recovered, and all was right again, I could not help, as we drove along, reflecting with deep gratitude on the protecting care that had preserved us so far on our journey. We were now approaching Dresden, the furthest point in our tour, and great reason indeed had we to lift up our hearts in fervent thankfulness to the almighty Guardian who had brought us in safety, and shielded us from the many accidents that might have happened.

How delightful it is to feel that God is "about our path, and about our bed, and spies out all our ways," wherever we go, whether we "travel by land or by water!" Without His fatherly care, what would become of us, poor, weak creatures? When we think of the numerous unseen perils that beset our steps, from the time we rise in the morning until we

go to rest at night, and during the helpless hours of darkness; when we consider our complicated frames so "fearfully and wonderfully made," and reflect that the slightest disorder in one of those thousand muscles and blood-vessels, the least disarrangement in that beautiful and complicated net-work of nerves which covers the whole frame, might poison and dry up the sources of all our happiness, and cause us to linger on in pain and agony to our graves, we have ample reason to rejoice that we are not our own keepers. No—the management of the wondrous machine is not committed to *our* exertions,—praises and thanks be to Him, who watches continually over us for good!

This idea is connected with a very delightful reflection. If God does for us what we cannot do for ourselves, in this case, and thus provides for the welfare of perishing bodies, that a few revolving years will see returned to their native dust—how much more will he keep and shield the immortal part? This reflection is fraught with comfort to all who feel the great value of the soul—that precious thing which must live on in continual happiness or endless woe, long ages after the sun that has shone down upon this earth and all its changes since the creation, shall have melted away,

We crossed the bridge at Meissen, and the view of the town and the castle, with its towers and pinnacles against the sky, from the other side of the Elbe, was enchanting.

We now lost the rocks, but not the beauty. The road continued to wind along close to the river, through a succession of vine-gardens. It was delightful!—the vines, instead of being cut and curbed as in other places, twined up lofty poles, and in many instances were left free and unrestrained to follow their own wild and beautiful fancies. Every now and then we passed lovely cottages, situated in the midst of gardens full of flowers, and shady vine-covered walks. The opposite bank of the river was a chain of undulating planted hills, with occasional châteaux, cottages, turrets, perched up on some high jutting crag, and terraces rising one above the other, overhanging the river, on the quiet surface of which, little boats, with their painted gondola-like awnings, were gliding by.

Although we were approaching a town, the number of country-seats and isolated cottages struck us with surprise. Such things are very rare indeed on the continent. There are some, it is true, on the banks of the Rhine and the Meuse, —but with these exceptions, we have travelled

for miles together through a rich, cultivated, and beautiful country, without meeting a single human habitation—that is to say, one standing by itself. All the population, high and low, seem to share the same sociable propensity to gather themselves into towns and villages.

A genuine taste for the country,—country life,—and country seclusion, appears to belong exclusively to England. Nowhere else do you see those old hereditary mansions retired in solitary dignity in the centre of their own parks;—the spreading domains that surround them, their world,—its confines, their boundary wall.

Abroad, they certainly do not love the country. In France, if a courtier gets into disgrace, he is condemned to his château as a place of punishment:—if a lady misbehaves herself, if her milliner's bills are too large in the eyes of *Monsieur le mari*, she is sent off to the same retreat to do penance for the past, and learn economy for the future. In short, the *maison de campagne* is the Siberia, (and a dreary enough one too, generally speaking,) for unsuccessful lawgivers and naughty ladies. It is difficult to trace the origin of this rural taste among the English. That they have not inherited it from their Norman ancestors is very

certain—and as for their Saxon forefathers, it is equally plain, that neither from these was it derived.

The rows of lofty poplars at either side of the road, showed that we were now very near the end and object of our journey, Dresden. The intention was to spend some time here—indeed there were floating ideas of staying the winter, for we had heard wonders of the attractions of the place.

There is something very delightful in the feeling with which one approaches a spot where one is to remain any length of time. One of my besetting sins is an inordinate attachment to places, originating doubtless from some unlucky, overgrown bump of adhesiveness in my cranium. However this be, I am always afraid of allowing myself to get fond of a place where I know I am not to stay, sad experience having taught the pain and misery of leaving, in such cases. But when two or three months are in contemplation, it is quite another affair. Bit, bridle, and martingale, are then removed from those unruly affections, and they are allowed to settle down on the place, and twine themselves round every stone, and building, and tree, as they think fit. True, the pain of parting is great, but after a prudent calculation of both

sides of the account, the pleasure of the previous indulgence more than counterbalances it.

Our tours, and guides, and travelling books had prepared us to be in raptures with the appearance of Dresden. Indeed I expected so much, that I was almost afraid to be half as much pleased with Brussels, and Frankfort, and Leipzig, as I felt disposed: it seemed a kind of injustice to what was to follow.

"If you are so delighted with these places," whispered conscience, "what will you do when you get to Dresden? Keep your superlatives till then—you will want them all—don't exhaust everything now."

So I moderated my extacies, and gulped down sundry interjections. I need not have done so, for here we are in Dresden, and—(of course I speak of externals)—grievously disappointed.

The first coup-d'œil was very striking. The three fine buildings of Dresden, two Lutheran churches and one Catholic, rise beautifully out of the town, and give a most imposing effect to its general appearance at a distance. But when we passed the *barrière*, the cold wintry look of the houses, with their small windows and smoke-begrimed roofs, the dilapidated aspect

of the grass-grown square,—the cheerless decaying appearance of everything, fell like a blight upon our spirits. These were our impressions this evening as we drove to the hotel “Stadt Wien.” “What a disappointment!” was our simultaneous exclamation; “how different from what we expected!”

But perhaps we expected too much. Perhaps, too, we are tired and fagged after our long journey—the want of spirit may be, not in the streets of Dresden, but in ourselves. The feelings under whose influence we view objects, generally throw such a colouring over them, that it is hardly fair to form a judgment from impressions alone. We have decided on waiting until to-morrow. Who knows what may be on the other side of that long bridge? Meantime I conclude the day’s lucubrations with that very convenient phrase in all uncertainties—“ nous verrons !”

Aug. 24th.—We have just crossed the Rubicon, alias the Elbe, by means of the long bridge, which kept our hopes and imagination alive last night. And now returned from a promenade through the length and breadth of the town, here in the spacious saloon of the very comfortable Stadt Wien, being neither tired,

sleepy, hungry, cross, nor under any other unfavourable influence, and with moreover every wish to be pleased,—we have come to the cool and deliberate decision that we *are* disappointed with Dresden.

The bridge is a very fine one, and there is a very excellent arrangement upon it, namely, that in crossing, all comers take the right side, and all goers the left, or to speak more concisely, all keep to their left. This avoids jostling, by putting an end at once to contending interests.

Two arches of this bridge were blown up by the French in the campaign of 1813, to prevent the allies crossing the Elbe. They were restored by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, together with a large crucifix of cast metal gilt, which stands in one of the semi-circles, surrounded by the stone benches of the bridge.

This crucifix rises from a mass of artificial rock, roughly carved, with wreaths of ivy, &c. twining over it. At the foot of the cross is a globe with a serpent coiled round it,—a frequent image to imply the world enslaved by sin, from which the great sacrifice has set it free. The eye is offended by the awkward effect of this crucifix being not in the

centre of the bridge, but at the fifth arch. The stopping up of four or five out of fifteen arches originally built by Augustus II. is probably the cause of this.

The views up and down the river, of the surrounding country and the mountains of Bohemia, are very much extolled; we thought, however, they fell short of the description. The bridge itself is the finest in Germany, five hundred and fifty-two feet long by thirty-six wide. Were it not as solid as it is, it would not be able to resist the strong currents of the deep and rapid Elbe, which frequently overflows its banks, rising sometimes sixteen feet in twenty-four hours.

After crossing the bridge, you come to the Kallolische Kirche, which I shall not describe until we have examined it more minutely.

Then—this surely must be a prison—this black, dirty, melancholy-looking building, with crossed iron-bars to the windows, and guards outside. I thought of “the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners,” and compared their lot, pent up in this wretched place, with that of our luxuriously-lodged delinquents at home. I might have spared my thoughts the trouble of the comparison, and the long journey to the

British isles to boot. This jail-like abode was no prison, but one of the royal palaces. We passed under an archway, and came to a grand entrance, over which an eagle or pelican, begrimed and black with soot and filth, looked—his bill stuck into his breast—as if he were trying to commit suicide. No wonder, poor fellow ! he should be tired of life in such a gloomy spot.

We passed along through the dark, narrow streets of the old town, into which I defy the most ingenious sun-beam to force its way, until we came to the Neue Markt, in which stands the Frauen Kirche — (church of Our Lady.)

This church is a large circular building with a cupola roof. It reminded me, at the first glance, of St. Paul's in London, as far at least as anything so near the ground can be said to resemble anything so near the sky. It is seen to great advantage from our rooms in the Stadt Wien. From thence the tower part is concealed by intervening houses, which is very desirable, the building being much in the predicament of a handsome woman with ill-shaped legs. As you get nearer the church, it really does remind you, to carry on the simile, of a fine figure, well-proportioned in the upper

parts, but suddenly cut short at the knees. This is a pity, for "Our Lady" would have been a noble building, had the architect carried her up to her proper and legitimate height.

Two things we have learned from our promenade. If Dresden have not the sunny, cheerful, cleanly, luxurious air of Frankfort, or the gay bustle, and beautifully-picturesque buildings of Leipsig, it has two great advantages over them.

First, you can walk all over the town without being obliged to have recourse to your eau-de-cologne bottle or scented pocket-handkerchief, those absolutely necessary companions in every large foreign town we have hitherto been in. The second advantage is, that when you return home from your peregrination, you are not shifting from one leg to another like a foundered horse, with the soles of your feet bruised as if they had just had the bastinado. This misery we had in full perfection at Leipsig—the paving-stones there would certainly obviate the necessity of Irish pilgrims putting peas in their shoes, while walking the appointed rounds of the holy well : their sharp points would do the peas' duty effectually. Here not only is the paving better, but there are excellent flagged trottoirs on both sides of the street.

Aug. 27th.—"The finest gems are in the smallest caskets." We have just had a glimpse of some of the treasures of which Dresden is the shrine:—this morning was our first at the picture gallery!

Conscience was right, after all, when it told me to keep the superlatives for Dresden. The first feeling on entering the gallery is that of utter bewilderment. The eye wanders round those brilliant walls,

"Dazzled and drunk with beauty,"

overwhelmed, unable to fix itself on any one of the countless objects that challenge admiration on every side.

We intended merely to go through the galleries—so on we proceeded through one room after another, until we reached the sanctum sanctorum, the chamber containing Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*—*the* picture of Dresden. Here we were stopped,—rivetted. I defy any one to pass by this heavenly painting.

My mind is now in a state of confusion—I feel still as if under the influence of some spell—some enchantment! The lovely *Madonna*, Correggio's *Notte*, Titian's *Christ* and the tribute money, and three or four other gems, alone

rise with any distinctness above the floating mass of impressions,—the images of beauty that fill it almost to repletion. It will require many a visit to the picture gallery, before I can form any coherent idea, much less attempt any distinct account of what I have seen.

Aug. 29th.—"Have you put down *the flies* in your journal?" This question W—— has just called across the room from the *secrétaire* where he is writing, and certainly as I have undertaken to recount what we have "to be, to do, and to suffer" on our travels, I ought not to omit the flies. If I were to write of them as often as I am forced to think of them, they would occupy a considerable portion of my paper.

Ever since we left Frankfort we have undergone a species of petty martyrdom from these little sable tormentors: in the carriage, at meals, reading or writing, standing still or moving, it is all alike,—they come flapping against us, and buzzing about us unceasingly. We should be delighted to come to any amicable arrangement with them, and give them their own terms. The sugar-basin they might have without reserve, nay, even a free and full surrender of the whole tea-table might be resolved upon,—but

our own fingers and faces, that is really too bad. When they come to make a promenade of one's forehead, and coolly establish themselves without any sort of apology on one's very nose, hopping off and on as if that respectable little protuberance were their own rightful property, the thing becomes too insulting!

There is an absurd story at the castle of Wartburg, of which place I have already made prolix mention, of the devil having assumed the shape of a fly to worry Luther, while he was employed there in translating the Bible. Luther bore up manfully against all the other satanical devices to annoy him in his work; but this was too much for his powers of endurance. In his rage and provocation at the continual buzzing, he seized his ink-bottle and flung it at his tormentor. The stains of the ink are shown to this day on the wall of the room.*

* This absurd story, which they relate with perfect belief at Wartburg, showing the ink-stained wall to confirm its truth, is not without foundation. During his confinement there Luther laboured under great depression of spirits. He had been suddenly interrupted in his active and zealous career, and was iso-

Certainly the flies here are quite enough to wear out the patience of saint or reformer. The most provoking part of it is, that one cannot find it in one's heart to take vengeance on these little merry creatures. Much as we suffer, it is impossible to see without a certain repugnance the murderous condiments of sticky, treacly stuff that garnish every window; and the melancholy spectacle of rows of white plates strewn with the dead bodies of the slain, makes us forget all our wrongs. I can never resist rescuing a poor little struggler from a

lated from the world in a lonely castle,—a dependant for daily bread on the bounty of others. This chafed his generous spirit, while severe study and unremitting mental labour undermined his health. Sleep deserted him, and his nerves became impaired. His mind was so disturbed by constant tension, and his imagination so heated, that one night, while studying by the light of a lamp, he fancied he saw a vision. In the momentary excitement he threw his inkstand at the appearance. After this his friends persuaded him to relax in the labours of the pen,—they induced him to go out with them, and even to join at times in their hunting expeditions against the wild animals of the surrounding forests. On these occasions he was obliged to wear his disguise, and adopt many precautions, but his health gradually improved.

milky or watery grave, even though I know, that like the monster of Frankenstein's creation, he will be the worry and torment of my life for half the day after.

CHAPTER V.

Treasures at the Grüne Gewölbe—Expedition in quest of a dress-maker—Male sempstresses—Music at the Catholic church—Its effect in exciting devotional feelings.

Sept. 1st. — WE have just returned from the Grüne Gewölbe—(“ the green vault”)—a collection of the royal treasures of Saxony, and while its glittering splendours are still sparkling before my eyes, I must try and describe something of what we have seen.

This collection is in the old palace. There was a party viewing it when we got there, so we sat down on a bench in the court to await patiently our turn for being admitted.

Nothing could be a more fitting ante-chamber for the fairy-like region that we were about to enter, than where we were now detained,—I

mean with respect to the power of contrast. It was a large, deserted-looking paved court, across which the old towers, blackened and dilapidated, flung their melancholy shadows: all within was silent, yet not however gloomy; there was that kind of tranquil stillness that reigns in the close of an ancient cathedral, broken only, in the present case, by the measured tread of the sentinels on duty, and occasionally the echoing footsteps of some one crossing to the opposite entrance of the palace.

From this peaceful, dreamy spot we were ushered into chambers that were certainly more like the descriptions one meets of enchanted palaces in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, than anything else. The suddenness of the change—the unexpectedness of finding within those cold, blackened, repulsive walls, such an oriental display, had something of magic in it, very much savouring of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

The first room contained bronzes,—the second, a most beautiful collection of carved ivory. Some of these were exquisitely elaborate, the works chiefly of German and Dutch artists. There was a very curious piece cut out of a solid mass of ivory; it represented the fall of

the angels, and was executed in Naples, and sent as a present to Augustus II.

The whole thing is a mass of fairy figures, (ninety-two in number,) entwined one with the other, yet each perfectly finished and distinct. They are all falling downwards toward an open-mouthed monster at the bottom, representing hell. The figures at the top are angelic beings;—gradually as they descend they lose this appearance, and the one just disappearing in the jaws of the monster is a regular little fiend. The expression and minuteness of finish of these fairy figures, are wonderful. Round the piece is a rich garland of flowers wrought in silver. The height of the whole piece of ivory is only sixteen inches.

I should have premised that the collection in the Grüne Gewölbe was begun in the middle of the eighteenth century, but that it owes its present form and magnificence to Augustus II.,*

* Augustus II., surnamed der Stark, (the Strong,) is the alpha and omega, the Monsieur Nongtongpaw of Dresden. Everything that has been done in it was done by him,—on all sides you hear of his wonderful exploits and the gigantic feats of strength which procured to him his surname. No one who wishes to live on peaceable terms with his neighbour will, of course, think of disbelieving these. If you entertain

who remodelled it in 1724. It certainly is a monument of his taste and collecting propensities.

The next room to that containing the carved ivories, is perfectly dazzling. The walls are covered with looking-glass, and so are the square pillars that support the arched ceiling. This multiplies the effect of the display of gold and precious stones. I really could hardly persuade myself I was not entering some palace of a gnome or genii,—one of those glittering grottoes that are fabled to exist in the submarine caverns among the coral reefs.

There were shells formed into drinking-cups of every form, superbly mounted in gold and jewels—ostrich eggs fantastically disposed so as to imitate the body of the bird, while the head and legs were made of silver—cups cut out of solid garnets—others made out of jasper, chrysophras, lapis lazuli, of the most graceful forms. Two splendid chalices of a large size and beautiful shape, particularly attracted us;—they were of embossed gold, and literally covered with valuable antiques. Others were any treasonable doubts respecting their redoubtable Augustus der Stark, the sooner you bid adieu to Dresden the better. Hercules was a babe, and Sampson a woman, compared to him.

composed of smaller sized Bohemian garnets, and amethysts. Besides these jewelled cups, there were larger drinking vessels of silver gilt and pure gold, in the form of birds, elephants, and other shapes, graceful or grotesque.

All these were not grouped together in the confusion in which I have described them, but were arranged, each standing out separately and distinctly on its own gilt bracket, one above the other against the mirrored wall, from the floor to the ceiling. The smaller articles,—cups,—knife-handles of precious stones, single stones, &c., were disposed round the rooms in glass cases.

All this arrangement added to the charming effect, and totally removed the feeling of crowded confusion which such a mass of treasures would be calculated to produce. They were all in the most admirable order, bright and polished, and as free from every particle of dust, as if, indeed, they had been under the waves in the palace of the sea king.

In another looking-glassed room was a curious chimney-piece, composed entirely of Saxon materials. Specimens of all the minerals and stones, spars, cornelians, &c., found in the mines, were ingeniously introduced in various patterns,—and the porcelain appeared

in the body of the structure, in figures, flowers, &c. Altogether, it was interesting as being a sort of national monument.

In the same room were three or four beautiful Italian tables, *pietra dura*, and *scagliola*:—a gold hunting-horn of Augustus II. studded with gems; innumerable salvers, and basins of embossed silver gilt. Among the latter was the rich silver salver used in the baptisms of the royal infants of the house of Saxony.

Here was rather an interesting curiosity—the first looking-glass ever made in Germany: judging by the gemmed and elaborate frame in which it was shrined, the small bit of mirror, not a foot square, must, indeed, have been precious. This raised frame was in some places double the breadth of the glass, and as an additional protection, the latter was covered with a kind of little moveable door of silver gilt, having stones on it to correspond with the rest.

The ill-luck of breaking a looking-glass, an opinion which has been handed down to our days, may be easily accounted for by the value once attached to them.

The next to this chamber was a fairy cabinet, richer in point of value than the larger rooms we had yet seen. The articles in this were of a peculiar description. Huge misshapen pearls,—

those deformities which are unfit for any ornamental use, were here framed into a variety of quaint devices, and grotesque figures. Sometimes they formed the body, sometimes the head of some fantastic little elf, or caricatured animal, the rest being supplied with gold and gems. It seemed as if the genius of Cruikshank had presided at the framing of all these fanciful shapes,—his materials being, instead of pen, ink, and paper—uncouth pearls, enamel, and precious stones.

There was in this cabinet a likeness of a favourite dwarf of Augustus II., who was a long time the delight of the court: his body is composed of a large emerald, and the misshapen head and limbs of other costly materials: one may with perfect truth say, he is a *preciously ugly* little fellow.

Our guide told us, that 12,000 dollars were paid for one of these grotesque groups, and that not the largest or most valuable in the cabinet. They, as well as many other things in this collection, were the work of three brothers Dinglingen, artists, whom Augustus kept employed for several years in carrying his improvements of Dresden into execution.

The next chamber was a very brilliant one,—it contained ancient cut glass, and crystal.

The effect was light and elegant to a degree—reflected as these graceful objects were from the mirrored walls a thousand fold in all their colourless purity. There were some ewers and vases in that beautiful Venetian glass, with waving lines like light gleaming on water. The art of making this is now lost.

Our eyes were now suddenly reposed by a room panelled in dark wood, which looked peculiarly sombre after the succession of glittering chambers through which we had passed. Here were carvings in wood of various sizes, from a large crucifix down to a cherry-stone, with (they said) one hundred and fifty heads upon it! That there was not this number it would have been no easy matter to prove,—so, of course, every one believed what he was told.

One small piece of carving struck me as very beautiful. It was a round ball about the size of an apple, cut in two,—one hemisphere representing the old, the other the New Testament. Within the former, was the scene of the lifting up the brazen serpent in the wilderness;—within the latter, that of the crucifixion:—both exquisitely done.

“But you have seen nothing yet,” said the guide, opening another door; “here are the royal jewels.”

And very magnificent they were, ranged round the room in cases lined with velvet, and covered with glass. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, set in necklaces, buckles, sword-hilts, and every variety of wearable form. Indeed it was often puzzling to find out what portion of the human frame could give accommodation to some of the strangely-shaped ornaments, and when fixed on, how they could ever be either worn or borne. One resplendent suite of diamonds, a necklace and an immense knot for the waist, must, I should think, require the fair wearer to possess some of the strength of Augustus the "Stark" himself, to enable her to support it with any comfort.

But these, after all, were too much like a jeweller's shop on a splendid scale, to be very interesting. I soon slipped away from the party and the guide, (the latter, had he perceived the defalcation, would have pronounced me sorely wanting in taste,) and went off to the other end of the room in quest of other amusement.

I found it in the shape of a most interesting model, opposite which I seated myself. It represented the birth-day of the great Mogul, with his subjects arriving to pay their respects, and bring their offerings. The sovereign is reclining under a jewelled canopy, fanned by

his black slaves. There are one hundred and thirty-two little figures executed in enamelled gold, each a perfect bijou in itself, about two inches high. Some are mounted on horses, others leading elephants completely caparisoned, with tiny towers on their backs. Others again are being carried in palanquins, or marching under canopies and umbrellas, while there are crowds of persons on foot, slaves bearing the presents, prostrating themselves at the foot of the throne, &c. The presents are almost the prettiest part of the whole thing;—little fillagree baskets, and fairy enamelled vases and tea-equipages, that Titania might have sipped her “May-dew” out of.

This model covers a large table. There are several small brilliants introduced into the dresses of the tributary chiefs and princes, and the housing of the steeds and elephants. It cost 85,000 dollars, and was the work of the brothers Dinglingen, occupying them for eight years.

From this last chamber we went out, through that appropriated to the bronzes, into the quiet, shadowy court of the old building. When we found ourselves here once more, the change reminded us of the old fisherman in Schezerrade’s tale, who, after being taken down to the

palace cave of the genii of the lake, rubbed his eyes and shook himself, doubting whether he were the same man, when he felt he was lying across the planks of his crazy skiff again.

It is only a pity the "Grüne Gewölbe" is not a "vault," as its name imports ;—that would make it marvellously more romantic and mysterious, and Aladdin-like. The reason why this Udolpho name was given to a set of very handsome, brilliant, (comfortable I was going to say !) apartments on the ground-floor, has not been handed down to posterity.

Sept. 2nd.—A discovery ! I have just found out what the men do in a country where women mow, reap, and till the ground. A few days since, I bought a dress, and as it was expedient to get said dress made up, inquired for the domicile of a *marchande de modes*. Several were named, and away I went to the first on the list. After mounting some dark, dirty flights of stairs, I found her—surrounded by finery ;—a cross, uncivil person she was, by the way.

I opened the state of the case. "A dress to make !—O no—caps and bonnets, and sundry other things, I could have ;—but a dress—no, she never made dresses."

"Well," thought I, as I descended, "one learns something even by going up a dirty set of stairs. I can now say that there *is* such a thing in Germany as a disagreeable, ill-natured-looking person, at least."

I went to another *marchande*. She was very civil and promised wonders, till we came to the point, and then she was "so sorry, but no—she never made dresses."

A third told the same tale. I was all dismay and astonishment—the *marchandes de modes* evidently confined their attentions to the nobler part of the frame alone. Heads seemed well taken care of, but for the rest, that was utterly beneath their consideration.

In this dilemma I betook myself to the shopman, of whom I had bought the materials. I told him of my failures, and begged he would direct me to some woman whose needle embraced a wider field of action.

"*Woman!*" he exclaimed, "you surely would never think of giving your dress to a woman to make; it is men,—men do all the ladies' work here. There is M. Reiché of the *Schloss-gasse*, and M. Franz Heyse, and M. —."

"Oh! that will never do," I interrupted;—"a man dress-maker!—that would not suit us

English ladies—I must try and find out a work-woman."

"Then I assure you," he said gravely, "your dress will be utterly spoiled—there is no woman in Dresden can do such a thing,—and if you give her your stuff you will not get it back before a fortnight. No, no,—I will give you the addresses of some excellent tailors,—why so scrupulous? all the German ladies employ them, I assure you. Don't let your materials be spoiled by a woman."

This was rather startling. He drew from under the counter about twenty printed cards; and after shuffling them over, put three or four into my hands. I thanked him for his advice; but, determined to make another desperate effort for a feminine practitioner, turned into the next street, where a civil old lady kept a shop I had already been in that morning.

She listened very patiently to my story, and seemed very much surprised why I should be so bent on employing a woman. "However," she said, "that is out of the question—I assure you all you have heard is true; there is no such thing in the town. M. Herrmann,—do you know him?—lives close by; he fits the ladies so well! here, I will give you his address, and ——"

"Oh," I said,—rather unamiably, "I fear, for I was out of humour at being cut off from my last hope, "I have addresses enough, thank you—more than I shall want. But, madame," (a bright idea struck me,) "I suppose these gentlemen send out maidens to try on their work, do they not?"

The shop-dame shrugged her shoulders. "No indeed, women had nothing to do with it; there were *keine mädchen*, no maidens."

This bad news drove me home in despair. On my way back to the Stadt Wien I recollected how often I had seen written up on the shops, "Herren-Schneider," and "Damen-Schneider," (gentleman's tailor and lady's tailor,) I never had thought of asking what the latter meant. Now the mystery was explained,—I could not say satisfactorily.

Next morning was cold and sharp, as our autumnal mornings are beginning now to be. I looked at my warm, comfortable, unmade garment, and at the pile of tailor's address cards on the table; it was too bad to shiver in the midst of plenty.

After breakfast, partly from a lingering hope of finding a woman in the establishment,—partly from the spirit of adventure and a real curiosity to see one of these male dress-makers

performing his functions, I resolved to pay one a visit. Franz Heyse had a *Jun.* after his name, which did not look so well; so I chose the Herr Reiche, and started off for the Schlossgasse, accompanied by our femme de chambre, who had likewise attended my peregrinations of the previous day.

We found the number with some little difficulty, and there on a black board was painted, "F. Reiche, Kleidermacher für Damen, 4 Treppen," (F. Reiche, Dress-maker for ladies, 4th story.)

The streets of Dresden are dark enough certes, but tenfold darker was the sort of hall in which we found ourselves on leaving the open air for an ascent to Mr. Reiche's premises. At first we could see nothing, but after a few minutes, when my eyes became accustomed to the place, I distinguished by the faint glimmer the foot of an excessively dirty flight of winding stairs. Nothing daunted, however, by the uninviting prospect, I led the way boldly, and groped up to one, two, three, four landings. On the fourth, at the left-hand side, was an open door, and there they were, all the *Damenschneiders*, hard at work at a table covered with silks and satins, cutting and stitching away pelisses, petticoats, and pelerines.

They were not perched aloft in the cross-legged tailor fashion,—but seated round the table as soberly and demurely, as the same number of notable young damsels serving their time to the trade.

As I saw no symptoms of woman-kind here, except what was in the hands of the men sempstresses, I was going to retrace my steps down stairs, when I heard a child cry in another room. An infant and a woman are seldom very far apart one from the other, so I knocked at the door, and it was opened, as I expected, by Madame Reiche herself.

“Ah, how unlucky!” she said, “my husband is out.”

“How very lucky!” thought I, and I immediately proceeded to endeavour to enlist her services. I was the more anxious to succeed in this, from the view I got of a dress lying on the table, so admirably made, that it impressed me with the highest idea of the talents of the house of Reiche.

But madame declared *she* knew nothing about the matter; her “mann” was the person.

“Surely, though, you can take directions,—you can do something?”

No; the invariable answer to every question was, “Wenn mein mann kommt,” (when my

man comes;) and she kept on about "mein mann, mein mann," never dreaming that the said "mann" was the very thing I wanted to avoid.

While I was trying to persuade her that she *must* know how to make ladies' dresses,—(the poor woman I verily believe had never threaded a needle,)—the door opened, and in walked Herr Reiche. He took it for granted I must be a customer, and unfurling a roll of paper patterns, commenced an eloquent descant on fashions and novelties, discoursing so learnedly on the various technicalities of trimmings and pipings, folds and bands, that I was far too much amused to interrupt him.

When, at length, he drew bridle, I stated my difficulties, and was quite surprised to find the man enter at once into my British scruples and prejudices.

"I have keine mädchen, (no maidens,)" he replied, "but that is nothing; if you will let me have a dress that fits, you shall have yours made without any further inconvenience."

Men certainly excel in everything they undertake, no matter what it is. I always thought so, and now the opinion is confirmed. No woman ever sent me home so well made a garment as that which arrived from Herr Reiche this morning, to say nothing of being spared

the endless annoyances of trying on, alterations, &c. &c.

Sunday.—After our own prayers this morning, we went at eleven o'clock to the Kattolische Kirche, to hear what is universally allowed to be the finest church-music in Germany. "The finest in Germany!" that is a bold saying, and the expectations it excites, such as would not very easily be satisfied.

Ours were surpassed, even with the recollections of the Münster at Cologne,—the echoes of which have haunted my brain ever since,—fresh in our memories. The introduction of violins and other stringed instruments into sacred music has been objected to as inappropriate. We certainly attach other ideas than solemn ones to these instruments; and I remember being shocked the first time I heard them within the walls of a church; but this morning it would have been impossible to cavil. The deep, solemn swell of the splendid organ mingled so beautifully with the other instruments, all were so blended, so harmonised together in one burst of melody, while the full, rich tones of the human voice floated distinct and sweet over all, that the effect was indescribable. You could not perceive,—you did not stop to inquire, what it was that pro-

duced it,—whether organ, trumpet, or violin, mingled most in the magnificent body of sound that rose upwards, and rolled through the lofty aisles, but you *felt* every nerve thrill to its overwhelming, its heavenly influence.

There is certainly no place where the power of fine music is so irresistible as in a church. The soul touched and softened by feeling itself more immediately in the presence of its mighty Creator, is then peculiarly alive to such impressions. Music too, one of the most beautiful gifts, without doubt, that God has blest us with faculties to enjoy, how can its best powers be more nobly employed than in his service? Is not sharing in it, as we did this morning, really a kind of foretaste of the pleasures that are at his right hand for evermore—the melody of praise that will echo through eternity? Are we not assured that the disembodied spirits of the loved, the lost, whom death has separated for *a little while*, (delightful words!) from our longing eyes, are similarly employed?

Many people object to the devotional feelings excited by music. Religion, they say, is not a thing of impulse and feeling; these should not be suffered to enter into it. I would not be thought to intrude so humble an opinion as mine, and on a subject of such mo-

ment, among wiser and better judgments ; but I do confess I cannot understand this objection. How is it possible for creatures constituted as we are, to exclude the feelings and affections from a part in everything we do and think ? And if it were possible, would it be at all expedient or desirable ?

Is not the religion of the Bible, a religion of the affections ? The sweetest feelings of humanity are used as figures to express the love of the Lord to his people. The affection of a father for his offspring, "as a father pitieth his children ;" the fondness of a mother for the son of her womb, her sucking child ; the tenderness of a husband towards "the beloved of his soul :"—all these, the most endearing ties that can bind one human being to another, are employed as symbols of his love ; and shall we return cold, calculating reason alone for all this ? Oh, no !—would that our fervent and warmest affections were more wholly, more devotedly his—would that we *loved* Him with our heart of hearts !

Nothing has so softening, so elevating an effect as music on those who can feel it. Why then should not sacred melody be hailed as a valuable means of cherishing feelings which all know can be called into life by the Spirit

of God alone, but which, alas! are so prone to languish and grow cold.

Over the altar is a painting representing the ascension of our Lord, by Raphael Mengs. Those are melancholy words, "He was parted from them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight." It was a dark cloud truly, for the sorrowing disciples. How well one can imagine them as they are described standing "gazing up into heaven," doubtless with that desolate feeling with which one continues to look after a beloved friend, long after he has disappeared from our eyes. It must indeed have been a heart-rending bereavement, notwithstanding his own kind words, "I will not leave you comfortless; let not your heart be troubled."

But to lose such a guide, such a friend, such a companion—what a blank!—he who bore so long and so tenderly with those twelve poor, ignorant fishermen, (one a traitor at heart,) their infirmities, their doubts, their disbelief! Even his last act was one of affection, "*While He blessed them* he was parted from them."

How encouraging is all this to us!

The music at the church was peculiarly fine this morning from its being the first Sunday the king attended divine service since the

death of his predecessor. The court are not now at Dresden — they always spend the summer at Pilnitz, a palace some way out of town, but whence they drive in frequently. The four royal pews are at each side of the altar, and glazed in front. Last Sunday they were hung with black, but to-day, the court-mourning being over, crimson velvet embroidered in gold replaced the black; the windows were thrown up, and all four were filled by the royal party. In one were the king and queen, (she is his second wife and a Bavarian princess,) the King's father, prince Maximilian, and Otho the young king of Greece, who is now on a visit at this court. The betrothed bride of the latter, the princess Amelia of Oldenburg, was there also, but I could not see her from where we sat. Otho is quite a boy in appearance; he was dressed in a blue uniform, the king of Saxony in scarlet.

Frederick Augustus is about thirty years of age. He was associated with the late king, his uncle, in the government at the revolution of 1830. On the death of the king, which happened about three months since, he succeeded to the throne, his father being considered too old to rule over them by the lively Saxons.

CHAPTER VI.

The Saxon Switzerland—Fortress of Königstein—
Schandau—Rencontre with Mr. B.—Waterfall—The
forest path — Monument to Götzinger—The Kuh-
stall.

Aug. 6th.—THIS has been a day of perfect enjoyment! How true though it is, that the greater the pleasure and the more beautiful the causes that produced it, the more difficult is the task of recording the same on paper. I am quite sure if we had not been so gratified to-day, and if the scenes we have witnessed had been less delightful, I should not have been sitting for the last five minutes with my pen full of ink between my fingers, doubting considerably whether or not I should wipe the said ink out again after setting down "indescribable," as the result of the day's peregrinations. But no, this I cannot do. Impressions, even the best, the most vivid, are, alas! washed

away by the waves of time and succeeding events, without there is some landmark to point out where they have been. I *must* say something, not with the hope of conveying the ideas that filled my brain since yesterday to others; that, powers of description which, alas! I do not possess, would fail to accomplish, but I will try and note down what may in time to come serve as an "open sesame" to the cell of memory that will contain the pleasures of to-day.

Yesterday morning we started from Dresden on an excursion to the Sächsische Schweiz, the Saxon Switzerland. The road, it was said, would be rough, and as a country the most picturesque and interesting to the eye is generally far the least pleasing and congenial to the springs of a carriage, we were recommended to leave ours in Dresden, and take an open britzka of the country as far as Schandau. The morning was very sultry, even at the early hour at which we started, and shortly after the sun began to shed down its burning rays most unmercifully upon our heads. Perhaps, however, I over-rated their intensity, mine being unfortunately preoccupied by a throbbing head-ache; and when the burning and beating within came to meet and receive

the burning and beating without, they made a sum total of discomfort it would be unfair to ascribe wholly to the sunshine.

We drove along by the banks of the Elbe through Pirna, a large village, or rather small town, which is famed for its lunatic asylum, formerly the fortress of Sonnenstein. This is conducted on the most admirable plan, every thing being done to amuse the minds of the poor sufferers. They have a regularly organised society,—reunions, books, music, even regular concerts, the consequence of which rational treatment is, that nowhere are there so many cures effected. The poet Tieck, who resides at Dresden, (unluckily he is not at home just now,) has laid the scene of one of his tales in this abode of lunatics at Pirna.

The striking features of the Saxon Switzerland, as you approach it, are the huge hills that start up suddenly from the midst of the level plain. There are several, but the most remarkable are Königstein, and Lilienstein, masses of rock rising abruptly to the height of between twelve and thirteen hundred feet from the level of the Elbe; they are planted towards the summit, and are flat at top, as if suddenly cut across, which has a most peculiar effect. Lilienstein looks like the base of a gigantic pillar

—it is a beautiful object from every point at a distance, but close underneath the effect is greatly lost.

Königstein is a fortress, and one of immense strength. Nature and art have combined to make it impregnable, and so it proved itself to be, for it resisted every attempt to capture it in the thirty years' war, the seven years', and the late war. Bonaparte, as an exercise for his artillery, tried to throw bombs into it from Lilienstein, which lies opposite across the Elbe, but he failed. On this occasion the king of Saxony was Napoleon's friend, and dearly he paid for his fidelity, the allies having deprived him of a great part of his dominions.

There are few things in this world that the nearer you approach, and the more you see of them, the more beautiful they appear, but Königstein is certainly one. We had an order to see the fortress, but alas! when we arrived at the top of the rock, where there is an inn under the walls, our fatigue, not our wills, compelled us to pause. On one side, the glare of the hot sun beat down full upon the unshaded path that led up to the fortress, on the other, the cool, clean, quiet-looking little gast-haus under the spreading trees invited most temptingly to repose. I longed to see the interior of the

fortress; but to mount up to it under the burning heat, and unwell as I was, would have been impossible, so at last G—— and I decided on staying at the inn, while W—— ascended with the valet-de-place. Apropos to him, a curious equivoque occurred. In procuring the order to visit Königstein, the authorities are very particular in stating the number and names of the persons admitted. Our three names were therefore severally inserted in the paper, which W—— presented to the soldier on duty.

“There are but two persons here,” said he, as he read it.

W—— explained about heat, fatigue, &c.

“Ah! good, good!” cried the sentry, “one absent from fatigue, and here is the third,” he added, reading my name and pointing to the valet-de-place. The poor soldier was evidently not versed in the nice distinctions of sex expressed in the little significant words before an English surname:—a tall, thin man of six feet high was quite the same to him on paper, as a young lady of five feet four, and so in the former capacity I was inscribed in the books of Königstein, and handed down as such to generations yet unborn. It was well for the poor valet-de-place, who thus was admitted to see all the inside of the fortress. He had al-

ready been twelve times this year alone to the Saxon Switzerland, but not having hitherto had the good fortune of being called on to act the lady, was always obliged to remain outside the gates.

While W—— was absent, we admired the beautiful view that was to be seen on all sides of the picturesque little inn. They brought us some coffee, and with it a sort of plum-cake, and thin slices of bread covered over thickly with powdered sugar: the latter was a most juvenile-looking dainty, very much resembling that wherewith nursery-maids bribe young ladies and gentlemen of three years old and thereabouts to stop crying.

Nothing could be finer than the view in descending from Königstein. The fortress towering high in the air over head, on the edge of a perpendicular wall of rock, Lilienstein rising on the opposite bank, and the Elbe winding between. The descent from the fortress is exceedingly rapid—so much so, that when you find yourself at the bottom, you can hardly believe you have already got down from such a height.

The road is cut out of the rock, and, as may be supposed, very steep; indeed, descending it in a carriage exactly resembles driving down stairs. At every two or three yards you

come to a stone step or ledge, the concussion of passing which endangers your being shot altogether out of the vehicle, and flings you against the sides with no very gentle violence. Such a forced contact against the clumsy irons and nameless hard projections of a German carriage is no joke. Many a spot of goodly fair skin, that rejoiced in its native whiteness at the top of the descent, before it reaches the bottom mourns the roughness of the way in melancholy black-and-blue. But in the midst of such splendid scenery the mind is far too much engrossed and enchanted to allow any grumblings the body may think proper to make at its hard fate, to be heard.

While we were still gazing with delighted admiration on the magnificent fortress, our attention was called away to the village of Königstein, a most picturesque little spot. To add to its effect, the yearly fair was going on, and the scene was really interesting to a degree. Groups of peasants in their pretty holiday dresses, and with their happy holiday faces, were pouring in from all sides—the women with their head-gear of bright coloured handkerchiefs, and long white streamers flowing behind, - their striped petticoats, laced boddices, and short full chemise sleeves of snowy white, al-

lowing nearly the whole of the round, plump arm to be seen.

All this was so interesting, that it made me forget there was such a thing as a head in the world, except at intervals, when mine would ache and throb so, that I verily believe it was spitefully bent on revenging itself for my neglect of its sufferings.

When we arrived opposite Schandau, a ferry-boat took us,—carriage, horses, and all,—across the Elbe. We drove through the beautiful village, and stopped at its end at the romantic inn “Gasthof zum Bade,” (Bath-hotel,) so called from baths and a mineral spa. A wooden bridge across a beautifully clear stream, led to the door of the inn. This stream is full of trout. A few minutes after our arrival, I saw from my room window the master of the house cross the little bridge with a small fishing-net in his hand. He unlocked a sort of weir, let down his net, and brought it up filled with trout. They were full of life and spirits, and frolicked about the net as gaily as possible. However, they seemed to suspect the good man had somewhat the same design in his head with respect to them as the cook in La Fontaine’s fable, when he calls the chickens in such a soft caressing voice; for after sundry jumpings and

springings, they all leaped into the water again. But our host was not to be thus put off—he let down his net, brought up a fresh supply, and after discarding all the little fellows, (what safety there is sometimes in insignificance!) chose two fine, large, active fish as his victims.

After dinner (where I recognised my two poor lively friends the trout, now quiet enough) we strolled out along one of the lovely paths in the wood that overhangs the valley. The evening was still sultry,—that heavy, oppressive, unnatural heat that portends a storm,—but the sun had gone down, and our walk was delightful.

When we returned, I got out my paper, and opened my ink-bottle, and mended my pen. I wished to note down the events of the day, and the sweet tranquil hour we had spent seated on a wooden step of the rude stairs leading down from the inn to the valley beneath. The valley itself, I intended to describe it;—its peaceful, quiet charm;—the rush of the stream through it, and the soothing chirp of the grasshoppers;—the peasants at their work;—the picturesque cottages scattered about;—the rude steps cut one above the other on the rising bank, or wooden stairs with their pretty railings of logs;—the peasants appearing and disappearing on these stairs, and the merry laugh and glad

voices of the children playing among the hanging rural balconies ;—all this and much more I was going to descant upon, but it would not do, I had to put away my writing materials, and deposit my aching head and weary limbs in bed.

When I awoke this morning every ache and pain was gone ! I opened my eyes with that buoyant and delightful feel, and that deep sense of thankfulness which a freedom from suffering creates. The air came in pure and cool from the open window, and on looking out I found the whole face of nature apparently quite as much refreshed as myself. During the silent hours of the night, the same God who had shed such sweet sleep on my burning eyelids, had “sent a gracious rain upon the earth and refreshed it when it was weary.” The long rich grass of the valley was heavy and dripping with moisture, and the damp cool smell of the moss and shrubs rose up towards the window. The change in the external as well as internal world was great, and both equally welcome.

At breakfast, which we took down stairs in the eating-room, we made an acquaintance. A solitary-looking young man was sitting at the end of a long table, his tea and rolls proclaim-

ing at once the country he belonged to;—*tea*, indeed, is a symptom never to be mistaken. It turned out afterwards that he did not know a word of German, therefore our familiar accents must have been very grateful to his ear.

I cannot imagine anything more melancholy than thus travelling through a country en “sourd-muette,” cut off from every access except that through the eyes. Our countryman, Mr. B——, M. P. for L——, joined our party, and away we started on the delightful expedition of to-day.

The valley here is narrow, but as we drove along, it became still narrower, and the character changed considerably. The stream, the clearest and most beautiful, at the bottom of which you could see every pebble, and every wreath of the brilliant green sedge that waved under the surface, wound along the gorge. On either side rose the gigantic rocks that make this scenery so peculiar and so difficult to describe. They are in immense masses, piled up horizontally one above the other, apparently so loose that a touch would send them all toppling down upon the heads of those enclosed, as it were, between them. The top-stone is frequently much larger than the others, and overhangs the whole loose fabric in a way that it is terrific to

look up at. It seems miraculous how it should be so poised as to remain an instant on its tottering elevation. Indeed while winding through this defile, it is impossible not to feel awfully impressed with the greatness of the mighty hand that has piled up these gigantic fragments, and sustains them together,—and at the same time with a feeling of the insignificance of man. The Prussians and Croatians had a skirmish here in the seven years' war. What a frightful spot for two hostile forces to find themselves!—hemmed in between those awful rocks!

At the end of the gorge we stopped to look at a waterfall. A little tiny streamlet alone was trickling down through the rocks, but the scene was very pretty. There was a sort of natural cavern: under it on one side were standing the "sessel-trägers," (chair-bearers,) beside the litters which were to be our future conveyances up the mountain. Two or three travellers, with their knapsacks on the ground, were resting themselves in the sides of the cavern, and one man was lying fast asleep with his head on his arms across a rude bench. Altogether, the groups of people scattered about,—the rocks and dark firs,—the water trickling down through the wet, mossy stones,—the half darkness that prevailed over the whole scene, ex-

cept where here and there a partial sun-beam penetrated through the trees and brought out some projecting rock or figure into strong light, —all this formed a romantic, banditti-like picture; and I was admiring it, when lo! down dashed the cascade in a foaming torrent, scattering its clouds of light spray around.

There was something wonderfully unimagi-native in this bespoken waterfall,—it put to flight a whole host of charming visions which my cave-scene had conjured up;—they all evaporated in a fit of laughing as we jumped out of the way to escape a drenching.

Here we left the carriage—the gentlemen grasped their trusty oak-sticks for an encounter with the tough ascent of the Winterberg mountain, and G—— and I deposited ourselves in the most luxurious conveyances that were ever invented for enjoying the beauties of scenery.

An arm-chair, stuffed to perfection, and with a board for the feet in front, is slung between two poles, carried by men. Behind each chair hangs a bag, containing two pipes, and all the well-known paraphernalia of smoking. This luxurious little bag and its contents, however, be it observed, are not intended for the benefit of the lady inside—they are the perquisite of

the poor tragers—their solace and comfort after the fatigues of the route.

We were in dismay at the first glimpse of this familiar appendage. A German's lips and his beloved pipe are so seldom divorced, and so uneasy under the separation, that we expected a union would speedily take place. But no—there was nothing to mar our enjoyment as we moved along, gently balanced between our tragers, through the mazes of the forest. A thousand causes contributed to the pleasure—there was an indescribable freshness and fragrance in the air, cleared as it had been by the heavy rains of last night. The moisture sparkled on the grass, the dead leaves and sweet-smelling moss, and the decayed remains of the fir, formed a rich, thick, soft, yellow carpet on the path.

Besides the actual enjoyment from present sources, sights, and sounds, and smells, which I should fail in attempting to convey, there is something in the feeling of being in the midst of a *real German forest*, that must have its effect. The wild superstitions, the unearthly and most imaginative associations connected with it,—the poetical and fantastic tales of which these haunted spots have been the scene,—all these to any one who has read and

secret paths, when
excluded by the tall
sometimes through
came suddenly upon
place, the Kuhstahl.

rock, with a wide, low
Passing through this
forms a grotto or vault
eighty feet high by seven
bursts upon you is magni-
tude of wooded hills, with
tween them, piled one
huge isolated pillars.

The Kuhstahl, or castle
literally means, is so called
been the place of retreat
surrounding country, then
during the thirty years' war
well calculated for this, a
natural fortification

reach from the top to the very bottom of the rocks. In one of these a stairs or ladder of wood has been constructed, which we ascended. We entered at the bottom, and a most extraordinary effect it had, to find ourselves thus walled in on both sides in the very heart of the solid rock. The cleft in some places was so narrow that it was not easy to squeeze up through it, (a very stout person would certainly have been wedged in,) and of course all the light we had was from the slit above, where the day appeared high over our heads.

We climbed up a zigzag path cut out of the rock to an open space, where was a little monument erected to the first discoverer of this beautiful region, the Columbus of the Saxon Switzerland. He was a great mineralogist of the name of Götzinger, and in his researches among the rocks and mountains, while pursuing his favourite study, penetrated into these lovely scenes. In gratitude to him for the source of emolument which he was thus the means of opening to them, all the guides and sessel-träger subscribed, and erected this simple monument to their friend, in the year 1834. After stating its object as sacred to "Wilhelm Leb. Götzinger, born 1758, died 1818," are the following words:—

“Oft wohl hob sich dein Blick diesen
Höhen zum Himmel. Sich jetzt vom
Himmel zu uns, treuster der Führer herab!”

“Full oft were thine eyes uplifted from these
heights to heaven. Look down now from heaven upon
us, thou truest of guides!”

The deep feeling with which our guide, himself one of the erectors of this little memento, read the simple words, was very touching.

Another path disclosed the mouth of a cavern high up in the rock, where a magnanimous tailor had sheltered himself from the horrors of the war. He fled from a contact with cold steel, though one would have thought it more in his way than in that of most peaceful men, being so well-accustomed to handle sharp weapons. His shears are painted in black over the mouth of the cavern.

After many climbings and windings, we found ourselves once more under the archway, where a girl was seated playing a harp, the favourite instrument here as in Wales, and a constant mode of appeal to the liberality of strangers. The whole of the vaulted arch over our heads, and every inch of the rocks outside it, was literally covered with names. These were not, as

is generally the case, roughly cut or scratched with a pen-knife, but were systematically painted in large black characters.

“ 'Tis pleasant sure to see one's-self in print.”

As I stood under the archway, looking up at all those names, a very solemn thought came quite suddenly into my mind. The recollection of the two Books, where *all* our names are written, flashed so vividly upon me, that for a moment it drove away every other idea. Oh how ardent was the aspiration I then sent up that mine and those of all I loved, might be found in the book of life at the awful day of reckoning !

At the bottom of a steep descent, we found our tragers waiting for us, and were glad to resume our seats after the somewhat fatiguing exploring of the Kuhstall. We continued our way through fir trees over-head, and the spreading “ lady-fern ” beneath, until we reached an extraordinary linden-tree, — the pride of that part of the forest, — where they set us down.

Apropos to this “ setting down,” which occurred whenever we came to any remarkable spot, or when our bearers were tired, it had a very droll effect. We were laid on the ground side by side, in the most old-lady-like, helpless-

looking manner—so that it was impossible not to feel very venerable, and to begin to fancy one had made a sudden jump over fifty years at least. When I happened to be on first, and that I was set down safe on terra-firma, the sight of G—— being brought up behind to be deposited by my side, was irresistibly funny. We never could help laughing when we got abreast of each other, and were then all on a sudden whisked up and borne away like two rheumatic old dowagers.

But to return to the linden-tree. It was twenty-four feet in circumference, that is to say, twelve yards,* (for a German foot is longer than John Bull's,) and was reckoned by the foresters to be five hundred years old.

* This sounds like a traveller's tale, but it is nevertheless true ; our gentlemen, not content with the report of the guides, ascertained the fact by measuring the tree with their walking-sticks.

CHAPTER VII.

Ascent of the lesser Winterberg—The inn—Legendary lore—The lover's leap—The great Winterberg—German enthusiasm—The Prebisch-thor.—Valley of Herrnskretschén—A day on the Elbe—Tetschen.

WE were now fairly beginning the ascent of the Kleine Winterberg, (the lesser Winterberg,) and a very precipitous business it was. The path in some places was almost perpendicular,—like mounting a ladder of wood logs or stones made to project so as to form rough stairs one above another. The scenery is very fine, and everything that art can do to facilitate the steep ascent of the mountain, is done by the care of government. Strangers and travellers have indeed reason to thank his majesty of Saxony for his attention to their comforts in traversing his forests. Paths are made,—wooden balustrades in dangerous spots,—little bridges across the

precipices,—sign-posts in intricate places;—in short, all the arrangements are admirable, and to make the thing complete,—guides, tragers, boatmen, all conveyances are taxed, at a fixed price, so that no unwary traveller can be cheated.

But notwithstanding the ladders of logs, and steps of stone, and other facilities, I was by no means comfortable in mounting the Kleine Winterberg. The ascent was so steep, and in some places so difficult, that the thoughts of the fatigue my poor tragers must be suffering, quite marred my enjoyment. I could not bear the idea of lying luxuriously back in a well-stuffed arm-chair, while these poor men were toiling and panting up the steep. In vain I reasoned, that if they were not carrying me, they might have some heavy, fat gentleman of sixteen stone weight, (they frequently do, they told us, carry the lords of the creation as well as the ladies, up the mountain,)—in vain I argued, that if they were not “earning their bread in the sweat of their brow” in *this* way, they would in some other;—still I could not pacify my qualms—one has no sympathy for toil one does not witness, however aware of its existence. So I continued to reproach myself because my face was so cool while theirs were

so hot, and to long to jump down from the sessel and clamber up at my own expense instead of theirs, though that would have been a feat rather beyond a lady's power to accomplish.

At last we reached the top of the Kleine Winterberg. There is a little temple at the summit, and the view from thence is beautiful. I never saw anything like the effect of the partial sun-beams on the rocky pillars that rose up on every side;—the sudden light, contrasted with the masses of dark fir, was the finest thing possible.

The following incident occasioned the erection of the little temple. Prince Augustus of Saxony, in the year 1558, while out hunting, pursued a lordly stag as far as the summit of the mountain. He stood on the narrow foot-path on the verge of the precipice, and above him on a projecting rock, was the stag surrounded by dogs. The frightened animal was on the point of springing down on the prince, when the latter exclaiming, "Entweder treffe ich dich, oder du bringst mich um," ("Either I hit thee, or thou destroyest me,") fired, and the shot happily taking effect, sent the stag headlong down the abyss. Christian, the son of Augustus, afterwards erected this building to

commemorate the providential preservation of his father.

We now had another mountain to climb, the Grosse (great) Winterberg, — the ascent to which was neither so abrupt or difficult as to its lesser namesake. At the top was a pretty, romantic little inn, built entirely of wood, and there we stopped. Our *träger* betook themselves forthwith to their pipes, and it was pleasant afterwards to see them, when they had despatched their dinners, seated round a little table in a bower of fir-trees, puffing away over their tall glasses of beer.

Before the door of the little "Wirtshaus" were spread out a variety of little temptations for travellers, in the shape of drinking-cups and smelling-bottles of the far-famed Bohemian glass; straw slippers, walking-sticks, knitting cases; seals and watch-hooks of the Sprudelstein at Carlsbad; views of the "Sächsischeschweitz," and various other "*andenkens*" (souvenirs) of the Grosse Winterberg.

While we were looking over the curiosities, and furnishing ourselves with a few *andenkens*, the active housewife of the inn and her pretty daughters prepared dinner. We took it, not in the house, but German-fashion, in a pavilion

in the garden. The view from this was so interesting, that not even the very meritorious soup powdered with nutmeg, the tongue stewed in elder-berries, omelette, boiled plums, or all the other good things so nicely served up at the summit of the Grosse Winterberg, above two-thousand feet over the level of the sea, could distract our attention wholly from it.

A view from a very great height has never the same picturesque beauty as one from a lower elevation, but as a map of the country, and means of viewing at a glance the relative positions of river, rock, and mountain, it is very interesting. Looking down from the Winterberg, was like being suspended over a waving sea of undulating mountains clothed with their "eternal forests" of dark green. Here and there rose the Lilienstein, Königstein, Hochstein, &c.,—those beautiful and peculiar features of the Saxon Switzerland,—and far in the distance was Dresden, and the well-known dome of the Frauenkirche diminished to a speck. The course of the Elbe, winding and shining like a silver serpent through the land, was easily traced.

As I looked down upon all these romantic spots, every rock, and mountain, and forest of which is haunted by its own wild and beautiful

superstition, I could not help thinking what a treasure of legends might be gathered among them by any one who had time to devote to this fascinating pursuit, and taste to enjoy it. No passing traveller has a chance of obtaining the slightest insight into the old hereditary feelings that lie buried deep in the hearts of those who have derived them from their forefathers. The dwellers in mountainous countries are rich in this traditionary lore, but they are shy in exposing it to superficial eyes. So it is in Ireland. Few are aware of the wild tales and poetical superstitions that are secretly cherished by its imaginative peasantry,—the fondness with which they cling to the legends of Banshee and Cluricaune they have heard whispered over the smouldering turf-fire at evening; in the days of their childhood. But there is no point on which they are so sensitive, nothing that they shield with more jealous caution from every profane eye. It requires a long acquaintance with them, and great tact to draw forth their sentiments on subjects which they regard with an almost religious veneration, and on which they are so acutely alive to the slightest ridicule.

This probably is the case everywhere—there are few of us willing to disclose any secret

weakness,—above all, if it be a cherished one, —where we suspect it may meet with want of sympathy or disbelief.

It is interesting to follow up these old hereditary superstitions, and poetical legends, to their source: to trace them, as we may generally do, to some religious observance, or Pagan origin. The similarity between the superstitions of all countries is very remarkable, and clearly shows a common descent. Those who delight in researches into fairy lore, will find the same wild belief in the tent of the wandering Arab,—the depths of the German forest,—and the purple mountains and green valleys of

“ *La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda.*”

Although the secrets which might charm the fancy of a Crofton Croker, or a Grimm, lie hidden in the deep rents of the rocks, still here every mound and mountain has its own peculiar story, such as it is. There is the *Jungfernsprung*,—young girl's leap,—so called from a Saxon maiden having been pursued to its verge by a Swedish soldier, in the thirty years' war, when to save herself from falling into his hands, she sprang over the frightful precipice into the chasm beneath.

Every place has its "lover's leap," and so has the Saxon Switzerland. It is called Hohe-Liebe, and the story belonging to it differs a little from the usual one of a solitary victim. There was a mutual attachment between two young people, but the parents of the lady were cruel. They not only opposed her affection for her chosen one, but were about to force her to marry another, when the lovers, to avoid so dreadful an alternative, resolved to take the fatal leap together, which they accordingly did.

The next point to which our steps were directed, was the Prebisch-thor, another of the natural curiosities of this beautiful region. We descended the Grosse Winterberg through scenery of much the same character as before, and passed the Saxon border into Bohemia.

I must not forget to mention the peculiar effect of a sudden current of wind just as we passed this spot. When first I heard it, I thought it was the rush of a waterfall, and expected every moment to come in sight of one. I called to the tr agers to know where the cascade was, but they only answered, "Luft, luft;" (air, air;) and so it was. It appeared to rise gently very far down, deep among the distant forests; then gradually swelling and gathering

as it swept on through the countless fir-trees, it came with a booming, rushing, musical sound, that was quite indescribable—I never had heard anything like it before; it seemed like the voice of the mighty Creator himself, sounding in the stillness and solitude of the forest—and I felt as I listened a strange sensation of awe.

Shortly after this had passed away, we came to an open space, the Prebisch-grund. The view here burst upon us with such sudden loveliness that we hardly waited to be deposited side by side, *selon les règles*, but escaped from our sossels to the verge of the precipice to feast our eyes on the magnificent prospect extended beneath.

One of our tragers, an old man, was very interesting. His enthusiasm, when we caught the first view of this Prebisch-grund, was delightful: he took hold of my sleeve, and pointed it out with as much energy as if his existence depended on our feeling its beauty. When he was quite satisfied with our admiration, he went to seat himself with the others on a bank, and I heard him muttering, as he slowly vibrated backwards and forwards, "Schon—schon! gar wunderbar schon!" ("Beautiful—beautiful! very,—wonderfully beautiful!")

Is it to the majestic scenery in which they are brought up, or to an innate sense of the beautiful, that is to be attributed the great susceptibility of Germans to the beauties of nature? Of course I speak of the uncultivated classes, for an educated taste will be the same in all countries. But here, guides, tragers, boatmen,—all those people who one would suppose were so satiated with the beauties they have seen over and over again that they would find no pleasure in them, are nevertheless keenly alive to their charm.

This is a very striking characteristic, and I have often observed it. The real enthusiasm with which they point out any beautiful view, the delight it seems to afford themselves, their anxiety that you should appreciate it, and the eager way in which they gaze up into your eyes to see whether you really do enjoy the scene as it deserves, are very remarkable. I have often thought, as I watched their kindling eye and every feature dilating with admiration as a sudden burst of fine scenery opened upon us, that they must be made of some finer mould than ordinary “village clods.”

He had a great taste for wild flowers,—our old friend. Whenever we stopped, instead of going to rest himself with the others, he dis-

appeared among the trees, and after rooting about among the moss and fern, always brought us some little offering of flowers or woodberries, or a bunch of vergiss-mein-nicht (forget-me-not). At one halt we observed the men slyly abstracting a pipe from behind a sessel, and gathering round it a little way off. We could not imagine what they were about when shortly after they brought us a bunch of the vergiss-mein-nicht, part of the flowers their own native blue, part changed to a brilliant emerald green. I was admiring the colour and inquiring what had produced it, when, as one is apt to do with flowers, I raised it to my nose. My sudden grimace at the horrible smell of tobacco fumes highly diverted the trager, and showed them there was no need to explain what had caused the metamorphosis.

The Prebisch-thor is a noble object; it exceeded anything we had yet seen. When I describe it as a stupendous arch of rock standing on a narrow bridge-like projection more than twelve hundred feet above the level of the plain below, I give no idea of what it is. The causeway,—if I may apply so tame a word to such a wild path,—by which you approach it, is not gradually sloped down to the level ground; it winds along the top of a rock rising abruptly,

so that on your right hand and your left are perpendicular precipices, from which you look down on the tops of the lofty firs, deep, deep down beneath you. The view from the end of this rocky bridge, where it terminates in a point over the arch, may be imagined. When we had admired it—I cannot say enough, that would be hardly possible—we clambered down and stood under the arch. It is, like the Kuhstall, covered with names. They were all foreign ones, Russian, German, Dutch, &c. We looked about on every stone for a compatriot, and at last succeeded in finding but one solitary Englishman, “John Green, aus London.” Is it that the English have not yet found out this majestic scenery; or that they have no taste for being handed down to posterity by being affixed in black letters on a grey rock? The latter may be the case, and John Green a solitary exception. Any one desirous of immortality may purchase it at the moderate rate of four groschen (sixpence). The guides pledge their honour bright that the name shall be duly and faithfully inscribed on the lofty arch.

The little Gast-haus at the Prebisch-thor is the most romantic thing I ever saw in real life. It hangs like a birdcage on the side of the

precipice; and the tout ensemble, with the trees starting out of the clefts, the wooden railings and balustrades, and bridges contrived on the narrow ledges of rock to ascend and descend, look like some picture where a fantastic artist has indulged the vagaries of his pencil. A concert of wild music issuing from the rock had an almost magic effect. We looked down, and there, on a wooden bench hanging over the precipice, were seated a man, a woman, and two lads, singing one of their mountain melodies in parts. The man had a harp and the boys a flute and violin; and it was astonishing how they managed to produce such sweet accompaniments and symphonies from these rude instruments.

The first part of the descent we of course performed on foot. It would have been impossible to have gotten down otherwise, the zigzag staircase of logs and stones being almost perpendicular, and difficult enough to accomplish without slipping. Even when we resumed our seats, the path continued very steep. It was rather a nervous business while turning the corners of the precipices, and very affectionately did we clasp the stuffed arms of our trusty sessels as, with closed eyes and compressed lips, we were borne down past these awful-

looking spots. Our tragers, too, forced forward by the steepness of the descent, increased their pace to a swinging trot, which added to the difficulty of keeping in our seats ; so that it was rather a relief when we found ourselves arrived at the bottom, and were laid down by the banks of the stream that runs through the valley.

This valley was lovely ; such a contrast to the wild majestic scenery we had been passing through all day. It is called the Kirnitschthal ; and I shall long remember the name, though it is an odd one. The stream that waters it discharges itself into the Elbe, and the sweet village on its banks is named Herrnskretschen. "Well !" exclaimed G. and I, as we passed through it, "this is the loveliest spot of all ! Herrnskretschen is certainly *the* most beautiful of all the German villages we have yet seen." (I am afraid we often make this last observation.) Certainly, however, there is something peculiarly picturesque in Herrnskretschen. The cottages are more Swiss in their character, and the piles of wood and bark that extend along the banks of the stream the whole way to the Elbe add to the effect. The valley, too, is so narrow that there is in many places but just

room between the rocky defile for the stream and the little path that winds along it. The cottages are built half way up on the hanging slope.

It is the busiest little place possible, all sorts of forest work going on, than which, by the way, nothing can be more picturesque, more rural, or more fragrant. Sometimes we came to saw-mills actively plying their large water-wheels, over which the stream is artificially conducted: next, a group of peasant girls carrying the rejected logs in baskets slung at their backs; here were men piling up the newly-cut, sweet-smelling fir planks, and farther on appeared some lordly tree just felled, trailed along the narrow path by a horse or oxen. In short, the forest employed all the population of Herrnskretschen, men and women, girls and boys.

The way in which the trees, after being stripped of their branches, are transported to the Elbe is very curious; they are all floated down the current, and as the stream is narrow in some places, and in others impeded by rocks, it requires some little dexterity in the men, who perform the operation by means of their long boat-hooks, to get them on.

It is very amusing to see these trees, as they move down the stream, pushing and jostling

each other like "things of life." One might spend hours watching their progress, and moralising over them. Some start fair with every prospect of success, and get along swimmingly for a time; but, alas! some projecting rock or unwieldy tree comes in the way, and stops them short in their career. Others—bold, adventurous travellers—dash impetuously down the current, and by their energy not only get themselves along, but urge forwards the indolent and timid spirits they encounter in their passage. More, again, with strength enough to serve their own purpose, yet not sufficient weight to influence others, work gradually on, neither seeking or shrinking from dangers, through every obstacle.

Others there are, weak, gentle, helpless-looking things—but I shall never get to the Elbe at this rate. We reached it—too soon. I turned back regretfully towards the lovely Kirmitschthal; for when its sweet cottages and overhanging rocks vanished from my eyes, and the rushing stream and busy saw-mill no longer sounded in my ears, the pleasures of the day seemed over.

At Herrnskretschen the good skiff "Gottfried Flessel" waited to take us back to Schandau. Our friend, the old träger, when he put down

the sessel for the last time, took off his hat and looking up devoutly, said, "Nun Gott sey dank, wir sind gesund gekommen." ("Now, God be thanked, we are arrived safely.")

The earnestness and real feeling with which he uttered this, expressed much more than the words. There was neither constraint nor ostentation in the fervent out-break of that beautiful natural religion so often met with in the German peasantry.

Our hearts did, I trust, re-echo the old man's gratitude to Him who had brought us in safety through the dangers of the dizzy precipice and yawning abyss.

While returning home we had a splendid sunset view on the Elbe. Schandau, at the end of the vista formed by the fir-clad banks, with its church tower and the beautiful Lilienstein rising behind, was quite a picture; softened as it was by the blue, vapoury haze, and reflected in the shining waters, nothing could be more lovely. The clouds were tinged with a rich sunset glow, and a streak of red light fell upon the river, broken only by a dark boat advancing towards us, with its broad black shadow and plashing oars.

G—— and I agreed, as we sat in the boat enjoying all this, that such a day, passed thus

in the midst of the wondrous and beautiful works of their Almighty Creator, was rarely to be expected. Even at this late hour of departing day, heaven and earth were still full of the majesty of his glory. Well might we exclaim, "Gott sey dank!" (God be thanked!)

Sept. 7th.—A day on the Elbe. The morning was lovely, and Mr. B——, our English acquaintance joined us in an excursion as far as Tetschen, on board the Gottfried, which was towed along by two men.

One advantage in the scenery on the banks of a river, where the latter are high, is that the view is to a certain degree confined. You are not oppressed with the feeling that there is more than the mind can take in at once, which is so often the case where the picture spread before you is on a very vast and extended scale. Along the Elbe, this sighing after the power to contain more does not mar the enjoyment, for the view is comparatively shut in till you reach Niedergrund. Lofty grey rocks of majestic forms, partially clothed almost to the top with dark fir, is the character on both sides. On one bank is a succession of picturesque cottages, a sort of running village, extending as far as Niedergrund. These, with their little gardens, patches of vegetables, vines, and bright

yellow pumpkins,—peasants in their scarlet coifs moving along the hanging terraces on the steep banks, mowing the narrow slips of meadow on the water's edge, or seated in groups upon the rocks,—form altogether a very pretty scene. You feel, while gliding along, as if some interesting panorama were slowly unfurling before you,—the whole thing, with its still and active life, reflected and prolonged far down in the clear transparent waters.

Niedergrund is on the frontiers of Bohemia, as you learn by a government-boat moored before it, wearing the national livery of black and yellow stripes.

Near Tetschen the view opens, and the first glimpse of the little town is very fine. It is beautifully situated, backed by a wall of planted rock, behind which rises one of the columnar hills of the Saxon Switzerland, with mountains in the distance. It has an air of bustling life about it, very different from the rural seclusion of Schandau. The castle rises boldly from a projecting rock, and commands a splendid view; its owner, Count Thun, and his brothers are friends of W—— and G——; but most unluckily, they are absent at this moment at the coronation in Prague. This is a sad disappointment; as, but for it, we should have enjoyed an oppor-

tunity of seeing the manners and customs of a German Schloss, and under the most favourable auspices too. They tell us that the hospitality of the Count is quite on a princely scale. We should have been delighted to devote some time to exploring this interesting place; but the fear of being benighted on the Elbe, and some symptoms of change in the weather, made us anxious to hasten back to Schandau. It was well we did so. We were scarcely housed in the "Gast-hof zum Bade" when the lightnings began to flash and the thunder to peal among the mountains, and an awful storm, accompanied by torrents of rain, set in.

Sept. 8th.—Just returned from a delightful ramble with dear G——. Three pleasures enjoyed to perfection—lovely weather, lovely scenery, and interesting conversation. The last is the rarest of the three, and the best. A fine view and a fine day are often found: a congenial companion—oh! how seldom!—one with whom you can pour out every thought and every feeling, sure of its being sympathised with—*understood*.

This is a quiet day devoted to Schandau. All the morning has been spent in "writing up" the delightful excursion on the mountain—it is

a dangerous thing to let a journal get into arrear.

The kellners evidently don't know what to make of so much writing. Not that their own German ladies are by any means deficient in industry: if for pen and ink, you read cotton-ball and knitting-needle, they are quite as indefatigable as we, only in a different way.

Before we went out I asked the man to fill my ink-bottle; he stared, and I had to repeat my request. If it had been a cup of coffee or a glass of seltzer water, I need not have had the trouble of saying the same thing twice. Though this day belongs to Schandau, I am not going to try and describe it. It is a *German village*, and in a valley of the Saxon Switzerland. If I were to sit up half the night writing, I could not say more.

CHAPTER VIII.

A disappointment—Dinner at the Stadt Wien, and the flaming pudding—The Rustkammer—The Picture-gallery.

Dresden, Sept. 9th.—In the happy (?) days of childhood, that sweet spring-time of life, which is spent in writing English exercises, working sums in the rule of three, and conjugating Italian verbs, I remember learning in Murray's grammar that "disappointments sink the heart of man."

So they do—and the heart of woman also. Mine fell very low this morning at Schandau, when my waking eyes and ears were assailed by the beating rain pattering against the windows, and I found the opposite side of the narrow valley was invisible through the mist. The most beautiful thing in the Sachische Schweiz—the Bastei, was to be seen to-day on our route back to Dresden; and we anticipated

so much from it, that I verily believe I should have dreamt all night of the rocks and mountains and precipices to come, had I not been much too tired to do anything but sleep as soundly as possible.

We went down as usual to the *salle* to breakfast, but a rainy morning in Germany brings out all the pipes, as surely as the showers in April bring forth May flowers. The atmosphere of tobacco down-stairs soon drove us back again to our own room.

After a council of war,—our host president,—it was decided by all the wise-heads that “the rain would be nothing; that when we left the valleys the mists would clear off; and we should find fine weather on the heights.” On the strength of this prophecy we started; but, alas! it proved a false one. It was very tantalising to feel that we were passing through fine scenery, to catch glimpses of it occasionally when the mists cleared away from the steeps, and yet to find the clouds settling down again on the mountain tops, and covering them like a thick veil. The effect of what we did see, however, was very sublime, when a mass of vapour would roll slowly away from some deep precipice, and disclose the overhanging rocks above and the yawning chasm beneath us.

When we came to the Bastei, the mist did not, it is true, prevent our seeing the cliffs, and the river, and the stupendous natural bridge; there they were in all their bold and majestic outlines; but the whole thing was cold, and raw, and damp, and gloomy. The glow, the colouring was gone! It was like looking on features perfect and beautiful in themselves, but where the expression, the soul that should have lit them up and given them life and charm, was wanting.

No wonder that the same objects should strike people so differently. When we consider what a dependant thing the human mind is,—the sport and toy of so many changeeful influences,—that sun and sky and cloud and atmosphere have such power over it, it is only surprising that two should be found to take the same view of anything. And what are external causes compared with the internal?

“Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight.”

Touch but one of those complicated fibres, one string in the mysterious instrument that jars and thrills so painfully when struck, and all goes wrong. “There is no

“Glory in the grass or splendour in the flower.”

When the heart is out of tune, what harmony can it find in anything?

Persons of a very sensitive nature, and those easily open to impressions, can understand this, for all have felt it more or less; but those who have suffered deeply know well, too well what it means. They know what a trifling cause, what a minute association of ideas, can in a moment wake up from its silent depths the secret sorrow that may slumber, but cannot die. Who has not felt, even in the midst of some bright hour, after time and events have comparatively healed over the wound, some recollection of the lost come suddenly upon them, with its sharp, agonising pang, to cause the "waters of the heart" to well up afresh in all their old bitterness?—But a truce to such melancholy reflections.

Before leaving the region of the forests I must not forget to mention our remarks on the admirable way in which they are managed. There is not a spot of ground lost. Even on the steepest ledges of the precipices, places to which one would imagine nothing but a goat could clamber, fir cones are sown, and young trees planted. In short, no half-acre of cottage garden is turned to more advantage or managed with a sharper regard to profit, than these vast

forests by their princely owners. It is said that Prince Clari can cut down 80,000 dollars worth (about £12,000) every year, and that a hundred years would elapse before returning to the first cutting. This requires skill to effect; and a forester's education is of so much importance here, that there is a regular college at Tharand, a village near Dresden, where they are trained.

The trees are as carefully economised as the soil. We remarked that they were cut down only to within about two feet of the ground. "What fine pieces of timber wasted!" thought I, as I saw all the stumps projecting out of the ground. Not at all; these are afterwards carefully cut and sold as an inferior quality, and then the roots are pulled out and converted into firewood. The soil is then ready for the cones, or young firs.

All this, combined with what I have already said about the paths, wooden stairs, &c., sounds very business-like and unpicturesque, and might make any one fancy the stupendous German forests were, after all, so trimmed and pruned and managed as to be no better than a Jardin Anglais on a large scale. This is far from being the case. No art can overcome, or even mar in the least degree, the wild, majestic

grandeur of these magnificent regions. Indeed the puny attempts of man rather heighten their effect than otherwise, by showing the immeasurable distance at which the wondrous works of creation soar above his insignificance.

Sept. 12th.—When we left the Stadt Wien last Monday for the Saxon Switzerland, we were the only English in the hotel: now, on our return, we find several here.

At the table-d'hôte to-day I found myself seated next a compatriote, a fair-complexioned, intelligent-looking man in spectacles, who looked about him with that air of observation that betokened, even at the first glance, an intelligent mind. In process of time we entered into conversation, and I found him to be a very superior person, one of those who talk even about common things in an uncommon way. This—*par parenthèse*—always shows more real talent than the “*parler Grec et Latin*,” which poor Nannette thought the bounden duty of every thorough-bred savant. It is much easier to be wise and original about philosophy and metaphysics than in remarking on the fineness of the day, the darkness of the Dresden streets, or the toughness of the boiled beef.

I was not aware of my good fortune at the time, but learned since that my agreeable companion was Dr. Granville, author of a tour in Russia and other works.

What a great deal those people lose who come abroad, and do not adopt the manners of the country in dining at the tables-d'hôte. Every one who travels should leave their little national prejudices of this kind at home, for they are troublesome companions and spoil a great deal of enjoyment. If they did this, the English would not, as they so often do, eat their meals in solitary state in their own rooms, looking at each other's faces, and knowing as much of the manners and habits of the people they are among as before they set out.

I do not know whether the cookery of a place has anything to do with the character of the people, or if the plain, solid fare we have met with since we came here, be any index to the dispositions of the good people of Dresden. The growing simplicity of food since we came into Germany is very remarkable. At Brussels the nondescript condiments that were submitted to our discussion would have puzzled any naturalist to discover from what order of animals they were compounded; here

nothing can be more simple and school-boyish than the four good, honest, substantial, wholesome dishes that are in circulation at the primitive hour of one.

After the soup the invariable boiled beef revolves round the table, attended by its two "satellites,"—a bowl of smoking brown gravy, and a dish of potatoes, or sliced pumpkin. Next comes fish, or fowls:—then the pudding, and lastly, some sort of roast meat with its never-failing accompaniments of stewed plums or pears, and salad. Here is our Stadt Wien dinner—no dish can say to us, as Selim did to his bride of Abydos—

"I am not, love, what I appear;"

for there is a most praiseworthy absence of disguise in all, and their simplicity would rejoice the heart of Dr. Jephson, or any other preacher of plain diet.

I must describe a very brilliant pudding we had to-day, one which they are rather fond of giving us.

The kellner bringing it into the room looks as though he was bearing one of those flaming tripods one sees in pictures of the old heathen sacrifices: for as the whole mass is covered over with a kind of brandy-sauce which is

set fire to just before it is sent in, all is of course enveloped in flames. This has rather a formidable effect, and the first time we had one of these fiery puddings,—it was at the Poste at Schwalbach,—we were quite frightened, not knowing what to make of it. However, the sober face of the waiter, and the Germans quietly helping themselves as it went round, showed all was right.

Where there are English at the table-d'hôte this pudding always makes some commotion, and the keller's lips generally relax into a smile as he hands it to *them*. Even we, though now pretty well accustomed to it, cannot help starting back a little when the insertion of the spoon is followed by a sudden burst of lambent flame, and the crackling fragment is generally hurried from the blazing dish into our plate with considerable trepidation. The good old Christmas game of snap-dragon is thus very often enacted at a German dinner-table, though to them it is no play, but a very serious, business-like affair.

As I have got into our eating saal at the Stadt Wien, I will not leave it without speaking of the delightful music that we are indulged with every day during dinner. This is sometimes very pleasant, and sometimes not. One is not

at all times equal to the German music, which is peculiarly soft and touching; and if from any cause the spirits do not happen to be quite up to concert-pitch, the appeal to the feelings at such times is often very inconvenient. Nothing is so painful as struggling against the effect of some tender, melancholy air, into which the provoking musicians are throwing such heart-rending expression—in momentary dread of being *upset* by the next cadence or modulation. On such occasions, the only way is to try and turn a deaf ear to the whole thing;—if you listen at all, it is all over with you, and it would be too absurd to be caught drinking your soup with eyes full of tears.

One of the first of the Dresden sights which we went to see was the Rustkammer, or Armoury;—I omitted putting it down on its own day, but will make it the amende honorable now.

This interesting exhibition does not, indeed, deserve to be passed over in silence. It is full of old chivalrous associations, and carries you back to the days of jousts and tilts, brodered scarfs and ladies' gloves, tournaments and tourna-ments. Those long lines of mounted knights, belted and spurred, with vizor down and lance in rest, conjure up a host of delightful ideas;—

one longs for some magician's wand to wave
over the steeds and their riders,

“ And give them voice and motion once again.”

They must certainly, both horses and men, have rejoiced in a quantum of bodily strength, unknown to the bipeds and quadrupeds of these degenerate days. It seems quite wonderful how either could have moved under the enormous weight of their armour. In point of size, the owners of most of the suits of mails were not fine men; we remarked many of them rather diminutive, and as far as one can judge of a figure by the clothes that covered it, not particularly well made. But their “thewes and sinews” must have been like the iron they wore, and they were trained in to their ponderous garments from early childhood. We saw several diminutive suits of armour belonging to the young princes royal of Saxony; and the small wooden chargers, (also clad in mail,) on which these liliputian knights were mounted, looked like hobby-horses.

Among the many suits of armour the three handsomest are those of Christian II., one gold and steel, the others gold and jappanned iron. One figure there is, who, besides his heavy accoutrements, has an immense iron chain

round his neck. We asked what it meant, and were told it was forged by his enemies for a prince of Saxony. I forget his name. They purposed hanging him with it after a certain battle, which they of course intended to gain. The battle was fought, the prince won it, suspended the fatal chain round his neck,—in rather a different way from that his foes intended,—and wore it as a trophy ever afterwards.

There are various interesting relics of well-known characters. A dagger of Rudolf of Swabia with a curiously-carved handle, dated 1080, one of the most ancient articles in the collection; the coat of mail of Sobieski, king of Poland; a sword and buff leather belt of Charles XII.; a sword of Peter the Great, and his little cocked-hat, a most comical-looking thing by the way, under a glass case; besides various and sundry treasured mementos of August der Stark, the hero of Dresden.

The most interesting rooms are those containing the horses caparisoned with their armour and trappings, and the sceptres, shields, collars, scarfs, and other knightly paraphernalia. Bright visions of the days of chivalry hover round these relics of the olden time, and the imagination busies itself in retracing the

scenes and pageants in which they once played their parts,—the bright eyes now closed, and the beating hearts now still, that followed their movements with intense anxiety. On one shield, richly emblazoned, was the motto—‘*Privo di te mi moro*,’ and several others had words on them, and names and initials—the deep and tender meaning they once possessed, now, alas ! lost and gone.

The trappings and housings of the horses are magnificent: precious stones and rich embroidery are lavished upon them in the greatest profusion—many of the bits and stirrups being quite covered with jewels. Christian the Second, the owner of the three handsome suits of armour, who appears to have been very luxurious in his appointments, has one of the most precious caparisoned steeds in the collection. A single topaz of extraordinary size is on the pommel of the saddle, large garnets and other stones decorate the reins, &c., and the sabre which is attached to the saddle, is covered with jewels of great value.

Another suit of harness is composed of enamel and rubies ; and the appointments of Augustus the “ Stark,” are studded with pearls and small diamonds. The trappings of the chargers which were led in advance of the nup-

tial procession of the latter are curious, the animals being entirely covered with tinkling gilt bells, and wearing immense nodding plumes of feathers.

During the "troubulous times" of Saxony, all the jewels, relics, &c. of the Rustkammer were transported for safety to the fortress of Königstein—(what delightful associations that name now recalls!)—together with the treasures of the Grüne Gowölbe.

The guide at the Rustkammer is the only genuine specimen of his race we have met with in all our sight-seeings here:—one of those automaton-like personages who, their tale once begun, like a musical-clock wound up and set going, proceed without ever stopping, or changing tone or muscle, until they have discharged their whole cargo of information.

In one of the rooms is a state chair of the everlasting August der Stark, with his picture on the wall opposite it. G—— being tired, took the liberty of depositing herself in the said very inviting-looking seat, albeit it is doubtless regarded here with much the same veneration in which the good old lady of Tillie-tud-lum held the chair honoured by the person of her royal guest. I am sure a Dresdenite would sink with fatigue rather than commit the profa-

nation of resting in this sacred spot. The guide had proceeded in his oration as far as the picture—"That is the true and faithful portrait of his most gracious majesty, king August der Stark of Saxony"—then wheeling himself round, while all the company wheeled with him, he pointed to the seat, and added pompously—"Und das ist sein rühe sitz !" (And that is his easy-chair!)—He never perceived how comfortably it was occupied at that moment; indeed if the ghost of the mighty monarch himself had risen up to take possession of his old quarters, I do not think the apparition would have interrupted the thread of the old gentleman's eloquence.

The guides in general are very different. They enter into the merits of everything they are showing off with as much zeal and enthusiasm, as if it were for the first instead of the thousandth time. They are so anxious that every one should hear, and see, and understand, and admire! In their energy to accomplish this, German, scraps of French, English,—all their little store of erudition, is brought into the field.

The picture-gallery!—Day after day we have visited it, and day after day I have returned,

resolved to note down the paintings which delighted me most, and which I am anxious to retain longest in my memory; and yet I have never got beyond those words, "the picture-gallery."

The fact is, that the task of description, with such a subject, is a herculean one. The pen is no sooner taken in hand than a host of images come crowding into the mind, following each other in as swift and beautiful succession as the sunbeams across the summer fields. The pen is thrown down in despair; the puzzled writer, unable to choose out of such an *embarras de richesse*, is reduced to almost as dire an extremity as that of poor Doctor Syntax in that irresistible picture, where, after advertising for a wife, he is overwhelmed with such an influx of candidates of every size and description, tall and short, fat and lean, ill-favoured and well-favoured, that the terrified would-be Benedict is forced to take refuge behind a phalanx of kitchen chairs. It was well for the worthy Doctor, that he had not to choose a rib out of a variety of objects as endless and beautiful as those that are conjured up to my mind's eye by the words "picture-gallery;" in that case, he would have been forced to resign himself to single, or rather

widowed blessedness for the remainder of his days.

Even were I able to describe a hundredth part of the gems of this magnificent collection—which I am not—such feeble sketches would fail of conveying any idea of them. There are lithographs, and engravings, and mezzo-tintos of the celebrated paintings of the Dresden gallery to be found in every print-shop in Europe. These show the grouping and design, and description might, perhaps, in a faint degree, effect the same purpose; but it is utterly impossible to receive or communicate any idea of the magic of colouring and expression without seeing the originals.

The Italian room is the principal point of attraction, and no wonder, for there is Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto! There is an absolute fascination about this picture: the eye once rivetted upon it, detaches its gaze reluctantly and with regret, and, after paying its mede of admiration to the beautiful objects beneath and around, still "untravelling, fondly turns" to this exquisite production. An atmosphere of purity, and holiness, and repose seems to surround it; there is such an utter absence of glare and gaudiness in the colouring, such simplicity in the design, that you feel you could stand there

and gaze for ever, and the longer you gazed the more you would admire.

Of all the Madonnas I have seen, this seems to approach the nearest to the ideas we form of the "highly-favoured" Mary. Here is none of that exaggerated refinement, that Juno-like affectation of attitude and features, so often met with in representations of the Virgin. Her figure is full of dignity, but it is the simple unconscious dignity of nature, exquisitely easy, graceful, and unconstrained. There is a mild majesty in the countenance, and an innocent expression withal that is very touching. The brow is beautiful,—so placid and meditative. Altogether there is in the whole aspect something so fresh, so youthful, so modest, that one recognises at once, not the goddess of a mistaken idolatry, but the lowly and devout Virgin,—she, whose woman's heart was troubled at the salutation of her angelic visiter—whose trusting submission prompted that meek reply, "Be it unto me according to thy word."

At the feet of the Virgin, on the right, kneels Pope Sixtus, from whom the picture takes its name, and, at the left, is St. Barbara. Her countenance and attitude are beautiful; the head gracefully averted, and the eyes cast down, as though overpowered by devotional feeling.

the chastened and im-
characterise Mary.

The artist has been
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and there is something of
sion. The attitude, how-
child-like, and nothing
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folded to his virgin
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The two cherubs at the
universally acknowledged
fications of childish beauty
on his lips, the chin of the
his crossed arms; they are
I do not think it is in the
describe them.

This Madonna of Raphael
Notte are the rival beauties
Statyra of the gallery.

It is very difficult in the Dresden gallery to keep the eyes, for many moments together, off those dazzling walls; otherwise the various groups of people scattered about and passing through, would be a most interesting study. Indeed, I do not know of anything that would afford more enjoyment than to get into a corner and watch and observe the different characters. The pale, intelligent-looking artists, who come here to copy, from every part of the world—some mounted up on high wooden scaffoldings opposite the large paintings—others occupying the embrasures of the windows—others seated in the very middle of the rooms,—but all so absorbed,—so engrossed with their occupation, that they seem quite unconscious of the crowds of people passing by them, and stopping to peep over their shoulders and gaze at their work.

There is one most interesting lady-artist whom I never can pass by without stopping a minute to look at. This any one may do without fear of annoying her, for she sees nothing but her canvass. She is copying Titian's exquisite painting of Christ and the tribute-money. I never saw anything so intent, so devoted as she is to her work; her whole soul is evidently in it, and when she pauses for a

moment, and leans back to gaze at the original, the enthusiasm that lights up her intelligent countenance is really beautiful to look at.

There is a French artist now copying,—and admirably well too,—Raphael's San Sisto for Louis Philippe. This must be an immense strain of mind; reaching after such unattainable excellence, with such an exalted standard constantly before the eyes. He is a pale, delicate-looking man, and there is an air fatigued in his features, as if the energy of his mind were wearing out his body. Last winter he worked so incessantly, that it brought on a nervous fever, to repair the effects of which he was obliged to go into Italy in the spring.

In the next room a dark-eyed young American is at work on a Dutch picture, an Ostade, I believe. Near him is a German artist, copying, on stone, the Virgin and Child, by Palma Vecchio. He told us he has been from morning till night for the last six months over this tedious, blinding occupation, and has many a month's labour in prospect before the picture will be completed. It is only wonderful how his eyes hold out.

There is, of course, an endless variety in the stages of forwardness of the various copies. Some of the artists, arrived at the close of their

labours, are putting in the finishing strokes, the last lights,—others only just making out the first bold outline in rough crayon; each day you may trace the gradual progress they are making.

The visitors of the gallery are quite as interesting in their way as the artists, and afford a fine field to any one who is fond of exercising his observant propensities. Some stroll idly in, and lounge about with vacant looks,—come there evidently merely because everybody must go to visit the picture-gallery at Dresden. These, however, I must say, are far the fewest in number. You much oftener see the enthusiastic amateur, rivetted before some chef-d'œuvre, gazing up at it with a rapture of fervent admiration, abstracted from all besides, every faculty absorbed in his devotion to the art.

Some proceed patiently round the rooms, catalogue in hand, diligently conning and comparing; some with no other guide than their own feeling and their own taste,

“ Leaving to learned fingers and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell,”

stand, paying an unconscious and silent homage to the beautiful, before their favourite pictures.

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CHAPTER IX.

Drives near Dresden—Mr. B —.—Sketch on the bridge—A word on smoking—Mr. Sch * * * * r—Crofton Croker and the “Fairy Legends”—The Hand-book—Porcelain Gallery.

THE drives about Dresden are delightful. There is the Plauenshe Grunde, where the scenery is most romantic and beautiful, through which you drive to the lovely village of Tharand—a very pleasant excursion. There are coal-mines in the neighbourhood of the Plauenshe Grunde, and this is one of the reasons of the blackened, dirty, gloomy appearance of the houses in Dresden, which gives so unfavourable an impression of a place abounding in attractions of every sort. Coal being cheaper than wood, is more generally burned by the middle classes, and the road to the Plauenshe Grunde is covered with conveyances bringing it into the town.

I never was in a place where the dogs are so

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systematically made to work as here. They have regular little sets of harness, with high pointed collars and brass bells, exactly like the trappings of the waggon-horses in England. Sometimes there are two under a little coal-cart, as well matched as any pair of phaeton ponies; and at other times, one noble animal draws the whole load himself.

The day we drove to Tharand, we met a curious pair of dogs bringing coals into Dresden. One a steady old veteran, who had evidently done many a hard day's work in his time, was harnessed to the cart; and fastened to him, outside the shafts, as a sort of outrigger, was a pert, saucy, short-eared young thing, with piercing sharp eyes, and a coat as black as jet. He kept on jumping, and barking, and turning round every now and then, half tricks, half impudence, to snap at his sober-plodding companion. It was most amusing to see the crossness of the old one, and the hearty bite he would give the teasing frolicker, whom he evidently looked down upon as a mere puppy. A running skirmish was thus kept up between them, which threatened every moment to end in a pitched battle. It was as much as the driver could do to keep the peace between this ill-matched pair.

I could not help laughing at them, though, I must say, it grieves me to see a dog made to work so hard. It seems taking an ungenerous advantage of his attachment to man, and his voluntary desertion of his own species to attach himself to ours.

Another of the established drives of Dresden is to a monument erected to Moreau on the spot where both his legs were shot off. Moreau is not interesting enough to wake up any very enthusiastic feelings or associations at the sight of his "denkmal." However, if the eyes do not rest with much interest on the stone slab surmounted by a helmet, they do most certainly on the view of Dresden that is obtained from thence.

Dresden, at a distance, from whatever point it is seen, is a striking and handsome town; from this spot it is peculiarly so. The dome of the Frauenkirche, (shame on the architect who could cut short and spoil a building otherwise so graceful!) the towers of the Catholic church, the Kreutz church, and the palace, rise boldly out of the city, and give it a character at once peculiar and beautiful. When the setting sun has touched the gilt balls and crosses on the summit of these distinguishing objects, and made them glance and sparkle in its rays,

while the rest is in shadow, the effect is very fine.

There is another very nice drive in the "Grosse Garten," a large park-like garden belonging to one of the numerous palaces. We have been told that concerts are often given here under the trees in summer at eight o'clock in the morning. In our drives through it, we have frequently come upon large parties of people seated in the promenades, enjoying themselves à l'Allemande. A little table under trees, covered with tall beer-glasses, or coffee paraphernalia, or ices; a lighted lamp for the pipes and cigars; a supply of cotton balls and knitting apparatus; a band of musicians in an arbour close by—this is the summit of German enjoyment, in the middling classes. We have often seen, in the environs of Dresden, a quarter of an acre of little chairs and tables, with crowds of well-dressed men and women smoking and knitting over their beer and coffee.

Smoking is forbidden in the town. During the reign of the last king, this regulation was so strictly enforced, that an Englishman here told me, he was one day strolling down the Schloss-gasse with a cigar in his mouth, not knowing it was unlawful, when he was stopped by a sentinel, and taken into the guard-house.

Here, not being able to speak German and explain matters, he had to remain more than an hour before he could regain his liberty. I do not know whether they are so strict now, but think it probable, from never meeting any smokers in the streets.

Sundry minor regulations are enforced rigorously enough here. (N. B.—I do not reckon smoking among the minor concerns.) For instance, if any unthinking wight,—or one who does happen to be thinking, but of something else,—should go towards his left hand instead of the right in crossing over the bridge, he is forthwith tapped on the shoulder by one of his majesty's sentinels, and requested to step across to the opposite side. Then again at the Catholic church, if your gentleman companion, after getting you a seat, has succeeded in finding one beside you, and you are just congratulating yourself on seeing him snugly established in it, up comes a tall, be-laced, and be-powdered domestic in the royal livery, armed with his great baton of office, to say, that his majesty cannot allow gentlemen and ladies to sit together in church by any manner of means.

These little interferences would be annoying anywhere else, but the great kind-heartedness of Germans, makes them do disagreeable things

in so agreeable a way, that no one can be hurt by them. I could not help, the day we went to the Church, remarking the difference between the officials there, and the surly, gruff, uncompromising, overbearing functionaries of the same class in England.

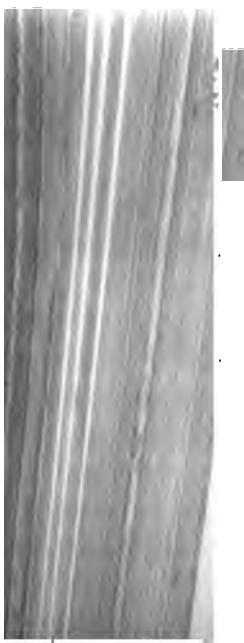
It really seems to go against the grain of a German to do anything that gives pain. I have not forgotten the concern that appeared in the good-natured face of the man who came to tell W—— that he could not remain with us in church, when he saw we were a little dismayed at the prospect of losing him.

Sept. 13th.—Just returned from passing a quiet, pleasant evening at Mr. B——'s, the British chargé d'affaires. He lives in a pretty villa in the Neue Stadt, delightfully situated in the midst of a garden of his own creation, and has a charming Saxon wife, full of all her country's kindness, and two lovely children. Altogether they are a very interesting family, and Mrs. B——, with her broken, or, I should say, foreign English, (for she speaks it surprisingly well,) and her winning, affectionate manners, a most loveable person.

I could not help thinking to-night how much amiable, kind-hearted, domestic people gain by

being known and seen en famille. All the interesting *home* qualities come out, which are lost in a wider circle. We were lamenting our being too late to see our favourites, the two little girls, when Mrs. B—— proposed a visit to their nursery. It was gladly accepted: there is no picture—no, not even in the Dresden gallery—half so lovely to look upon as a real sleeping child. These were not asleep, however, but peeped at us out of their pillows like two little rosy cherubs; and the only one who *could* speak lisped out her tiny “Gute nacht, schlafen sie wohl,” (good night—may you sleep well,) as we left the room.

L’Hermite de la Chaussée d’Antin used to take great delight in observing the passers-by; indeed, he has made out a regular set of theories, the result of his speculations on “les passans.” Judging by the accommodations provided, the well-stuffed cushions in every window for the elbows to rest upon, and the glass reflectors attached to the shutters, the Germans seem very much addicted to this idle pastime. It is certainly very attractive, for it sets eyes and imagination at work, and, in a strange place, one loves to gather up the little traits and peculiarities en passant.



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A little way off, in another of the spaces, is one whom no passing object can tempt to raise her industrious eyes from her work. There she sits, poor patient thing! at her little stall from Monday morning until Saturday night, stitching away reticules and work-bags of a kind of embossed leather, never looking up except at the approach of a customer, who may have one of her pretty wares at the moderate sum of four groschen (sixpence).

Not quite so constant is another of the habitués of the bridge—yonder young sausage-seller. Half his time the little urchin is away from his place. He has just run back to it, and is now lifting up the cloth from the wooden tray, and asking some one to buy. I fear he will never make a fortune by sausages, for, often as we have passed by, I have never seen him sell one yet.

Here come two students—saucy, foppish, reckless, half-mad looking things between boys and men—with spectacles on their noses and cigar-cases in their girdles, of course. One of them is dressed in a *blouze* frock, embroidered and braided, being exactly a large edition of what is worn by children of six years old with us. The other has no waistcoat, and his expanse of striped shirt is folded back at the

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raised over the Elbe. You have the river at the right, shady trees over head, and at the left a row of coffee-houses and restaurants with open verandahs. The piles of little chairs and tables *stacked up* in these verandahs, en cas de besoin, are quite a curiosity.

There are fruiterers, and flower-women, and slipper-venders, and various other little stalls in the open space outside the steps; and, close by, is a stand of carriages. An old man is seated beside one of the lions, puffing away with his long china pipe, while his truck stands still, and the dog that draws it is resting himself. The poor tired animal has curled himself round and is fast asleep, and most funny he looks in that position, the complete *abandon* and nature of which is such a contrast to all his trappings and harness, pointed collar, brass bells, &c. "Tout est aux écoliers couchette et matelas," says La Fontaine; this poor fellow, if he could speak, would say the same of a weary dog, who rolls himself up for a comfortable nap, in spite of all his finery.

But it is time for me to put a stop to my idle observations on "les passans," and move off the bridge.

There is no point so often discussed as that

very important one, whether or not German women dislike smoking. From all the questions I have asked, and the observations I have made, I rather incline to continue in the opinion I ventured to put forth very early in my journal-keeping days, viz., that it is not to them (those of the middle classes, I mean) the disagreeable thing that so many people pretend.

Some exceptions there are, of course. A pretty, fair-haired Saxon girl, who was netting a purse the other day, when I admired her work, said, "I am doing it for a gentleman. You will be surprised, for, you know, cigar-cases and tobacco-pouches are the presents one always gives *them*, but I do not like smoking, and so I never make these things for my gentlemen-friends, as other girls do."

Mrs. Trollope, however, certainly goes too far, and does an injustice to the German lords of the creation when she says, "The young men scruple not to approach the woman they love with sighs which make her turn her head aside, not to hide the blush of happiness, but the loathing of involuntary disgust."

These words came into my mind yesterday when we were sitting under the trees on the Bruhlische terrace, and a little scene was going on close by which I could not resist watching.

It was not unlike the one I had, before remarked at Cologne; a young lady at work and a young man leaning over her chair, puffing away most energetically his cigar. As far as I could see, there was certainly no "loathing" in the case. At the same time I must say, the gentleman did not appear to be smoking for smoking's sake. He was evidently doing it in much the same way that a young Englishman, similarly circumstanced, shuffles over the leaves of the unfortunate album lying before him upside down, or twists off the corners of some devoted fire-screen. The lady, I have not the least doubt, put many a wrong stitch in her worsted work, though she kept her blue eyes so earnestly bent upon it, and plied her needle so industriously. No—it was evident there was no "loathing" in the case. Mrs. Trollope's accusation recurred the more forcibly, because if smoking were a cause for disgust, in this instance certainly it would have been discontinued. If, indeed, my surmises as to the state of affairs were right, the young smoker in question would have sacrificed more cigars than one, rather than endanger his favour with his pretty companion.

After all, is it any wonder that German women should not dislike pipes and cigars, used

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story, was most curious. We could not follow the conversation or the lively sallies that were bandied to and fro; but an occasional "Das ist sehr gut, das ist sehr, sehr gut," ("That is very good, that is very, very good,") from the young Saxon, uttered with an expression of thorough and earnest enjoyment of the joke, that is indescribable, showed that something very witty was going on. Indeed I could hardly fancy it possible that so exquisitely keen a zest for the humorous, could be conveyed by two little words as this "sehr gut" expressed.

Next day it was my fortune to have this lively individual as a neighbour, but the only advance to intimacy between us, was his handing me the mustard with a very demure "S'il vous plait, mademoiselle." Since then he has sat next our party, every day with but three or four interruptions, and our acquaintance with Mr. Sch*****r has progressed very far beyond a help to mustard, or a s'il vous plait. He is a young jurisconsult, and accounts for some of the abounding liveliness which struck us so forcibly, by the close application and severe studies in which his mornings are spent. "At one o'clock," says he, "my Saxon spirits are like children let out of school."

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father, mother, sisters, and brothers, of whom you always speak so affectionately, residing close by in the Neue Stadt."

"What!" he exclaimed most vehemently, his eyes flashing and kindling, "would you have a man of four-and-twenty with two hands and a head, stay at home and eat the bread of dependence?—Never!——"

I might have expected this outbreak of spirited feeling. Indeed I was often wicked enough to provoke similar bursts from our vivacious friend; but he was too quick-witted to fall into the little traps I laid for him; he soon found me out, and often turned the tables upon myself, to his no small glee.

Mr. Sch*****'s thirst for information about England, its habits, manners, scenery, authors, everything,—is so insatiable, that I often regret he has not beside him a more competent answerer of his various queries. In his energy on these subjects he often wholly forgets the important business in hand, viz. dinner, and sends away plate after plate in the same untouched state in which the keller has placed it before him.

Books and authors are a favourite theme, and most unmercifully does he drain my poor stock of literary lore. Yesterday, however, we

CHRONICLER.

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abigail to repair the damage; but little was that cared for, while the long wreaths were brought home in triumph, and the guest made to sit on a mossy stone or trunk of a tree, until the curling tendrils and snowy bells were twined round his straw hat.

And then our holiday gala in the garden summer-house—that memorable day when, in reply to an invitation written in large-hand on the leaf of a copy-book, and duly despatched to “Crofton Croker, Esq., the Rookery,”—he came to tea at the juvenile hour of six. How good-humouredly he drank the said tea out of a set of tiny cups and saucers that would have suited his own Titania or Oberon, and how he delighted our young hearts afterwards by making sketches of his beloved Black-rock Castle on his thumb-nail, or else drawing pictures for us with a pencil made of burnt paper and candle-grease. Very soft and pretty these were by the way—I have one of them still, a moonlight scene, which I would not part with for the world.

These bye-gone days led to more modern times, and then followed the description of a visit paid us one summer, when our author, after legend-hunting all day among the mountains, arrived at our house late in the evening minus a

shoe. How the house was full of people, whom he contrived, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, and his loss to boot, to keep up half the night by his brilliant and varied powers of conversation. How one unfortunate poor gentleman of the party was fraudulently beguiled of his rest altogether. He, concluding very naturally that where the author was so very agreeable, the book might, perhaps, be so too, took up the "Fairy Legends" to his room in an evil hour, began to read, was tempted on from "the Haunted Cellar" to "the Brewery of Egg-shells," and had not got half-way with "Daniel O'Rourke and his *rapin'* Hook" to the Moon, when lo! the sun rose upon him instead, and left him little more than time to dress himself for breakfast.

Then again

One o'clock by the pendule!—and there goes the table d'hôte bell!

Wednesday night.—Whoever bestowed its name upon the "Hand-Book," did so certes in the spirit of prophecy, for it is literally in everybody's hand. It was amusing to-day, in the gallery, to see the little red book peeping out from beneath an arm, or out of a coat-pocket, a sure sign by which to recognise a compatriote the moment he entered the anti-chamber.

Every traveller is furnished with his "Guide-Book," or "Journal," or "Travels;" the result of the experience of some former rambler, and the severe criticisms, the thousand faults I hear every day found with these, make me grieve for the unfortunate authors. The "Hand-Book," however, finds favour with every one; and the cause of this I am quite convinced is, that it is so completely what it professes to be, "for travellers on the continent." Other tourists try to compass two objects, to amuse those at home, as well as inform those abroad, and this is a hopeless attempt. The task of the luckless old man and his ass, those two personages of biographical notoriety, was nothing to it! They are opposite tastes that cannot be united.

How often have I heard the personal adventures, the feelings and reflections of a tourist pronounced utter "nonsense" by readers abroad, and those pages skipped over in contempt that would be the very parts to interest readers at home. What do the latter care, seated in luxurious ease with dressing-gown and slippers on the fender, to be told that there is a good road between Fulda and Eisenach, or that the Hotel de Russie at Frankfurt is a better inn than the Weidenbusch. Then

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finding some individual to become responsible for him.

Besides these is a museum of natural history, zoology, mineralogy, fossils, &c.; in short, I cannot fancy any place where a person of refined and literary pursuits and a lover of study would be happier than at Dresden. But, alas! the gallery, the copper-plates, almost every one of these treasure-houses of learning and the fine arts, are closed in winter.

We have just returned from rather an interesting exhibition, the collection of porcelain in the Japanese palace. How delighted a genuine lover of china would have been, and how sorely tempted to break the tenth commandment! There are eight rooms full of china of every age and from every country, chronologically arranged, from the first bowl of rough brown unglazed porcelain that was ever made by the alchymist Botteger, who discovered the manufacture, down through various gradations of excellence to the splendid vase fresh from the fabric of Meissen. There are specimens of Sèvres porcelain, a present from Napoleon; and some genuine Wedgewoods from England; besides a few articles of the curious Serpent and green porcelain, the art of making which is unknown



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the "last day!" This place has grown upon us, and wound itself into our affections in a—I cannot say surprising way—for it is quite worthy of them. We were all disappointed with it, and now, though there are reasons against a longer stay, we are all grieved to bid it adieu.

I have just turned away from taking a long, long last look at the so-often admired view from my window at the Stadt Wien. I never close the casement without a good-night glance across the Elbe;—this is probably the last time I shall ever again see the moon rise behind the Frauenkirche.

It is late, and we are to start before day to-morrow, and yet, I know not why, I cannot resist the temptation of the paper lying open on the table. Perhaps it is on the same principle that some author, I forget whom, describes as one of the pleasures of writing, the power it affords of disburdening and thus sharing, as it were, the thoughts: making the dumb unconscious paper our confidant, and pouring out upon it feelings that would oppress us, if restrained.

Certainly it is in moments of depression that such little *soulagemens* are peculiarly required. We turn with a sort of yearning to any one or

anything we imagine likely to yield us sympathy, and receive our lamentations. The same remark may apply equally to happiness, or in short any excited state of feeling whatever. When there is too much for one, an irresistible instinct prompts us to impart it to another,—the happiness is doubled, the regret diminished one half.

CHAPTER X.

Leipsig—Different views of life by different dispositions—Strange contrast at the hotel—A German stove—A dissertation on tables-d'hôte.

LEIPSIG, *Saturday night*.—Here we are again in this interesting place, and yet with all its attractions it was with a heavy heart I placed my foot this morning on the step of the carriage that was to bring us to it.

How often it happens that the people one loves best in the world are those against whom one has been once prepossessed. It is the same way with places; and so it was that when I turned back to take a last look at Dresden this morning, the Frauenkirche, and the other domes and towers,—something suddenly swelled up between my eyes and them, that made everything invisible for a moment. Dear Dresden! how could we ever dislike it!—how could I ever write a word in its dispa-

ragement ! I would tear out the page, but that I leave it as a sort of record against myself, to keep up the compunction I feel for having done so : that compunction, which, in the case of people doubly endears one who has overcome a first impression, and twined round the heart in spite of itself.

And most lovely did they look,—those familiar domes and towers in the soft, beautiful gray mist of the early morning ; and lovely was the drive along the banks of the Elbe through village and vineyard, after Dresden had faded away in the far distance. We stopped at Meissen to visit the fine Gothic church built in the tenth century, and to admire the magnificent view it commands from its aerial height. We saw the picturesque castle close to it where the Dresden china is now manufactured, and then resuming our journey, the road, shortly before reaching Klappendorf, led us away from the Elbe. With that “ shining river ” was lost the chief interest of the day’s drive, and we were left to the souvenirs of the pleasant hours spent on its beautiful banks. How little we thought they would bring with them such regretful feelings !

What a different view of life is taken by different people ! Some live in the past, some in

the present, and others only in the future. This is owing, in a great measure, to disposition, but more, perhaps, to circumstances. We none of us know what a day may bring forth : persons of very sanguine, buoyant dispositions, and who have never experienced any check, forget the past and overlook the present in the hopeful anticipation of the dawning of a day yet brighter than any that has preceded it.

But with those, however cheerfully disposed by nature, to whom a day *has* come, and brought with it bitter anguish and blight, the case is far different. No wonder they should cling to the present with a feverish, —I had almost said desperate—fondness,—unwilling to part with the treasured blessings,—the happiness that may not be theirs to-morrow. No wonder they should shrink from an uncertain future, and be appalled at the thoughts of what “a day may bring forth.” Yet this is a wrong, a very wrong feeling to indulge, and like everything else that is unlawful, it brings its own punishment with it. I am sure, for I speak from experience, that an over-fondness for the present is almost as dangerous to happiness as viewing it with discontent. Both extremes proceed from the same cause, want of an entire trust in Him who holds

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But this again is want of faith :—we ought not to be anxious :—we are desired to “ be careful for nothing, but in everything,” (what a volume of comfort is in that little word—“ *everything!*”) “ by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to let our requests be made known unto God :”—and then comes that most heart-cheering promise—“ And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”

The study of the biographical parts of the Bible is very interesting in this point of view. They afford practical instances of the extent of the divine interference and superintendence in those minute, every-day matters which unassisted reason would pronounce unworthy the notice of so exalted a Being.

True we have promises in abundance to the same effect ;—we are told to commit our way unto the Lord,—to cast all our care upon Him, for he careth for us. Nay we are invited by the lips of the incarnate God himself to come unto Him, all that labour and are heavy laden,—and we have the assurance that the very hairs of our head are numbered. Yet, stubborn creatures that we are, we want facts, and proofs, and illustrations to convince us, and here we find them in this Book so admirably adapted

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on to secure rooms, our old friend the Oberkellner, out of breath with the beating rain and his efforts to keep up a flickering lantern, issued therefrom, and announced with a face full of dismay, that it was "alles besetzt," all occupied. "Lieber Herr, wir haben kein Platz, die ganze Stadt ist voll."—(Dear Sir, we have no room; the whole city is full.)

This was rueful intelligence at such an hour and in such weather, and knowing too, that the great fair of Leipsig,—the rendezvous of mercantile Europe, is coming on next week, and that people and goods from all parts are now pouring into the town. However, our trusty friend went on to say, that he had procured rooms in the Hotel de Pologne, and here accordingly we drove.

The scene of confusion that met us at the door of the Hotel de Pologne, was indescribable. Kellners flying about in all directions,—lights glancing to and fro,—dripping umbrellas,—crowds of people muffled up in cloaks pushing their way in,—sedan-chairs jostling and crossing each other, under the feet of the horses,—loud voices, calling, and shouting, and hackney-coachmen forcing up their rattling machines over the rough pavement.

As we stumbled up the stairs, giddy with fatigue and weariness, and half blinded by the

brilliant lights, we met crowds of people gaily dressed, frizzled, and perfumed, proceeding the same way. At the first landing there seemed a general halt, and great was the changing of shoes, and hanging up of wet cloaks, and passing of fingers through well-curved heads of hair, that was going on.

"There is a great ball here," said the keller; "eight-hundred people in the grand saal—it is given by the company of the railroad subscribers." (I think I mentioned before the railroad that is now in progress between Leipzig and Dresden.)

We had to traverse the brilliantly lit up rooms, laid out for supper, to get to our apartments. A pretty contrast we must have been to the gay doings and fine folks around,—three weary, way-worn travellers, thinking of nothing but their quiet beds. W—— with his dripping indian-rubber coat, and G—— and I with our tumbled, rumpled dresses, and bonnets crushed and bent into every imaginable shape: just as dresses and bonnets will get in a long drive in the dark, when cold, and sleepy, and tired, and miserable, one curls oneself up into a corner of the carriage, totally disregarding the damage incurred by those wearables on the occasion.

We have just supped off some of the good

things prepared for the revellers. Bouillon served up in coffee-cups with little paste accompaniments, — pudding stuffed with plums, &c. &c. All the gay company are similarly employed in the room outside this, and whenever the door opens, it admits a flood of brilliant light, a loud mingled din of merry voices, clattering knives and forks, and peals of light laughter ;— and a vision of moustachio'd beaux, and belles in white satin, flowers, and jewels.

Through this radiant assemblage are brought our spattered imperials, travelling-bags, book-baskets, &c., together with the vulgar nocturnal paraphernalia of our rooms ;— sheets, hot water, and warming-pans. The chambermaid gathering up the rejected pillows, bolsters, feather-bed-quilts, and manifold other superfluities of a German bed, boldly tucks all under her arms, and marches off with them through the company, with the most perfect stoicism. The incongruity of the whole thing is very ridiculous !

September 18th.—Another Sunday at Leipzig. As if to remind us of the last happy one passed here, our old friend the valet-de-place of the Blumenberg, came in to pay us a visit after breakfast this morning. It was he of whom I made mention as accompanying us to the

Lutheran church when we were last here, and whose fervent devotion preached us a sermon so impressive though so silent.

We were all delighted to see his pale, interesting face appear at the door, and the little attention of coming to see us when, of course, he could gain nothing by it, (for he is employed by an Irish family, Lord Chief Baron J——, now at the Blumenberg,) showed him to be superior to the generality of time-serving hirelings.

We had another delightful walk among the beautiful oriel windows, and Saxon arches of this place, so rich in ancient architectural beauty, and we have rambled through the acacias and willow-trees of the gardens and promenades by the water side. The windows are still full, up to the very topmost story, of blooming flowers,—and the birds are singing among the myrtles and hydrangias as of old. But in the promenades there is a change. There the marks and tokens of the declining year, begin to be strewn around by the unsparring hand of autumn, and the rustling of the withered leaves as they are crushed by the passing foot, proclaims that the glory of summer is departed.

There is a warning in the sound. Every sear

and yellow leaf as it gently detaches itself from the bough and comes whirling slowly downwards, until it descends at our feet, there to decay and turn to its native dust, has a voice, speaking though silent, which cannot be disregarded. It seems to whisper, "I too was once young, and fresh, and blooming—and now....." God grant us grace to lay to heart those simple lessons which our daily walks abroad afford us;—that we may not, when it is too late, have to join in that despairing cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

September 19th.—A few days before we left Dresden, we had a stove lighted for the first time. Never having had a trial of it before, and being taught to expect suffocation, stifling, and all sorts of uncomfortablenesses, we felt quite nervous at the prospect, and were agreeably disappointed to find no such results. However, this mode of getting warmed without knowing how, if I may so speak, is by no means satisfactory.

The whole process of fire-making, &c., goes on outside the door, as the stoves open into the passage, and are supplied with wood there. Nothing but an occasional crackle shows any

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dream, and which sometimes come across the waking imaginations even of those who have to do only with the plain prose of life.

If there be a spark of domestic feeling in the composition, (and I am sure there can be no one without some,) it kindles into a flame at the thought of these

“ Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness.”

The read-aloud book so often interrupted for the interchange of thoughts and opinions ;—the work—the music—the rendezvous at the fire which seems to concentrate and draw closer together household ties, and bring as it were to a focus the social endearments of life ;—the looks of calm happiness that “ brighten at the blaze ;—all those noiseless, unobtrusive pleasures that “ welcome peaceful evening in.”

Halle, Monday night.—We started from Leipsig after dinner, and at the end of about three hours’ drive through a flat, ugly country, are now in the very comfortable hotel of the Kron Printz, to which our guide-books did the injustice of pronouncing “ not good.”

Before leaving Leipsig to day, we had nearly as great a treat in the musical way as we have

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made a certain stay, people had time to become better acquainted.

Our salon there was next the dining-room, and before we went in, after the preliminary flourishes from the orchestra had announced that operations were about to commence, we could hear the scraping and sliding on the floor of the various guests greeting each other. Every one had been to see something in the morning, and there was great comparing of notes and mutual inquiries. It was easy to know that sight-seeing—and beautiful sight-seeing too,—was the order of the day at Dresden. I used to be amused at all the “*sehr habsch!*” and “*sehr schön!*” and “*wunderbar!*” and “*vortreflich!*” (“very pretty!”—“very beautiful!”—“wonderful!”—“excellent!”) that issued from every mouth in turn round the table.

Sometimes a traveller had just arrived from the Saxop Switzerland, and then there were so many inquiries as to what he had seen, and whether he had been pleased. Sometimes a party was starting for it, and then ensued hopes for fine weather, and kind hints about what was best worth seeing, and friendly endeavours to put them in the way of being most gratified.

I was greatly struck with this good-natured interest—this entering into the pleasures and

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I am sure the being brought thus into contact with our fellow-creatures, must have a beneficial influence on the mind. In the first place, meeting people of all nations and countries, must enlarge the ideas, and remove prejudices; in the next, it must tend to promote that feeling of love and good-will towards man, which it is the glory of Christianity to inculcate. It seems almost impossible for any one to be thus among so many human beings of "like passions" with himself, without finding his heart expand with benevolence and love towards them, and without offering up ardent prayers for their souls and bodies. How often, when I have looked round on all those people collected together from so many distant countries, the delightful thought has rushed into my mind, "And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

The roads now are literally covered with waggons going into Leipsig for the fair. Where all the goods that pour into it from all quarters on this occasion can be bestowed, it is hard to conceive; besides the forty thousand strangers who are to find room in the fourteen

thousand houses already apparently pretty well filled by their own population.

The English consul gave W—— a singular account of the way in which every atom of space from the second or third cellar underground, to the fifth row of dormant windows in the roof, is made available ; every stable, out-house, shed, archway, &c. is converted into a shop.

CHAPTER XI.

German beds—Eisleben, Luther's birth-place—Drive to Cassel—The Review—Wilhelmshöhe.

Heiligenstadt, September 21st.—There are two kinds of disappointments—agreeable and disagreeable ones. We have been destined to experience both to-day,—the latter in our drive, which was dreary and uninteresting, the former in this hotel, the Preuschisch Hof, which is excellent. We had been taught to expect quite the contrary, and are, therefore, agreeably surprised to find ourselves in a spacious three-windowed room, fitted up with looking-glasses, handsome painted ceiling, &c.

The Stube-mädchens (chamber-maids) have just made their appearance with wadded crimson silk counterpanes, like those we enjoyed so much at Weimar, and a pile of those snow-

white sheets of the beautiful Saxon linen, the only fault of which is in the quantity—not quality. They are now busily employed making up the beds, little imagining that all their labour is in vain, and that the first movement will be to demolish the goodly fabric they are erecting: for here every man (*i. e.* English) is his own bed-maker.

The German beds are a fertile subject of discussion. Basil Hall, in his “Schloss Hainfeld,” devotes an entire chapter,—and a very amusing chapter too,—to one. Every tour and guide-book has something to say about them—some new definition or illustration to give,—in fact, the work would not be complete without.

They certainly are a very striking feature in the characteristics of the country, and form quite a fashionable topic of conversation among travellers when they meet. Every one has some device of his own, and great are the ingenuity and powers of contrivance that are set to work in managing to procure some sort of nocturnal comfort. Mr. W—— (a young Englishman we met at Dresden) told us the other day, that in despair, he often tumbles out the whole concern,—pillows, mattresses and all, upon the floor, and there takes up his quarters; while his brother vowed, that the

only way to ensure a good night's rest, was to take a place in the diligence.

The fact is, the Germans do not lie in their beds: they sit in them, as it were, generally speaking, and this is why the first thing an English traveller has to do is to pull out half-a-dozen pillows and short wedge-shaped mattresses inserted in the top so as to raise the upper half until it is almost at right angles with the lower. So much for the pillows, of which we have counted as many as nine.

As for the dimensions of the bed, I cannot pretend to account. What a long-legged man, or even a tall woman does with his or her superfluity of limb is a mystery quite beyond me, and one I shall probably never be able to unravel. I only hope most sincerely the German dowagers never attain to the portly dimensions of some of the "merry wives" of England of a certain age; they certainly in this case would never find either hip or elbow-room in their narrow cribs.

Blankets there are none. A wadded counterpane called a *bett-decke* tied in between two narrow sheets the exact breadth of the bed, is the single and simple substitute. In winter a light feather-bed or down *couvre-pieds* is added to this. Woe to the luckless mortal who is

given to dreaming, or the indulgence of tossing in his slumbers. At the first turn, down slides the treacherous "*decke*" on the ground, leaving him exposed to the tender mercies of the frosty night air. G—— has a regular travelling establishment of sheets and blanket, the extravagant dimensions of which must strike the German *mädchens* as being most unreasonable, besides a grievous waste of material. W—— manufactures his couch with her rejected paraphernalia, added to his own:—every night he finds out some new improvement, and we tell him that before he leaves Germany he will certainly have reached perfection. Nevertheless,—despite of all his contrivances, which afford us an endless source of amusement, he is often edified by the sight of his own uncovered feet protruding up against the foot-board when he wakes in the morning.

Woe is me ! notwithstanding all the discomforts of a German bed, and the repeated infidelities of the *decke*, I am afraid I am not as alive to its evils as might devoutly be wished, when the sad time for our separation in the morning arrives !

The drive yesterday from Halle to Nordhausen, where we slept, was most uninteresting.—

There was hardly a tree to be seen, and all the beauty and riches of the country were under the surface instead of over, in the shape of silver, copper, and coal mines. We could not even say of the road as the Frenchman did of his *mignonette*, "*Ses qualités surpassent ses charmes*," for it was as bad as it was ugly; that is to say, they were making a new *chaussée*, which cut up the old in such a way that we came floundering along through mire and ruts enough to break the springs of the carriage.

We passed through the small town of Eisleben, hallowed by being the birth-place of Luther in 1483. The birth-place of Luther! what a distinction! It is indebted to accident for this honour, which invests it with an interest which not the proudest city in Germany can boast of.

Hans Luther, the father of the great Reformer, was an obscure miner, poor but respected, who lived in the little village of Mira, in the mountains on the borders of Bohemia. He was in the habit of coming into Eisleben for the *Yahrmarkt*, (the annual fair,) to make purchases for their little ménage with Margareta Lindermann his wife.

On one of these occasions, Margareta was looking forward to be a mother, and repaired to

Eisleben to make the necessary preparations for the event, intending to return home immediately. But she was prevented doing so by the unexpected birth of her child, the night of her arrival in the town.

Next morning Hans carried the infant into the church, and as it was St. Martin's day, had it christened after the saint. When his wife was sufficiently recovered to travel, they returned to their cottage in the mountain. Here were passed the infant days of him who was destined to become so powerful an instrument in the Divine hands,—such a burning and shining light to the christian world. How true it is that God chooses the weak and foolish things of this world to confound the wise and the strong!

The interesting house in which Luther first drew breath is close to the poste where we changed horses. His picture is over the door.

It was at Eisleben that the Reformer died in February, 1546. The Counts of Mansfeld, to whom the district belonged, had disagreed about the inheritance left them by their father. They could not decide on the boundaries of their respective allotments, and in this difficulty had recourse to Luther. They sent to him to Wittenberg, where he resided, requesting his presence at Eisleben.

Luther had been living in retirement for some time, preparing for the "better land," where he so ardently desired to be. His health and strength had given way under the great mental and bodily exertions of his laborious life, and he looked forward to his dismissal with joy. This extraordinary man was a striking instance of that deep humility which is the fruit of genuine Christianity. His learning,—the wonderful revolution in religion he had been the means of effecting despite the opposition of pope and potentate,—and the estimation in which he was held, might well have exalted him in his own eyes. So far from this being the case, he was continually reproaching himself with deficiency. A meek and lowly follower of the Saviour's example, the conviction of his imperfect attempts to reach the exalted standard so constantly before his eyes, occasioned him bitter regrets.

He left Wittenberg accompanied by his two sons, at Count Mansfeld's request, and in approaching Eisleben was attacked with his death sickness. He rallied, however, for a few days, arranged the business on which he had come, and even preached. On the 17th of February, he complained of weakness—and the same night breathed his last. His end was full of hope and

peace :—he literally “fell asleep in Jesus,” a few moments after Count Albert’s wife, who watched by his couch like a daughter, had bathed his temples with some sweet waters.

While the body lay in the little church at Eisleben, it was visited by a concourse of people, among whom were Princes, Electors, and the ladies of many noble houses. At the desire of the Elector of Saxony it was afterwards removed for interment to Wittenberg,—the young Counts of Mansfeld heading the funeral procession.

At Sangarhausen, a neat little village, we stopped to dine, and, *mirabile dictu!* were shown into a room in the *Preussische Hof* without any beds in it. This is very rare in German hotels,—the very large ones excepted. As all the eating goes on in the *grand saal*, the other rooms are generally arranged for sleeping in. This, however, makes but little difference, as one hardly remarks the little curtainless things that take up no more space, and make no more fuss in the corner, than a couple of small loungers in an English sitting-room.

Nordhausen is rather a considerable town, and the *Römishe Kaiser* tolerably comfortable.

After leaving it the road approaches the Hartz forest, and there are some miles of

improved scenery. We saw, on our right, capped in mist, the haunted Brocken—that mystic rendezvous of spectre, witch, and evil spirit,—where they celebrate their wild, unearthly, midnight orgies. The Brocken is the very centre and strong-hold of German legend and superstition.

But altogether the country, though most highly cultivated, is quite devoid of interest; the day too has been cold and miserable, with occasional sharp, sleet-like showers, which did not improve the appearance of the bleak, bare mountain region through which we passed.

The warm stove in this hotel,* and some hot soup served up in English tea-cups, are by far the most interesting objects (the Brocken *perhaps* excepted) we have seen to day. Apropos, the quantity of English china we meet here is very strange. At Frankfort in the great hotel de Russie, nothing else is used. Even at Dresden, there it was again!—regular “Spode” with the everlasting blue birds, the two cows looking at themselves in the stream, and the gentleman and lady under a crooked umbrella.

* The Preussische Hof, in the humble village of Heiligenstadt, proved to be the cheapest as well as one of the best inns we met with in Germany.

It seems inconceivable how any one can take the trouble of bringing the common blue ware, so despised with us, all the way from England to Dresden.

Cassel, Sept. 22nd.—Yesterday and the day before our books were in full requisition; to-day they lay unopened in their baskets and pockets, the scenery the whole way was so beautiful. After leaving the pretty, picturesque, half-town half-village of Heiligenstadt, the country began to improve in beauty. There was an air of primitive, rustic simplicity about the peasants, their abodes, and their occupations, that was very interesting. Just outside the town were two old men in quaint-looking cocked-hats, exchanging pinches of snuff out of their large round boxes. Shortly after, we met an immense drove of cows slowly making their way towards some distant mountain, where they were to pass the day. A shrivelled hag, her grey hairs streaming out from beneath the scarlet kerchief that covered her head, and wrapped in a blue mantle, urged them on with shrill cries. Her wild appearance, as she tossed her arms in the air, like a witch at her incantations, her long staff, and the large sym-

bolic-looking figures on her mantle, corresponded well with the wild scenery and mystic associations of the Hartz.

The road wound along by a beautiful stream bordered by willows, on the side of which peasant girls, with their picturesque red and blue ribbons flying in the wind, were mowing the fragrant grass and raking it into heaps. This way of treating meadows, mowing them constantly, and using the produce in grass, gives the country a very cultivated appearance, every field looking as green and carpet-like as a well-kept grass-plot. In one picturesque little hamlet we met a flock of speckled, shaggy goats, proceeding leisurely down the long narrow street to the sound of their tinkling bells. All these flocks of animals, sheep, goats, cows, geese, &c., each with its two guardians, biped and quadruped, are very interesting and pastoral. The sheep always follow the shepherd, instead of being driven by him. We often see both man and dog walking down the mountain, and behind, at a little distance, the whole flock leaping from crag to crag, jostling and hurrying down after them like so many children. Even in a town I have seen the shepherd walking up a street, and the patient, docile creatures following him entirely

of their own accord through every turn and winding.

The road now got deeper into the forests, and the scenery assumed somewhat of the vast, sublime character of that in the neighbourhood of Eisenach. In one respect it was more beautiful, from the rich glowing colouring which autumn now flung over the forests. The effect was indescribable; the deep red and bright golden tints mingling with the masses of grey rock that rose out from among them. Every wind of the road brought us in view of some magnificent swell of mountain, clothed up to the top with forests of a thousand changeful hues,—sober browns and yellows, and brilliant dyes of purple and scarlet blending together in the most beautiful harmony. We passed, on the right, the picturesque old ruins of the castle of Handstein, rising boldly up on the summit of a verdant hill, surrounded by a belt of trees. Their form and situation reminded me of the ivy-clad ruins of Carrig-o-Gunniel Castle, in the county of Limerick.

There is something very touching in coming suddenly on one of these old castles, standing there mouldering into decay in the midst of all that is fresh and green and inhabited ;—a silent memento mori, a monument of the transitoriness

and instability of all earthly things. Its busy tenants have long passed away, and all the stirring events so full of interest to them—their whole world perhaps—(for, alas! to how many is this world the only one)—are at an end. Even the traditions that recorded them are lost; their very memorial has perished with them!

And the actors themselves!—they have disappeared; but only for a time. They await the reckoning day—

..... the day
Which none unholy ought to name, the day
Of judgment! greatest day, past or to come.
Day of eternal gain, for worldly loss;
Day of eternal loss, for worldly gain!

These reflections involuntarily come home to ourselves: they knock at the door of our hearts with a warning and a solemn voice. We, too, shall be no more. In a few short years, the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, the restless projects and fond affections, and all the thousand emotions that now swell the anxious bosom, and throb and flutter through the busy brain, shall be hushed and still. In a few short years, even the tears of those who

loved us and mourned our loss shall have ceased to flow. We, too, shall be forgotten—our hearths shall be deserted, our homes shall have mouldered into ruins. Thus “the fashion of this world passeth away.”

But there is another—a bright, an everlasting rest. *There* no crumbling remains of mortality shall, as with us, be ever ringing in our ears the mournful knell of time. Oh! that we kept that distant home more constantly in view—that we trained our minds to contemplate it with more hopeful and joyous feelings—that we sought more earnestly and prized more intensely Him who is the door and the way to it!

But a truce to my reflections.

We were now in the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel. Shortly after crossing the frontier, marked by a post bearing the national red and white stripe, a magnificent view suddenly opened upon us; an amphitheatre of wooded hills, rising one behind the other, with a fine old castle, (Arnstein,) the centre and foreground of the picture, perched up on a lofty eminence directly in front. A bright gleam of sunshine lit up the hill behind the castle, bringing out into vivid distinctness the gorgeous colouring of the trees and rocks, while beyond, all lay in

mist, the cloud-like, shadowy forms of the mountains fading away until their outline was lost in the far distance.

Sept. 24th.—If we suffered the loss of a whole day, and a disappointment to boot, by our visit to Wilhelmsbad, the palace of the Kurfürst of Hesse, near Frankfort, both have been amply atoned for by an expedition yesterday to Wilhelmshöhe, his summer abode, near this.

The natural beauties that surround this delightfully situated little capital, Cassel, render the improvements of art, which have been lavishly bestowed upon it, peculiarly successful. There are some good houses in the new town, and three or four large "Places."

This hotel, the König von Preussen, is in the König's Platz, a circular inclosure; and beyond it is Friedrich's Platz, the largest square in Germany, with a statue of Friedrich himself, much larger than life—at least in the lower extremities, it is to be hoped,—in the centre. I never saw such a leg as they have given him; like Vestris's, it certainly can have but one fellow. The sculptor had most gigantic ideas of the solidity of the Elector's understanding; but unluckily the French did not treat it with

due respect: they were so annoyed at the clumsy extremities, that they shot down the statue for no other reason. It lay prostrate until Wilhelm, in 1818, replaced his parent on his ponderous supporters. Friedrich's Platz has no beauty to boast of but its size. On one side is the Museum, the handsomest building in the town, and the elector's palace. Another side is without houses, so as to afford a view of the splendid country beyond, and the fine public garden (the Augarten) immediately beneath.

We saw this beautiful Augarten to the best advantage yesterday morning, as there was a review of all the troops in Cassel, and some which came in from out-quarters six leagues off, held in it. There were between two and three thousand men, infantry, cuirassiers, fusiliers, carabiniers, artillery, &c.

When we got to the Augarten we found all the staff, generals, aide-de-camps, &c., their plumes flying in the wind, drawn up outside a large gateway, waiting for the arrival of the Kurfürst. Presently he came galloping down the hill with his officers and a body of mounted servants. He is a handsome young man, fine figure, fair complexion, and a very prepossessing countenance. What a grievous thing that

by his domestic arrangements he should have deprived himself of that respect and admiration which his manners and appearance are so well calculated to excite.

It is remarked that the errors of parents are usually avoided by their children, but unfortunately, this rule does not hold good in the electoral family of Hesse; the cause of the expulsion of the ex-electoral prince from the government is known to all, and yet in point of morality the Hessians have no reason to boast of the exchange.

For some time previous to the change of government, the neglected wife of the Electoral prince had left Cassel and lived at Bonn with her son and daughter. It was there at his mother's soirées that the young Kurfürst, the present Regent, commenced an attachment which still exists, and which has been the cause of so much regret to his family and subjects.

The Electress is now living here. She returned to Cassel when the Electoral prince and his companion were chasséd by the people, and resides in a palace beautifully situated over the Augarten;—she is said to be very much respected and loved. Poor thing! her trials have been great—disappointed first in her husband, then in her only son. For a long time she refused

to see the latter, but the court of Prussia interfered and a nominal reconciliation took place.

It was a beautiful sight yesterday—all the Hessian troops drawn up in the Augarten, with a back-ground of such scenery! forest, and mountain, and rock, piled one above the other as far as the eye could reach. The Kurfürst, followed by all his staff, rode along the lines, who cheered as he passed. The gay uniforms and glittering arms of the party, the white plumes dancing and fluttering, now disappearing, and then gleaming out from among the foliage as they galloped under the trees, had a very pretty effect. The beautiful horses too, full of fire and spirit, prancing, neighing, and seeming to enter into the animation of the brilliant scene quite as much as any of the other actors therein, added not a little to its interest.

A striking contrast to all the glitter and bustle and waving feathers, were the groups of statues round the garden, standing there so cold, so motionless, so pure, so snowy white, looking down upon the gay parade, as if they resented their sylvan solitudes being intruded upon.

We were admirably well placed, just behind the Kurfürst, so that we had a full view of all

After dinner we started for Washington. It is three hours from the hotel and crossing the Potomac River into the States. The boat is a comfortable one and the trip is very pleasant. The scenery is very beautiful and the trip is very interesting. We arrived in Washington at 10:30 P.M. and stayed at the Hotel. The trip was very pleasant and the scenery was very beautiful. We arrived in Washington at 10:30 P.M. and stayed at the Hotel. The trip was very pleasant and the scenery was very beautiful.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the situation.

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Presently there came a hoarse, rumbling, rushing sound, and "es kommt—es kommt!" ("it comes—it comes!") issued from the crowd. The whole torrent came dashing over the stones, and, rushing under the bridge, fell in a body of spray and foam with a tremendous noise down the precipice. It now proceeded along the aqueduct, the spectators being in advance, and reaching the bottom in time to witness the last grand fall. This was very fine, the depth being one hundred and three German feet, and the concentrated body of water considerable. But the crowning piece of the exhibition yet remained—a magnificent jet d'eau, said to be the highest in Europe, which rises out of a little lake behind the palace. The water is thrown up nearly two hundred feet in the air. I never saw anything so lovely. It looked, through the cloud of thin transparent spray that floated round it like a veil, like some tall, shadowy, mysterious being—so ethereal, so radiant and spirit-like, so exquisitely pure. The falling water descended in light feathery flakes and clouds of mist, forming an aerial drapery round the figure, the dazzling whiteness and effect of which is perfectly indescribable. While we were looking, the sun shone out behind the watery column, and the ap-

pearance of its rays, reflected through the mist, was like magic: they formed as it were a glorious star composed of light so radiant and glittering, that it would have been impossible to look upon it but for the soft, silvery haze that appeared to increase the lustre, while it took away from the brightness. In short, the effect of the whole thing was peculiarly beautiful. I never saw anything like it.

After wandering about amongst the gardens and conservatories, which are in excellent order, we rejoined the carriage at the foot of the hill. We were just stepping into it, when a royal equipage with six horses and out-riders drove up. In it were the Electress and her remaining unmarried daughter, who alit close by, which afforded us an excellent view of them. The Electress, whose misfortunes have rendered her so interesting, is a very prepossessing-looking person, with great sweetness, and the remains of beauty in her countenance. She now leads a very retired life—receives but seldom, and gives away half her revenues in charity.

There is an excellent carriage-road through the forest the whole way up the mountain, as far as the summit where stands the Hercules.

The view from this is magnificent. You are absolutely suspended over a variegated carpet of forest, and the town of Cassel, with all the surrounding villages, and chateaux, the river and plains of Fulda, are spread out far beneath at your feet.

W—— proceeded to mount the octagon, a huge pile of rough unhewn stones, and to pay his devoirs to the gigantic Hercules, who very hospitably accommodates no fewer than eight persons in his club alone. G—— and I were not so aspiringly disposed, and moreover, being very cold and not a little tired, were glad to get back to our cloaks and the carriage, and to commence a descent by the zig-zag road.

We stopped opposite a little gast-haus to wait for W——, and amused ourselves by watching the scene going on before it. Among the array of little tables and benches that, as usual, were drawn up near it, only one was occupied. Four young men were seated round this, enjoying their bottles of pale, thin, watery-looking wine. However, they did not require any inspiration from the juice of the grape, for I never saw such a party of merry, joyous, light-hearted creatures, so full of mirth and fun, it was quite delightful to see them! One particularly attracted our notice — a clever-

looking, laughing-eyed, roguish youth, evidently the wit and leader of the party. His green cap was perched up on the side of his head in a comical manner, leaving a mass of fair curls to peep out from beneath it. Presently a bright idea seemed suddenly to strike him, for he threw down his cigar, and called for something at the door of the gast-haus. Out came a poor, deformed, dwarfish, melancholy little creature, who acted as waiter, bearing on a plate a thick slice of black sour bread and some butter. This the hero in the green cap triumphantly seized, and commenced an attack upon forthwith. There was a loud shout from the others at their luxurious companion: however, they resolved not to be outdone by him; the poor little dwarf was summoned with more black bread and butter, and the appearance of the dainty seemed to increase marvellously the merriment of the party. Our friend in the cap got gallantly through his slice;—indeed he looked like one who would put his whole energies in whatever he was about.

When we drove away, they all stood up, and off flew every cap, partly out of German politeness, and partly, I dare say, in acknowledgment of all the notice we had bestowed on them.

A few minutes' longer descent brought us opposite a mimic castle, called the Löwenburg. It is a regular model of a fortress, with moat, drawbridge, and towers, and very pretty. The rooms are all furnished in the olden style, and the walls covered with tapestry. One of them, a circular chamber, is called the panorama-room, and a perfect bijou it is without doubt. The windows are circular, and such views as they command ! The effect of standing in the middle of this apartment is very peculiar : it is as though you were surrounded by circular pictures of enchanting and ever-varying beauty, hung upon the walls, or rather inserted in them. The brilliancy of the day was peculiarly favourable to scenery, and surely never did sunshine light up a more lovely prospect, more rich and glowing autumnal hints.

We crossed the little court-yard to the fairy chapel opposite. The light came in here mellowed and softened through the stained glass windows, and there was something very tranquillizing in the effect of this dim religious hue.

One solitary tomb,—that of the Elector who built the castle,—is there, and perhaps from being the only one, strikes more forcibly as a memento mori,—a silent reminder of what is

the end of all human plans and devices. A single sunbeam streaming down through a bright yellow pane, fell across the grave. It looked emblematical of the cheering ray of hope and anticipation that gilds the dark cold sepulchre.

CHAPTER XII.

Picture-gallery at Cassel—Museum—Mr. Mouse—
Marble bath—Legends of Henry the Lion and Prince
Hubert—Reflections suggested by them.

September 26th.—The picture-gallery here is excellent. Even after the incomparable gallery at Dresden, where, not a fortnight since, we were feasting our eyes, the Cassel collection suffers no disparagement. Three or four hours may be delightfully spent there, and without the bewildered sensation that oppresses the mind at Dresden, even after many visits have comparatively familiarised it with such an overwhelming display of beauty.

The Cassel gallery boasts a number of Rembrandts, some choice Wouvermans, several Guidos, Vandykes, &c. It ought, however,

to be richer. At the time that Napoleon skimmed the cream of the treasures of Europe to transfer them to Paris, one hundred and ninety-nine of the choice pictures here were sent there with the rest. Part of these, forty in number, he made a present to Josephine, and they remained at Malmaison until her death, when they were sold by her heirs to the Emperor of Russia. These, among which were three Claude Lorraines, and a valuable Paul Potter, were lost to the gallery, though it recovered the others at the time the rifled treasures were restored to their several lawful owners.

The picture which has left the strongest impression on my mind, is a splendid Rembrandt, Jacob blessing the sons of Joseph,—the figures the size of life. The two children are standing beside the bed of the aged patriarch. One of them, a round, rosy-faced cherub, is looking up with childish innocence and curiosity, while the other bends his graceful head beneath the uplifted hands of the old man. The expression of the downcast eyes and countenance of this child is quite angelic—the little hands are clasped together, and the fair hair, parted on the brow, falls in long waving curls over the shoulders. At the bed's head

stands Joseph watching his children with intense interest:—his countenance is beautiful. A little apart from the others, behind the children, is his wife. Her hands are folded and her eyes half cast down;—the love of the mother and the retiring meekness of the woman, are exquisitely blended in her lovely face and attitude. There is a rich yellow colouring, a peculiar golden glow over the whole of this painting, that has an enchanting effect.

Another most interesting picture is the death of Cleopatra, by Guido. There is something so thrilling in this, it is almost impossible to take the eyes off it. One arm is flung back over the head, the other hangs down at the side motionless, lifeless, every nerve relaxed. The beautiful lips are halfunclosed, and the eyes not shut as in slumber, but with the lids only just meeting as it were, over the ball. You see at once it is death, not sleep; and yet there is nothing ghastly in it. A slave stands bending over the dying queen in an attitude of despair, with her hands clasped upon her bosom. The warm rich colouring of life on this figure contrasts well with the marble whiteness of Cleopatra's beautiful form; her energetic action with the breathless repose, the utter stillness that pervades the features on which she is gazing.

There is a heavenly Madonna, also by Guido; and near it, Sophonisba receiving the poison from her husband's messenger; and Sophonisba dying, also by him.

Among the many Rembrandts is a portrait of his friend Kopenol, drawn at full length, mending a pen. I never saw anything like the *mind* in this picture; the expression in the forehead is quite extraordinary; you actually see him think. There are some very pretty Mœris, and two or three Teniers; a large one by the latter, the old subject, a Dutch merry-making—and a capital little picture of an old man having his corns extracted. The rueful face of the old man, and the business-like, humbugging expression of the operator, surrounded by bottles of sundry shapes and sizes and a formidable array of instruments, are admirable.

The collection is shown by a very intelligent old man, the Herr Professor as they call him, with a net-work of the kindest-looking wrinkles round his eyes and mouth. He is quite an enthusiast about the paintings, and his remarks on them are very interesting. He passed many years of his life in Rome, and speaks Italian beautifully: he also speaks French very well. When we remarked on his proficiency as a linguist, the energetic old gentleman exclaimed,

"Yes! but if I knew English! I *can* speak a few words, and, were it not that I am so very old now, I would set about learning the language at once!"

We have just returned from seeing the Museum. After the Rust-kammer and Grüne Gewölbe at Dresden, one could hardly expect to be very much interested here; nevertheless there are some curious objects in the Cassel collection. It contains several antiques from Herculaneum and Pompeii—vases, bronzes, and gracefully-shaped culinary utensils—also several statues in bronze and marble; among them some antiques and basso-relievos.

One room is entirely devoted to clocks and watches, and there are some very curious quaint designs among them. There is an extraordinary old pendule, made at Oxford, with groups of grotesque figures, birds, animals, &c. about it. The machinery sets a number of these strange creatures hopping, pirouetting, and performing sundry evolutions, which have a most funny effect. Under a glass case is a clock, made entirely by the hands of one of the Electors of Hesse, who took great delight in mechanical pursuits.

This room, with all the variously constructed

clocks set going, has an odd, busy appearance that is very amusing. Some of them go through their operations very noisily, and make a considerable display of their activity. We remarked one where a little ball kept flying at an immense pace through a set of winding brass grooves; and another where a marble lady, as large as life, though looking cold and immovable, had nevertheless a most anxious throbbing heart, in the shape of a great loud-ticking watch. This Amazon had a pistol in her hand, very harmlessly contrived for lighting a taper: on touching a spring, the sparks produced by the flint and steel communicated with a candle, which flew up ready lit.

There is a very interesting collection of specimens of different species of woods, ingeniously made up in the form of a library. Each specimen forms a volume: the back is made of the bark—the sides, top, and bottom, of the wood in different stages of its growth. The name of the tree is lettered at the back. The book forms a little box, in which, when you open it, you find arranged the leaves, the seed, the fruit, and the flower, either dried or modelled in wax; also a little specimen of the wood converted into charcoal. Altogether, this vegetable library is a very ingenious contrivance. : We opened

two volumes: one was a kind of fir; the cone, leaves, &c. of this were the natural ones, dried. The other was an apple; and of this the fruit and flower were in wax. On the lids of the boxes is a written description of the nature and properties of the tree, the soil fit for it, way of cultivation, &c.

I was delighted with a collection of beautiful little cork models of the buildings at Rome. Never having seen any of the kind before, I had no idea of the very pretty effect of the substance and colouring of the cork. It imitated the rough, broken, stained appearance of the ruins perfectly, and where there were bas-reliefs, they were executed in composition. There were the Pantheon, Coliseum, temple of Fortune, temple of Minerva, triumphal arch of Titus, grotto of Egeria,—in all, thirty-six beautiful little models. Each fairy temple and building was a bijou in itself. They were done by an Italian artist, named Chichi, and bought by Friedrich II. at Rome.

This Friedrich is at Cassel what the redoubtable August der Stark was in Dresden. During his visit to Rome, he became so captivated with the “pomp and circumstance” of its religion, that he abandoned for it the creed of his country and his fathers. On his return to

Cassel he built the Roman Catholic chapel at the corner of Friedrich's Platz, died in that faith, and was buried in the chapel instead of with his Protestant ancestors. His subjects were very much annoyed at this change of religion. His wife deserted him forthwith, going off to Hanau with her children, where she remained ever afterwards. This circumstance occasioned a grand difference of opinion to-day between me and our valet-de-place, a little, round-backed, wrinkled old man, of four feet high, who rejoices in the very appropriate name of Herr Maus (Mr. Mouse). The little man strongly maintained the Kurfürstin's right to abandon her liege lord; and though we argued the matter the whole way across the Friedrich Platz, I could not succeed in persuading him that the lady's conduct was quite unjustifiable.

Doubtless little Mr. Mouse forgets the advice to the fair contained in the 10th verse, 7th chapter of 1st Corinthians.

One of the curiosities of this place is an immense marble bath, built by one of the Electors named Carl, who seems to have had very extensive ideas—on the subject of spending money in particular. That lavished on this might certainly have been better bestowed.

The walls of the circular marble chamber are in compartments, in each of which is a scene in mythology, done in alto-relievo. Round the bath are ranged statues, the work of Stephen Monnot, an artist of the last century. The tout-ensemble is very graceful; but there is something absurd in all this sculpture thrown away on a bath. It is large enough to swim about in, and would have done famously for the aquatic feats which we saw the Duchess de Berri perform *en pleine mer*, some time since, at Boulogne. There would be room enough even for the poissardes who formed a ring round her, while she swam and floated about with her head dressed in full ball coiffure.

Monday evening.—Among the number of traditions that belong to almost every spot in this land of legendary lore, there is an oft-repeated one of Henry the Lion, who, while hunting in a forest, near Lubec in Hamburg, is said to have met with a stag, bearing the resemblance of a cross between his horns. This apparition had the effect of reclaiming the Prince from a vicious course of life: a cathedral, the Dom-Kirche, was erected on the spot; and in it are two fresco paintings portraying and perpetuating the event.

A similar tale to this is recorded in the Ardennes. Hubert, a dissolute prince, the patron of hunters and sportsmen, was in the habit of hunting in the forest that now bears his name. He was a person of the most abandoned character, fearing neither God nor man; and, in defiance of both, made it a practice to devote to the chase Sundays, holydays, and the sacred festivals of the church.

One Good Friday, Prince Hubert was following the hounds, when suddenly a stag darted out of a thicket before him, which, he fancied, had between its horns the semblance of the cross on which he had trampled so daringly. He was instantly struck with remorse and conviction, and from that day forth became an altered man. He abandoned his profligate habits, devoted himself to the service of religion, led a life of prayer and good works, and employed all his revenues in charity. This prince founded the fine Gothic abbey church of St. Hubert, in the little town of that name in the midst of the Ardennes forest.

Tales of this kind are generally scoffed at, and considered absurd and superstitious; and yet one would imagine the importance of the result would remove all disposition to ridicule.

Anything that leads to such consequences—a total change of heart and life, a renouncing of sin, a devotion to the Redeemer, in short, all that, as far as we may be allowed to judge, will, we humbly trust, end in the salvation of an immortal soul, can be no other than the direct work of God. Where this is at stake, all is of indeed immense and awful import. A soul!—that precious thing, compared to which this perishing world and all its engrossing interests are but as a worthless drop of water: a soul! that must live on through countless, endless ages of happiness or misery, when kingdoms and empires shall have crumbled into nothing: the mind is lost in this contemplation; and this it is that checks the smile which would otherwise come at tales such as the above.

I may be wrong; and my impressions on the subject may differ from those of persons older, wiser, more experienced. “All this is imagination,” they may urge. True, it is and must be imagination, for the times of miracles and supernatural influences are past; and yet may we not believe that God makes use of this powerful property to affect the hearts of his creatures? The imagination is as essential a part of man as his bodily senses: in many

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his love towards the children of men? Oh! it is a delightful thing to look abroad in the world, and mark his dealings with poor, wayward sinners! Even in the narrow circle of our own friends and acquaintances, we see, one after another—here an individual, and there a family—brought into that little flock of which Christ is the shepherd.

In some the change is sudden, in others gradual. Sometimes a violent illness will bring a careless one to the very verge of the grave, and all the fearful realities of the unknown future will flash with overpowering distinctness on his view. Sometimes a slow, steady, mental process—an almost unfelt operation, as gradual as it is sure—will cause the convictions of eternal things to take root in the heart; and at others a long train of worldly disappointments will produce the same blessed effects, and drive the weary spirit to lay up its treasures in heaven.

Affliction is the most frequent, perhaps the most effectual, method. The desire of our eyes is taken away at a stroke: perhaps the mother that watched over our childhood, that soothed with sleepless affection our infant griefs, and shared in riper years our every joy and sorrow,

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The Redeemer has sto
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But how I have wa

Truly there is nothing half so interesting going on in our world as this process;—the hand of Omnipotence is so clearly and distinctly visible throughout.

CH.

A male knitter—Co.
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September 27th.—
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at Schwalbach, as a
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1880-1881

manly fingers, reminded me of the old story of Hercules and the distaff of Omphale.

The custom here of having criminals to clean the streets may be a very good one, but it is very revolting to witness. The day we drove into Cassel a party of them were employed at the entrance of the town, and the shock of coming suddenly upon them was very painful. Several bad, malignant countenances, evidently hardened in guilt, were among the group, and a face of this kind is so rare in Germany, that it strikes the more forcibly.

This morning I was standing on the balcony outside our window, watching one of the most glorious skies I have seen a long time. The clear azure was flecked with light masses of cloud in every variety of silver-gray and deepening purple, and these floated gently on with a slow heaving motion, that gradually changed their forms, without disturbing their beauty. I had been gazing up for some minutes at the pure, bright heavens, when suddenly withdrawing my eyes, they fell upon a group of these wretched criminals, who had come into the Königsplatz since I had stepped out on the balcony, and were now at work immediately under it.

What a painful transition it was! A con-

trast, indeed, from the thoughts that such a sky must inspire, were those unfortunate beings in their ghastly, shroud-like prison dresses,—with iron chains and manacled limbs, yoked to a cart like beasts of the field, guarded by a sentinel with a loaded musket. My poor, degraded fellow-creatures, and fellow-sinners!—for are not the seeds of the same vices in every one of us, withheld from springing up only by the mercy of God, who shields us from temptation?—It was indeed impossible to look on them without a thrill of sympathy and compassion, and an ardent prayer, that before their miserable life was ended, they might repent and be forgiven.

While one party dragged the cart from place to place, another swept the pavement and filled in the load. One of the sweepers, attracted perhaps by seeing me look so earnestly at them, moved closer to the window and took off his cap. My first impulse was to retreat from the balcony, but I was arrested by the mournful and humbled expression of the poor convict's face. Poor fellow! he seemed pleased and grateful at being taken notice of:—a kind look, alas! was perhaps a rarity to him.

In a moment or two, the soldier called him in a rough voice, and he was hurried away with the

rest. I saw him look back towards the balcony, taking off his cap and bowing humbly each time, while crossing the Königsplatz ; but soon they turned out of it into a side street, and I saw them no more.

When we went down stairs to dinner, that melancholy countenance haunted me still. It was not long, however, before a little scene, novel to a British eye, attracted my attention to the upper end of the room.

At this end there sits a German baron,—I forget his name,—a tall, stout man, with immensely bushy moustachios, some forty years old, or thereabouts. He is staying at this hotel, and occupies the room next our salon, where we hear him singing or whistling German and Italian airs from morning till night. Sometimes, perhaps, out of compliment to his neighbours at our side of the partition, he gives us “ God save the King ” and “ Rule Britannia,” in excellent taste, and at the full extent of a clear, fine voice.

This stout baron was seated quietly in his usual place, and dinner was proceeding, when suddenly the door opened, and a man of about his own age and figure, rejoicing likewise in a huge pair of reddish moustachios, entered. The baron sprang up, dashed his napkin across his

mouth, and a sonorous embrace took place between the two friends, that re-echoed through the room. When Greek met Greek, ensued the tug of war,—but it was nothing to the concussion of one moustachiod lip encountering the other at this energetic greeting. There was no evasion in the matter, no touching of cheeks or foreheads, or other half-measures,—but a regular bonâ fide, honest, sounding kiss, as much as it was possible for two pairs of lips to perpetrate.

I suppose this is an ordinary sort of proceeding between German gentlemen, for it excited no surprise. I felt quite ashamed of the irresistible impulse that made me start and turn round at the unexpected salute, when I saw all the other guests quietly plodding through their tough bouilli, without taking the slightest notice of it.

September 28th.—This was intended to have been a very pleasant day, and so it was, though not so much as we expected. Despite the shortening days and a long journey to Paris in prospect, we could not resist the temptation of lingering here for another visit to beautiful Wilhelmshöhe. On the last occasion, we did not see the interior of the palace, and this was quite

a sufficient excuse for another day of enjoyment.

This morning, accordingly, we turned our backs upon the "King of Prussia's" table-d'hôte, and though the weather looked very lowering, our faithful "Mouse" assured us, there would be no rain. When people are anxious to believe a thing, it is wonderful how accommodating their judgments become: away we drove, Mouse on the box beside the coachman.

We went by a different road from the last; another fine avenue of chesnut-trees running parallel to it, from whence there was a different, though still a lovely view of the palace and grounds. It led through a sweet village, Kirchdilmold. Wooden houses, with their little gardens and orchards, where the rich purple plum vied with the clusters of golden apples, beneath which the trees were bending,—shelving rocks, and piles of wood, were all scattered about in picturesque confusion. We remarked a group of lovely children under a tree, playing by the banks of a clear stream. One fair, curly-headed little cherub of five years old, sitting with one leg in the water, I cannot forget:—such a little beauty! He had an apple in his hand, and the rosy fruit was not more bright or blooming than his cheeks.

In the centre of the village was a house a little better and larger than the others, but still on the same construction. A middle-aged man, with a mild, benevolent countenance, was leaning out of one of the pretty casement windows. "That is the Herr Pastor," said our guide, "this house is his." I could not help thinking how happy he must be surrounded by his flock in that sweet village!

His church, a very fine one by the way for so small a place, was on a height beyond the parsonage.

There is a hotel at Wilhelmshöhe, in the grounds within a hundred yards of the palace. How different are continental ideas from ours! Such a thing as this close beside the mansion of an English country gentleman, (to say nothing of the palace of a sovereign prince,) would drive him out of his senses—certainly out of his place. It is a very fine hotel. There are large saals down stairs, one with an orchestra, and fitted up with looking-glasses, capable of accommodating three hundred at dinner. They constantly have that number in summer. Overhead are suites of rooms as well furnished, and scrupulously clean, as in the nicest English house. I know no place where two or three summer months could be more delightfully spent than here. Any one in this hotel would have

precisely the same enjoyment of the lovely scenery and improvements of Wilhelmshöhe, as the Elector himself.

After ordering dinner we sallied out, despite the rain, which began to descend. How different was the whole scene from the last day we had been there, when it was lit up by a brilliant sunshine. Different, but not less beautiful. Wilhelmshöhe is not dependent for its charms upon the accidental circumstances of light and shade, sky and sunbeam. Its own bold and lovely scenery suffices.

We wandered under those avenues of changing trees beautiful in decay, where the golden yellow was fast deepening into brilliant red. At our feet were strewn the fading glories of the autumnal foliage, and the glossy brown horse-chesnuts, just burst from their green enclosures. We admired those gorgeous flower-beds, corresponding so well with the vast scale of the palace and the forest garden;—the rich crimson and yellow dahlias in the centre, surrounded by a circle of many-coloured china-asters, and these again bordered by a broad dazzling belt of scarlet geraniums. Near them was the lake, from the midst of which had risen that glorious water-spout. The graceful apparition was gone! but we paused to gaze on the quiet loveliness

of the water, and to watch the beautiful movements of a swan that glided across with arched neck and upraised wing, as though it were conscious and proud of the paradise in which it dwelt. We went on, stopping as we proceeded, to admire the acacia, the yew, the tulip-tree, —handsome in themselves, but still more so from the taste with which they are planted, singly and in groups, among temple, rock, and shady alcove. Cultivation has effected much, but who can describe what nature has done for this enchanting spot? Truly the prince, when he looks down from his palace height on all his fair dominions, and his capital in the rich plain below, has reason to be thankful:—well may he exclaim, “The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places.”

When we returned to the hotel to dinner we found four covers laid at the table in the eating saal, besides our own. The guests for whom they were intended made their entrée at one door at the same moment that the soup appeared at the other.

They were two gentlemen and two ladies, one of the former elderly, both the latter young. One of these was not particularly prepossessing-looking,—the other a pretty, smiling, good-humoured little thing, about eighteen, as plump as

a partridge. She and the elderly gentleman said they lived at Cassel, and it came out in the course of conversation that the younger man and his wife had only arrived from Frankfort the day before. This was all the clue we had to their history, but it was quite enough:—we are now so au fait in finding out, or at least fancying we do, the geography of families. The old man and the blushing, dimpling girl were evidently father and daughter, and a more delightfully affectionate parent and child I never saw. The other lady seemed also to be his daughter. She and her husband had probably arrived on a visit to him from their distant home, and to celebrate their coming, they had all doubtless made a little “partie” out to Wilhelmshöhe.

These “parties” to some country gast-haus, with its garden and host of little chairs and tables, are the German’s delight. They never say such a thing is a pretty walk, or a pretty drive, but a pretty “partie”—“*eine schöne partie.*”

W——’s reason for pronouncing the young man and the lady opposite him husband and wife was an amusing one, namely, his taking the conjugal liberty of addressing a little gentle reprimand to her across the table. The old

man told us with a face of no small pride and pleasure that his younger daughter spoke English. She had a master, he said, for two years, when at school at Aix-la-Chapelle. And so she did speak a few words very prettily, the little plump, bright-eyed damsel. G—— turned to the other lady, and asked whether she too spoke English. “Ach! Gott bewahr!” she exclaimed.

Now this Gott bewahr! is a favourite saying in Germany, equivalent with our “Heaven forbid!” It is also used in strongly denying or disclaiming anything.

The answer evidently displeased the gentleman opposite. “*Leider,*” (*unfortunately,*) “you should say,” he interposed gravely, and the tone convinced W—— that he was lawfully entitled to admonish the fair lady. I must say the little marital reproof was not ill-timed, though I am really sure she did not in the least mean to be rude.

During dinner the rain had gradually increased, and when we had arrived to the bonbons and fruit, it was pouring in torrents. The castle, however, was only ten steps across the way, and we knew we could manage to get over to it. We looked out, and saw little Mouse creeping across to announce our arrival,

under an umbrella that covered him as completely as his mother's pocket-handkerchief did Tom Thumb.

Meanwhile the old man and his pretty daughter went off to one of the windows, and were soon engrossed in playful conversation, she holding his hand in both hers, and he fondly stroking her glossy hair. The Germans are not ashamed to allow their affectionate feelings to appear as are our shy race, and the simple, unaffected way in which these sometimes come out is very interesting.

The other lady bounded over to her husband, who was walking up and down the room, and wreathed her arm within his, as if she were quite glad to get near him once more after being separated so long—the whole width of the dinner-table. She seemed to have quite forgotten his little reproof. Very likely she loved him all the better for it:—for who will refuse to admit that there must mingle some, nay many, grains of veneration in a woman's love, when the object of her affections is one of the other sex.

I had nothing to do but speculate on our companions, for the rain kept pouring as fast as it could; still it was impossible not to look out on the surpassing view. The mountains were

of the deepest and most magnificent purple, and there being no gleams of sunshine to bring out the objects on their sides, they lay an unbroken mass of gorgeous colouring. I was taking a long gaze, when a certain odour, not very uncommon in Germany, made me turn my head. Our four companions were seated at a little table over their coffee, and the gentlemen's cigars were in full puff. Presently there was a consultation among them, which ended by the little speaker of English being despatched across to where we were. She came smiling up to W—— with an embroidered case in her hand—“Will you take a cigar, sare?” she said, in so insinuating a tone, that if it had been any thing *but* a cigar, it must have been accepted.

Just then in came poor Mouse with a most rueful face to announce the sad news that the “Castellan” and his wife were both gone into Cassel, and there was no possibility of seeing the palace. This was really a disappointment, and we were greatly provoked at it. There was no redress, however, and as, during dinner, sundry arrivals had taken place in the saal outside, and pipes and cigars began to predominate, there was nothing left us but to make the best of our way home, which accordingly we did.

CHAPTER XIV.

Return to Frankfort—Scenery from Cassel—Harvest of apples—Feelings at church—Mr. Bulwer—Travelling journeymen—Children abroad—Promenades and shops at Frankfort.

Frankfort, Friday night.—Once more in this busy, bustling, luxurious town. The great Hotel de Russie is as overflowing, M. Sarg's face at the door as full of business, travelling carriages rattling over the street as noisily, postilions' horns sounding as discordantly, the porter's bell ringing in and ringing out travellers as unceasingly, as when we were here two months ago. All is the same;—no one would think the migrating season was well nigh over, instead of, as then, in its zenith.

But I must return to the doings and seeings of the last two days, and travel over again, (at least as long as I can keep my eyes open to do so,) the road that brought us here.

It was beautiful on leaving Cassel, and continued to be so long after we had lost sight of the Hercules on Wilhelmshöhe. We passed through Wabern, Kerstenhausen, stopped to dine at the little town of Jesberg, but, alas! with all the speed the postilions could be prevailed on to make, the shades of evening began to fall on the landscape before we reached Marburg. Here we were to halt, and the place had been described as very interesting, with one of the most ancient Gothic churches in Germany. The inns in the town, however, had a bad character; but the gentleman from Frankfort, whom we dined with the day before at Wilhelmshöhe, had told wonders of the "Englischen Hof," a little way outside Marburg. He recommended us above all things to go there.

Now no one who has not travelled has any idea of the importance of getting good advice respecting inns, and of the boon conferred on a traveller by being directed to desirable ones. The days of romance, a well-a-day! are gone by, when people were above these vulgar commonplace considerations. In these degenerate times, if the ears are deafened with noises, and the nose offended with smells, and the weary limbs doomed to a couch quite as hard, though by no means so smooth, as the floor, to say nothing of

other nameless annoyances which, however, I must confess are not met with in German inns, the enjoyment of a place is considerably abated. These are the things that make it expedient to know how to decide between the Roman Emperor and the King of Prussia, the Blue Lion and the White Swan.

It was tantalising as we drove through the picturesque town and by the church of St. Elizabeth, to be just able to discern, and no more, in the fading twilight, that they were so well worth seeing. We stopped at the Poste, but there everything looked so uninviting, that though it was nearly opposite the church, we drove on to the Englishen Hof. The "little way outside the town," proved to be more than a quarter of a mile, and thus all chance of getting a peep at Marburg in the morning before we started was cut off. This contrivance prevented our appreciating the comforts of the Englishen Hof when we got there, as much as they certainly deserved. From the little we saw, and the great deal we heard of Marburg, a day might well be devoted to it.

"A rainy morning," was the first news that saluted our waking ears. This consoled us for having turned our backs upon the town last night, as the bad weather would have prevented

the hills, and the
graceful church-tow
led us under avenues
the winding banks o
in the broad rich va
velvet, and beyond
forest-clad hills, from
mists would now and
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neath.

Not far from Marbu
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Hesse-Cassel, red ar
crossing it, we passe
castle surrounded by
and our admiration ha

minded me of the Brothers, Sternfels and Liebenstein, on the Rhine.

What must this drive be in summer, or rather in fine weather!—for even the chances of an occasional day of rain at this advanced season, are amply counterbalanced by the splendid effects of autumn in this forest region. I know not whether the tints in themselves are peculiarly vivid and varied this year, or whether it be the scenery on which they are flung that produces the charm, but surely I never so felt the magic of colouring before.

Giessen, the next large town to Marburg, is the capital of Upper Hesse. There is a university, and we passed by a fine barrack, several handsome hotels, and ornamented private houses, that give the place a very aristocratic appearance.

All this beautiful country seems very thickly inhabited. The villages are frequent; those delightful spots that I am never tired of admiring, though I am sure my raptures about them must weary other people. It is chiefly in Hesse that they are so exquisitely rural and picturesque;—generally speaking, in Saxony they are not so. (While I write these words Schandau and Herrnskretchen rise up to chide me, like beautiful visions:—but of course I except

the Saxon Switzerland.) The comical eye-shaped windows in the roofs spoil the effect of many of the villages in Saxony. Indeed, I defy any one to avoid laughing at these, however their intention may be to admire.

We hailed the dear Hessian villages with all the pleasure of old acquaintances. The painted walls; the rustic balconies; the flower-pots hung out under the high casements; the inscriptions, breathing some holy aspiration to the great Being whose care they invoked, to whom they consecrated their cottage home and the beloved objects beneath its roof; the little hop-garden; the vine-covered arbour; all were familiar objects. The costume of the peasants is gay and picturesque—laced boddices fitting close to the shape, long white chemise sleeves, full scarlet petticoats, and gay ribbons streaming from the back of the little embroidered scull-cap that is perched up on the knot of gathered hair on the top of the head.

The people and their dwellings look comfortable. The former are well-clad, and the latter well-built, (very unlike the women in this respect,) and generally three stories high. It is curious to see the skeleton of a house standing on its wooden props like a great bird-cage, a

net-work of stripes and logs, with small spaces between, to be afterwards filled up with mud and interwoven branches. It is roofed in, and in this state left to dry and season in the air. It is wonderful how these wooden houses escape fire. We often see piles of charred and blackened fragments lying beside a new building, showing too plainly the cause of the recent erection; and yet it seems hardly possible that one house can burn without the whole village taking fire, composed as it is of such inflammable materials.

Here are not those violent extremes of wealth and misery to be met with elsewhere in such painful contrast. Since we have been in Germany we have seen no appearance of poverty,—no rags,—no beggars,—nothing, in fact, to denote there *are* poor, except the little iron-bound boxes with a hole at the top, and “Für die armen,” (“for the poor,”) painted on the lid, that are hung up in the hotels. I have sometimes seen these little begging-boxes by the way-side, going into a town.

Another feature in Hesse is the admirable roads;—the dark iron-gray of the basalt, of which they are composed, contrasted so curiously with the red soil through which they run. Certainly next to being carried about in a stuffed arm-

chair, as we were up the Great Winterberg, is the luxury of bowling along a Hessian road. G—— and I constantly write while we are driving, so easy is the motion ; indeed much of this journal is scribbled in the carriage.

Everything connected with them is most carefully attended to. There is the red and white post to show that on this side is the “ reiter pfad,” (riding path,) and another red and white post to tell you that on the other side is the footpath. Then the mile-stones are such graceful objects—sometimes in the form of an obelisk,—and the sign-posts so well made. I have seen a hand and arm pointing out the road that might have belonged to the Apollo Belvidere.

At Butzbach we stopped to dine, and found a large table-d'hôte saal in a small inn, and, as usual, at the top of the room, a place for the orchestra. Delightful land ! where the “ means and appliances” of music are to be found even in the humblest gast-haus !

There seemed a general stir and expectation of something among the little population of Butzbach. Groups of people were lingering about with eager faces, and guns were fired off occasionally. The waiter, in reply to our inquiries, told us, that the troops belonging to the place were returning to the town after a month's ab-

sence at Darmstadt, where they had been assisting in some exercises, and that the people were waiting to welcome them home. Presently we heard military music advancing, and on they all came. It was a pretty sight to see the horsemen winding down the narrow street, exchanging nods and smiles of greeting with their friends. We had a famous opportunity for studying German faces as they passed us slowly by. It was all the same,—soldier or civilian. Not all the whisker and moustache of the former could prevent the national kindliness of expression from breaking out through every concealment.

“If they are really all as good and kind as they look,” said G——, “Germany is certainly blessed in her inhabitants.”

The dress of the women about here is exactly like that of the German broom-sellers in England, therefore a great falling off from the pretty costume we have hitherto met with. Numbers of them used to be sent over from this neighbourhood to London; but of late the sovereign powers of Hesse, having sundry misgivings about trusting their fair subjects so far from their paternal surveillance, have forbidden their going out of sight of the red and white stripe, under heavy penalties.

The great latitude of the Butzbach petticoats, and their extraordinary deficiency in longitude, is quite absurd. One girl we saw aiding to drive an unruly set of pigs up a hill, near the town, the short-comings of whose garments I really cannot venture to describe. Nevertheless she had her own way of being scrupulous, for she was kerchiefed up to the chin. There is no judging of modesty by externals: no one can say where it may show itself in different countries, or at which extremity. A Butzbach peasant would very likely be shocked at any one hinting she had such a thing as a collar-bone, while the contour of her knee is a mystery it would give very little trouble to penetrate.

Near Friedberg there are extensive salt-works. The town itself looks very pretty as you approach it, the church and a curious round tower, both picturesque objects, standing boldly up against the sky. I was admiring them and the remains of a fortification and battlement, when my attention was caught by a dog drawing a cart at the side of the road. He was trotting along very soberly till the carriage came up with him. This made him prick up his ears, and he eyed us with canine wistfulness for a moment, until at last the temptation became

too strong for him to resist. Forgetting his vocation, and totally regardless of the cart at his heels, he bounded after us, barking away at the full stretch of his mouth and lungs. This sudden doggish freak marvellously discomposed as well as nearly half choked the old man who was helping on the cart behind, with a leather strap attached to it that passed round his neck.

Dogs are too intelligent to become sober, plodding beasts of burden like the "patient ox." They will keep looking about them, seeing what is to be seen, and moreover stopping to examine anything upon which their minds are not quite made up. I was greatly amused with a pair the other morning coming out of Heiligenstadt, who were so intent upon looking at us, that they knocked up the little carriage they were drawing right against the wall in turning a corner. In vain the driver, foreseeing the catastrophe, and the inevitable overturn of his goods, roared out to the dogs to stop; an English carriage was not a thing to be seen every day in those parts, and so on they pushed, peering up inquisitively at us, and seeming every moment about to indulge in a chorus of barking.

The harvest of apples is now going on almost everywhere along the road-sides, and a very

pretty, busy sight it is. Sometimes a young girl, seated among the thick branches at the top of a long ladder, is gathering the apples, which she throws down into the aprons, handkerchiefs, and baskets held up by the people below to receive them. Sometimes they shake the trees; the ground underneath is spread with the blooming fruit, while some are gathering it into bags, others seated on the ground cutting it up into slices for drying, and others carrying it away in little carts, or on their heads in baskets. Men, women, children, and dogs, all are employed in this busy, animated scene.

The day we left Dresden we passed by a little establishment of apple-gatherers, the prettiest and most picturesque thing imaginable. It was some distance from a town or village; and they had built a sort of rude tent of straw and branches, some green, others dried. The heaps of beautiful fruit piled up round this rustic hut,—the half-filled bags and wooden tubs and baskets lying about,—the long ladders,—the strings of apples hanging up to dry in the sun,—the two pretty girls, with scarlet handkerchiefs flung over their heads, as fresh as the fruit about which they were busied,—the shaggy watch-dog pricking up his sharp ears at every sound, and then turning round with wagging

tail and glistening eyes to look at his young mistresses, as though he felt they were as much under his protection as the apples,—all formed as interesting a group and as pretty a picture as ever tempted artist's pencil.

Oct. 2nd.—Returning to this place of resort and travellers, this great hotel, filled with people from all countries and speaking every language, we seem to have turned our backs upon Germany—upon simple, unsophisticated, un-luxurious Germany, we certainly have. The primitive habits of the primitive places we have lately been in are indeed different from the English luxuries, the English carriages, the herds of idle English grooms, valets, and ladies'-maids, lounging about in all directions, that abound here.

Generally speaking, I believe the English would rather meet any one than one of their own dear countrymen when they come abroad. This, I am afraid, is sadly unamiable. How Mr. Sch——r, our young German friend at Dresden, stared at me one day, when, in reply to his congratulations at getting near an Englishman at the table-d'hôte, I said, half in jest, "I should rather he had belonged to any other country; one does not come all the long

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mind of David should have been so keenly alive to the pleasure of social worship. How enthusiastic, how warm and heartfelt are his expressions when he touches this chord: "O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be always praising thee. For one day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness. I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord. Oh! go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise."

During his banishment and misery, when he describes his tears as being his meat night and day, the privation of attendance upon the house of God seems to have weighed very heavily upon him. How touchingly he recalls the time when he worshipped there with his "brethren and companions," as he so affectionately terms them. "When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and

praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day." And when, at length, relief came, when his soul was delivered from death, his eyes from tears, and his feet from falling, what was the first language of his heart? "I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the sight of all his people, in the courts of the Lord's house, even in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem!"

(Act. 3rd.)—I often wish some of those who wonder at the admiration bestowed on Mr. Bulwer could hear the way in which the Germans speak of him. They go even beyond me, for they will not see the faults, to which I am, perhaps, more keenly alive from feeling his beauties so acutely. I cannot understand the latter being eclipsed by the former in any case. There are indeed some passages so fraught with all that harmonises with my tastes and feelings, that to reach them I would read through what was even uncongenial, just as a gourmand might do with a certain dish y'clept trifle.—swallow the froth for the sake of the delicious sweetmeats that lie at the bottom.

I can very well comprehend what it is that makes Bulwer so popular in this country, for there are many things in his writings exactly consonant with what appear to be the salient

features of the German character. First, the deep, heart-touching tone of melancholy that breathes out in some exquisite passages, stealing over one like a mournful strain of music or the perfume of some drooping exotic. Then the way in which he deals with the softer affections of our nature; the spirit of fervent tenderness he imparts to them must captivate the Germans, who surely are susceptible of these kindly feelings in an extraordinary degree. An appeal to a mother weeping over the early grave of her child combines both these points in one of the most touching "bits" I ever read. It is in "Devereux," I think, but am not sure; a gem will often remain in the memory when the casket in which it was enshrined is forgotten.

Another chord that would vibrate strongly in a German's heart is the vein of religion that breaks through at times, like a sun-beam from among the clouds of philosophy and metaphysics. There is much of this in "The Student;" and a beautiful burst on the immortality of the soul in another work, describing the feelings of an unbeliever when he first seizes this glorious truth. The metaphysical parts, and those mystical fantasies that find little favour with us, enhance the author's attractions here; and as for the occasional affectedness of style

and idiom which even his admirers quarrel with, malgré eux, they are of course lost in the translation.

In short, if Mr. Bulwer would enjoy his reputation and wear his laurels while they are fresh and green, he ought to make a pilgrimage into Germany.

Two characteristics, or rather two things often seen in Germany, I do not think I have ever mentioned. The first is a description of pedestrian travellers, to be met with on every road and at every mile, which puzzled us at first by their numbers, and their resemblance in costume, age, &c.: they evidently belonged to the same body or class. By the way, I do not think we ever met so many as in our journey from Cassel here.

To begin my sketch of one of these travellers: he is young—almost always under five-and-twenty. He is dressed in a grey blouze, with a black leather belt round the waist, hat covered with oil-skin, stout stick in his hand, and (but cela va sans dire) a long china pipe and tobacco-pouch. At his back is strapped a knapsack, from the top of which protrudes a pair of boots, laid on their backs, with the toes sticking up in the air. Sometimes the owner of the

knapsack is doubly blessed in this way; and fastened at the bottom is another pair of boots, idly looking down upon the less fortunate two that are ploughing through the mud on the proprietor's feet. Occasionally a knapsack is furnished with little wheels, so that it can run along the ground, to the great benefit doubtless of the traveller's shoulders.

Two or three of these young wanderers are often seen resting themselves on the little benches surrounded by trees, which German kindness has placed all along the public roads. Sometimes a group of them is stretched under a spreading apple-tree, smoking their pipes, or regaling on slices of coarse brown bread out of their knapsacks. Going up a hill, they often approach the carriage, hat in hand, and ask for a few kreutzers or groschen to help them on the road. Very irresistible beggars they certainly are, though at first one is rather puzzled to reconcile their respectable appearance with the request for charity.

On inquiry we found that these young men are apprentices, whom the rules of trade in Germany oblige to travel for a certain number of years, before they are allowed to set up for themselves. They go from town to town, stopping to work where they can get employment,

and thus improve themselves in their several trades, by learning the ways of different places.

My second characteristic goes back to an earlier period in the history of German mankind, viz. the treatment of infants. This does not look by any means satisfactory. It was quite grievous, at Dresden and Leipsig, to see the poor little things jolted over the rough pavement in the sort of cradles on wheels which were universally used there. True there were pillows and bolsters, but still the shocks over the uneven stones were enough to dislocate their little fragile limbs. I used to wonder how the young woman that walked beside could ever resist taking the poor baby out: she surely might have found a softer and more natural resting-place for her little charge. It always seems abroad as if the grand object was to get children out of the way as much as possible. They are sewed up in pillows, tied into baskets, swathed into shapeless masses, done anything with to avoid the trouble (!) of taking care of them. In Italy, a woman will have her child on her head, while she carries *her pitcher in her arms!*

I know not what may be the result of the pillow system here superseding the legitimate cradling-place of infancy; but certain it is we have seen more deformed, dwarfish persons

since we have been abroad than ever before. It is rare to go out without meeting one or more of these unhappy objects.

October 6th.—We have been detained here a week owing to some necessary repairs to the carriage, and have reason to be greatly obliged to the wheels for holding up as far as this :—Frankfort is a very pleasant prison. The weather for the last two or three days has been such as to enable us to enjoy its attractions,—among the chief of which are the lovely walks round the town.

The gardens are still full of flowers. This morning the dahlia, hydrangia, and mignonette perfumed the air and delighted every sense as we rambled among them, or sat on the benches under the trees. The beautifully kept gardens of the luxurious villas of Frankfort, slope down to the moat, along which these public walks are laid out: they are divided from them only by railings, and you have the full benefit of the tasteful grounds, their arbours, summer-houses, and profusion of flowers. The fine range of the blue Taunus hills bounds the horizon on the other side; so that everything combines to render these walks really delightful. They seem to be justly appreciated, for they were full of

people this morning; as well as all the young hopes of Frankfort, their nursery-maids knitting and gossiping under the trees, while the little dark-eyed Jew and fair-haired Christian played about side by side.

We stopped for some minutes to enjoy the view of a piece of water with a pretty jet d'eau in the middle, a little bridge stretching across, and some rock work under the tall poplars and graceful willows that grew round it. There was an interesting little group on a bench close by,—a young woman, her child, and *bonne*. The lady had thrown off her bonnet the better to enjoy the sweet air of the quiet shady arbour. She was evidently a very young mother, from her almost girlish appearance and the rapture with which she hung over her little one;—and probably not very many years married; judging, at least, by her anxiety to make the little creature lisp the word “papa.” A shower of kisses and a *bon-bon* followed every successful attempt, and again the lesson was renewed, and fresh bribes offered, doubtless with a view to the pleasure the accomplishment of the feat would give that absent person on his return to his home in the evening after his labours of the counting-house. All this I read, or fancied I did, in the beaming eyes of the

young woman. I heard the "Pap,—pap,—pap-pa,"—sounding still, in the silvery tones of the mother and the lisping accents of her little one, after we had lost sight of them down one of the walks.

The shops at Frankfort are very good, and any one so inclined, can spend a great deal of money upon articles from all parts of the world. In the Zeil is the splendid shop where the Bohemian glass is sold,—and this when lit up at night, is really an object well worth quitting one's hotel to take a peep at: it looks like a brilliant fairy palace. We saw from the Prebitschthor, the village in Bohemia where this beautiful crystal is manufactured. The colours are very vivid, and one of its peculiarities is, that several are stained on the same article:—for instance, the same lustre or vase will have white, amber, crimson, &c. in it, which is not the case in the glass of other countries. They showed us inkstands, and perfume bottles of the most graceful forms, made of a semi-transparent composition between glass and china, which had a beautiful effect; but our buying propensities were checked by the news that all were seizable on the French frontier.

Farther on in the Zeil is the magazin of "Albert fils," where among a variety of pretty things,

are some exquisite little figures carved in wood, sets of chessmen, too curious and beautiful for use,—dancing men, women, and bears, that spin round a dinner-plate by putting a drop of water into it, and sundry other little temptations. Albert piques himself on inventing as well as selling novelties. His list written in French for the benefit of strangers, contains various curiosities. There are “Lorgnons pour voir à travers une planche,”—“Voiture à six chevaux qui passe par le trou d’une aiguille,”—“Tabatières pour vexer les personnes,” &c.

All the prettiest little objets de fantaisie in Germany are dedicated to smoking, in some of its branches. If you go into a shop and see anything particularly tasteful or ornamented, you may be sure it bears some relationship, near or distant, to a pipe or cigar. You are struck with the exquisite embroidery, or pretty motto, the word “andenken,” (souvenir,) perhaps, with the letters formed of roses, on an elegant little trinket—you instantly think of some fair friend at home, “what a pretty keepsake to lie on her toilet or work-table!” you take it up, and lo! a pouch for tobacco, with an odious steel for striking a light at the bottom.

“What a beautiful case!” cried G—— this morning in a shop, “so gracefully formed, and this painting so well done!”

"Yes, and so convenient," said the shop man; "you put the cigars in here, and—"

"*Cigars!*" exclaimed G——, letting the "beautiful case" drop on the counter with a look of disgust and disappointment that seemed wonderfully to amuse the German.

CHAPTER XV.

Concert at Mayence—Kaiserslautern—Pigs at Saarbrück—German characteristics—Crossing the frontier—Douaniers—The Tricolor.

Mayence, October 7th.—When we passed through this on our way to Schwalbach, we were told that there was excellent music in the garden near the town every Friday. With the faint hope, that notwithstanding the advanced season, it might still continue, we started from Frankfort this morning, so as to reach this before the one o'clock dinner. To my surprise, I found myself seated at the table near the very same Prussian officer who was my neighbour here nearly three months ago.

He recognised us the moment we came into the room, and was as delighted to see us, as if we had been his oldest friends, inquiring with the greatest interest into all we had seen and

done since. When the flowers, as usual, were handed round the table, he presented us with bouquets; and not content with this piece of gallantry, made a gentleman at the other end of the room send us, after dinner, a bunch of beautiful dahlias which he had brought into Mayence from his own garden. They are on our table now while I am writing, looking lovely by the candle-light.

The day being so fine we were informed that the Austrian band would play at four o'clock. Accordingly we set out from the Hotel d'Hollande, and were joined on the way by our Prussian friend, who remained with us the rest of the evening.

I wish I could describe as it deserves the perfect music that feasted us while we sat under the trees, à l'Allemande, sipping our chocolate. There were seven pieces,—Bellini, Auber, Rossini, &c., and the beautiful nightingale waltz from Strauss. In summer this music is the attraction of all the country round; people come pouring into Mayence from Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Schlangenbad, and the garden is thronged with listeners. A spirit of emulation between the Prussian and Austrian bands, is one of the causes of its excellence. I wish I could describe it, and the garden itself, and the lovely

view from the terrace;—Mayence and Hochheim, the Rhine like a sheet of glass, the purple haze over the mountains, and the thousand glowing, lovely hues of the sky this evening as we stood admiring the whole scene. But, alas! between our early rising to-day, and the long walk to and from the garden, I am so tired and sleepy, that I can write no more.

October 8th.—A more lovely autumnal morning than this never dawned upon the Rhine, and I do not imagine the latter often looked much more beautiful than when we turned to take our last glance at it on driving out of Mayence. Apropos to this word “last,” had I been sufficiently awake yesterday night,—but sleepiness and sentiment are sadly at variance,—I would have dwelt on our melancholy feelings while listening to the music in the garden. It was indeed, I fear, for the *last* time,—a farewell to the enchanting music of Germany. Every day is now hastening our departure from this land of song, and soon its sweet sounds will delight our ears no more. This was a painful idea, and it came to mingle with those touching strains, while noiselessly, one by one, the withered leaves of the trees under which we sat, were falling around us. I could

not help thinking there was something more than usually saddening in their still, small rustling sound, and in the melody that floated from the tent-like orchestra ; and when the little Prussian on the bench beside me exclaimed, in delight, " Ah ! cela fait du bien, d'entendre une telle musique !" I could hardly refrain from replying what I felt at the moment, " Cela fait du mal aussi quelquefois."

After leaving Mayence the face of nature became—I cannot say uninteresting—for even the most ill-favoured face would look well, brightened with such smiles of sunshine as it wore all this day. Between Alzey and Kirch-heim-bo-land, a village nearly as pretty as its name is long,—and that is saying a good deal for it,—we entered Bavaria, and came in sight of a fine mountain, the Donnersberg. The scenery here began to assume a very Irish character : a line of bold purple mountains forming the back-ground to a vast expanse of country, in many-coloured stripes and patches ; the meadows being of that bright vivid green, which has gained for the land of saints its well-deserved title of the Emerald Isle. The quantities of potatoes cultivated here did not diminish the resemblance. It was a pretty sight to see the people digging them out with a sort of pronged hoe,—men, women, and

children all at work in the same field; some filling the large carts under which the oxen were patiently waiting for their load, others gathering up the stalks in heaps,—all bearing some part, according to their age and strength—*sex*, I was going to say, but this trifling distinction is treated with philosophical disregard in a country where the woman-kind reap the fields and saw the timber, while the men knit stockings and make ladies' dresses.

It is impossible to imagine a more *comfortable-looking* country than that between Sembach, where we last changed horses, and Kaiserslautern, another long-named place where we now are and mean to remain to-morrow, Sunday. We could not help remarking the contrast between it and the wild picturesque scenery on the other side of Frankfort. The neat, comfortable, square-built cottages; the little green meadows so carefully irrigated; the small patches of tillage—beet, potatoes, and cabbage garden arranged side by side, with such order and exactness; every particle of ground so trim and cultivated, and such an air of quiet, calm, contented happiness over all. The sun had set, but the heavens were still full of mellow light, and the red colouring of the soil and stones of which the cottages were built, cast a tranquil,

sober glow over the whole scene, that harmonised well with its peaceful character. How different from the vast sublimity of the fantastic forests,—now plunged in awful, mysterious gloom,—now lit up by a sudden burst of dazzling sunshine, as bright as it was fitful.

As we drove along, G—— and I amused ourselves by comparing this scenery and the other, with the characters of different persons we knew. Some tranquil, orderly people, moving on through life, going through their quiet round of duties, and keeping the even tenor of their way undisturbed by the checks to which “those of other mould” are liable. More of the sober steady prose of life have these in their composition than its wild and beautiful, but alas! often dangerous poetry. While placidly enjoying their own cheerful sunshine, they wonder at the bright flashes of joy, and, anon, the seasons of gloom and depression to which more sensitive natures are liable,—they cannot understand the keen susceptibilities of those finely strung minds, that like some delicate instrument, are now all harmony, and now

“Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.”

These two descriptions of character are, indeed, different, and yet what would the world be without both,—did they not blend, and min-

gle, and harmonise as beautifully as they do? Were it not for the more plodding portion of mankind, the every-day concerns of life would stand still; and, again, how heavy and monotonous would be existence, without the sparkle flung over it by the enthusiastic and imaginative in their more eccentric career. All have their uses. "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?" Each fills its own station in the beautiful order of Providence. No one should, as is so often the case, undervalue the other: no one would, were the spirit of charity more generally diffused throughout the world. The brilliant looks down upon the solid as common-place, and the solid despises the brilliant as frivolous and useless. Each is so puffed up with its own merits, that it is blinded to those of the other, and humility and forbearance are forgotten.

This should not be. "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you;"—we should remember, it is *God* who "hath tempered the body together,"—it is He who has made one to differ from another; the one talent is His gift as well as the ten,—its owner is equally precious in his sight. There-

fore, "there should be no schism in the body," no contempt, or exultation, or envy, or strife, among its members; they should have the same care one for another, that their Great Head and Saviour has for them.

It is very easy to preach this beautiful doctrine, which, were it practised by all, would make a little heaven of this earth. But how are we to obtain this spirit of self-forgetting charity, which we all, alas! know and feel is not in us by nature?—The answer is as simple as it is important. "*Ask, and ye shall receive.*"

Sunday.—This little town of Kaiserslautern is one of the most ancient in Germany. We have just returned from an exploring ramble in and about it. The situation is charming, surrounded on all sides by mountains covered with forest; some dark pine and fir, with those mysterious cloister-like arches underneath, whose gloomy recesses the eye seeks in vain to penetrate;—others bright and glowing with the changeful colours of autumn. We followed a little winding path that led us through the greenest of fields, round by the old walls of the town. A clear stream ran bubbling along on our right, (the secret of the exceeding verdure,) across which were little wooden bridges, and at

the bottom, brilliant green weeds, the colour of liquid emeralds, just floating under the surface.

As we returned through the high street of the little town, the bells of the two churches were ringing for second service. We went into the first, and found it to be the Roman Catholic place of worship. A priest was standing before an altar, upon which was a figure of the Virgin gaudily dressed, with a lighted taper in her hand, and round him, as usual, were the little boys in red and white ringing their bells and tossing their censers.

We went out after a moment or two, and further down in the street found the Lutheran church. When we entered the preacher was in the pulpit, and we seated ourselves on a bench opposite him. He was a very young man, and I have seldom seen a more interesting countenance, full of intelligence, and at the same time the most child-like simplicity. His manner was calm, and yet very fervent, and his cheeks were flushed with the earnestness with which he was pressing his subject on his little flock. He was urging them to study the character of Christ, and endeavour to imitate it; and dwelt on the forbearance of the Saviour, his forgiveness, his life spent in doing good to men, in pleasing not himself. The young pastor en-

forced all his arguments and entreaties with passages from the scriptures. How beautiful they are in German, and with what force and newness things sometimes come home to the mind in a strange language, that fail to strike it in the accustomed words familiar from childhood !

The little Lutheran church, though plain and unadorned, as they generally are, had apparently been recently decorated for some festival. It was entirely hung, organ, pulpit, and aisles, with festoons of leaves and flowers. The garlands, though they preserved their graceful forms, were now all withered and colourless, and there was something very touching in seeing them hanging there, the faded relics of what had been once so fragrant and beautiful.

We had no reason to find fault with anything at the Baiersche Hof in Kaiserslautern. The hosts seemed to understand their vocation of inn-keeper perfectly. One of their talents, however, became evident only at the moment of departure,—that of making up a long bill. W—— remonstrated with the smart, lively, little French girl who acted as *kellnerinn*, but she appealed to the higher powers, and tripped down stairs to send up her mistress.

Now, in one of our guide-books, there is an impressive warning to all unwary travellers, against the whole of that perilous tribe y'clept *landladies*. From womankind in this shape, the author recoils as from "a viper." If your host be a man, you may have some chance of quarter, and reason, and redress; but if not, the case is hopeless! Beware of a landlady! The writer of the "Hand Book," that vademecum of every traveller we meet, does not exonerate the sex from this grievous imputation; but he very kindly and charitably endeavours to make an excuse for the weaker half of humanity, on the plea, that a good wife feels she is only acting for her husband, and so thinks it her duty to try and get all she can for him, &c. However this be, I was very anxious to see the result of W——'s conference with the fair dame of the Baiersche Hof, and glad, for the honour of her sex and her calling, that she proved open to conviction, and consented to reduce somewhat of her long bill.

The scenery during the whole day's journey was an agreeable surprise, from having heard that it was not interesting, and finding on the contrary that nothing could be more so. Mountain, lake, and forest;—wild, rocky, fir-clad heights;—lovely green valleys with streams winding

through them, and peasants at work in the fragrant meadows. The tillage in the open country consisted entirely of potatoes; I never saw such a quantity. They quite superseded even the beet, which is cultivated to a great extent in Germany, and of which all the sugar is made. The potato, however, has another use beside an eatable one: spirits are distilled from it here as well as in Saxony.

At Landstuhl, a picturesquely situated town, the first stage from Kaiserslautern, are the ruins of a castle, the ancient dwelling-place of the brave counts of Sickingen, whose race is now extinct. What a host of old traditions and legendary lore must belong to those interesting ruins, hanging thus over the little town, once the property of their lordly possessors! Notwithstanding the piercing cold of the morning air, G—— got out of the carriage to make a sketch, while the horses were changing. We looked after the castle with longing eyes, and continued to speculate upon the warriors and beauties now gathered to their forefathers, who had once peopled its crumbling walls, long after we had lost sight of them.

While dinner was preparing at Hombourg, where we stopped at the "Poste," we sallied out to explore, and a charming walk we had.

The path ran along the steep side of a mountain overhanging the town, through a succession of little gardens and tiny meadows, and below, as far as the eye could reach, was a vast expanse of forest, and mountain, and cultivated plain, stretching away on all sides. We could have gone on for miles, the day was so lovely and the path so inviting ; but dinner and Saarbrück (our destination for the night) were before us, and so we were forced to turn about towards the inn.

Saarbrück ! the last town in Germany. How melancholy we felt driving into it ! Even already it seemed as though we had bid adieu to the dear country, and its kind, friendly inhabitants ; for the town, though a good one and most beautifully situated, had a dirty, French look, and the faces began to wear a very French mixture in their character : those moving features, which may be moulded into any expression at the pleasure of their owners,—which seem as susceptible of a frown as a smile, the sunshine of good-humour or the lowering cloud of anger.

Now on the German face in general, it is hardly possible to imagine the latter ; the stamp of kindness is so marked and indelible, that it seems to form a part and parcel of the

features themselves. Their politeness is not the polish of cultivation, of society, of education,—a thing taught and inculcated, the varnish of manner alone ;—you see at once that it comes direct from the heart. It is, if I may so express it, the politeness of the heart ; the instinctive impulse of a good, and kind, and affectionate nature. Living among these people must improve any one, for there is something infectious in kind-heartedness. I should think that a person accustomed to give way to evil tempers and ill-natured feelings, would actually be shamed out of them in Germany. Every face he looked at would be such a tacit reproach to him, that he would involuntarily smooth his brow, and try to look amiable as well as the rest. Never was sobriquet more correct than that of “*le bon Allemand*”—at least if they are not so, their looks are the most deceitful things under the sun, and Lavater’s theory a fable. I have seen at Dresden countenances so delightful, (two in particular are at this moment before me,) that as I looked at them, the thought has come into my mind, “What a beautiful thing an angel must be !”

This may sound exaggerated ; nevertheless so it was. And not from any combination or beauty of feature. The Germans are not, I

should say, a handsome people, and the women in particular are deficient in grace. But it is the expression, the feeling, the kindness, the gentleness, the really angelic benevolence of their countenances. Of course there are many exceptions, but these are the general characteristics of both men and women, particularly the former. As for a woman, I do not thank *her* for being good and kind and gentle-hearted. On the contrary, one might very well apply in this case a favourite pert saying on all occasions of our little friend Zapphina, at the Stadt Coblenz, "Warum nicht?" "Why not?"

The hostess of the Poste at Saarbruck was a French woman; she apologised, when showing us our rooms, for the beds being without curtains: "these were at the wash," she said. A mortal symptom, thought we, of leaving Germany, when people begin to think any one will expect such luxuries as curtains.

There was something singularly unprepossessing in the landlord of the inn. An abject, cringing servility of manner, full of the most extravagant and exaggerated professions, and, with all this oppressive civility, a sinister expression in his face, a something that made you recoil from him instinctively. He was just the sort of person one would rather not encounter

on a lonely road, unlike the faces we had been accustomed to, that one need not dread to meet on the darkest night in the darkest forest.

While we were standing at the inn-window at Saarbruck, we had the benefit of the scene which takes place at evening in every German town—the return of all the pigs from the mountains, where they have spent the day. This scene has been immortalised by the author of the “Bubbles;” and it is, indeed, no wonder such a comical and original sight should have attracted his humorous vein and descriptive powers. We stood at the window in fits of laughing, while the pigs came cantering down the street. The swinish multitude of Saarbruck are quite as amusing as those of Langen-Schwalbach. Like them they seem to “smell with their stomachs as well as their noses the savoury food which is awaiting them,” and on “reaching the first houses of the town,” the same sort of “sauve qui peut” motion takes place.

From the chorus of grunting, squealing, and shrieking, one would imagine, if one did not see them, that the whole population of pigs were undergoing some grievous violence. The yelling on board a Bristol steamer in a gale of wind is nothing to it. Any one not versed in the habits and manners of these interesting

quadrupeds, and,—from not having given due attention to this branch of natural history,—ignorant of their mode of expressing their feelings, would not know what to make of the troop that come voluntarily scampering along, with ears and tail erect, and noses projected high up in the air.

As they advance, the numbers diminish ; one by one, each pig turns down his own lane, and the nearer he gets to the trough, the faster he runs and the louder he squalls. We remarked one poor old fellow, who was left woefully behindhand by his more active companions: he was very lame, but his appetite was apparently quite as keen as theirs, and on he went, all alone, grunting away down the street, and contriving, by dint of shuffling and hobbling, to get himself along.

Though we laughed at the pigs, we were really very sad at the thoughts of so soon bidding adieu to Germany, and, over our tea, we talked of the happy days we had spent there, and of all the kind, pleasant people we had met, whom, in all human probability, we should never see again. This little review of “departed joys” was very melancholy: retrospections are generally so ; and, when we separated for the night, I own I felt by no means as light-hearted as usual.

To get to our rooms, it was necessary to traverse part of the paved court under the porte cochère; just as I had reached the end of this and the foot of the stairs, the disagreeable-looking host appeared suddenly from a dark recess, and placed himself before me. He commenced a long harangue, full of professions. "He, and his whole house, and everything he possessed, were at our service. We had only to touch the bell at any hour of the night, no matter how late, and if the thing wanted were at the farthest extremity of the town, it would be ours in an instant."

I tried to get past him, for there was something in his freedom of manner and blustering officiousness that frightened me. I suppose, during our tea-table lamentations, my courage had given way with my spirits, for when I got into my room, I could not help being foolish enough to indulge in a long fit of crying. Well! Germany deserved a few tears! though, I must say, I felt vexed and ashamed of myself, even while wiping my eyes, for giving way to such a weakness.

Very soon after we started next morning, we reached the French frontier; and, at the little town of Forbach, the carriage drew up opposite the custom-house to undergo the operation of

searching. A bevy of hatchet-faced, keen-eyed French douaniers issued forth, armed with their long ladders, and forthwith they were sprawling over our heads in all directions, some on the box, and some at the sides. Nothing could we see from the carriage-windows but ladders and legs, the latter as shapeless and stick-like as the former.

The innkeeper at Saarbruck had advised W——, when putting his keys into the hands of the douanier, to insinuate therewith a five-franc piece. "I know you have nothing contraband, as you say, Monsieur; but to avoid the delay—and then (with a shrug and a grin) *les pèlerines de ces dames*."

The business of searching, owing doubtless to the powerful effect of this five-franc piece, was a marvellously short one. The officers merely opened the imperials, and after the introduction of their fingers, which could not have much enlightened them as to their contents, shut them down again, and the two ladders and six pair of legs and arms disappeared. The trunks might have been full of Bohemian glass or any other forbidden merchandise, instead of innocent books and clothes, for all they knew. It was fortunate, however, for the said "*pèlerines*" that it was so; for the wind was very

high, and some of them might have flown away on its light wings, and have been adorning the fair shoulders of some of the Forbach belles next Sunday at mass.

Just outside Forbach, we came to a bare mountain, upon which the pigs and goats of the town seemed to have made common cause and joined forces; for, ascending it, was an immense flock, composed of both. I pitied the poor dog who had the charge of this uncongenial assemblage. Between the opposite tastes of each—the propensity of the goats to climb up to the heights, and the dogged determination of the pigs to keep down at the foot of the mountain—he must have had no sinecure post of it, poor fellow!

The first town after the frontier was St. Avold, and a change was visible immediately. It seems almost like fancy to perceive the line of demarcation between French and German characteristics here upon the borders, where those of both countries might be supposed to mingle; but they were so strong that the most unobservant must feel he had passed into a new country.

First, the great increase in bustle and vivacity; the eager, animated, curious looks; the talking

and laughing, the noise and gesticulation; the air of reckless, light-hearted desœuvrement; every one on the *qui vive*, so different from the placid, tranquil Germans. Then there were the groups of beggars round the carriage-windows, gabbling over the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria; unswept litter in the streets, and little heaps of manure before the cottage doors; men and women clattering about in their wooden shoes, the former with their blue smocks and white night-caps, the latter with their little pert coloured handkerchiefs twisted coquettishly round their heads; and, besides all this, the odour of soup and stewing, so peculiar to, and unfailing in, every French town.

The gaiety of the children and the expression in their countenances struck us greatly. The interest the juvenile population manifested in our movements, and the wonderful quantity of talking we cost them, was something quite new. If they had had the whole programme of our journey to and from Dresden to arrange, they could not have been more busy about it. One little merry-faced creature, of four years old, seated on the high steps of a house eating his soup out of a pipkin, was most amusing. He was haranguing a troop of little urchins below

him, and the perpetual movement of his arch features, his lively gesticulation, and the vehement way in which he brandished his spoon, were inimitable; a regular miniature picture of a restless, mercurial Frenchman.

When we got out of the town, the symptoms began to thicken upon us. There were the crucifixes, and images of saints and virgins by the wayside; and crosses chalked on the cottage doors. Sometimes we met a curé, with his cocked hat and soutane; and, just outside Courcelles, two sisters of charity were walking arm-in-arm along the footpath. Their graceful, picturesque costume, and the blessed purpose to which their lives are devoted, make these women always objects of interest and respect. They had little baskets on their arms, and were bound, doubtless, on an errand of mercy to some lowly abode of suffering and distress.

I was following them with my thoughts, when a sudden exclamation of dismay from G—— made me turn to look out of the window at her side. There stood the object of it—a flaring tri-color badge, bound to a pole near the road. I could not resist laughing at the looks of aversion and disgust with which, royalist and aristocrat as she is, she eyed this emblem of liberty—alias, in her “dictionnaire de syno-

nimes," disorder, rebellion, anarchy, and everything that is bad.

A sudden shock to her Tory feelings was this revolutionary red, blue, and white. She did not get over it at once, but continued to lament over days gone by, when the snow-white banner of France, with its graceful fleur-de-lis, floated on the breeze in all its unsullied purity: those good, quiet old times, when people plodded on in the steps of their forefathers, before old women laid down their knitting and spectacles to cry out for "triangular parliaments and universal sufferings."

After the tri-color we felt indeed we were fairly and regularly in France: a new leaf was turned over; Germany was left behind! Germany—its kind faces and kind hearts, magnificent forests, picturesque villages, delightful music, everlasting smoking, delicate bread, pipes, puddings, stoves, cigars, knitting, cottage-bonnets, little chairs and tables under the trees, narrow beds, spectacled faces, and tall beer-glasses,—all these characteristics were no more to exist, except in our memories and journals.

CHAPTER XVI.

Inn at Mars-la-Tour—Verdun—St. Ménéhould—Nocturnal noises at Epernay—La Ferté—Arrival of the Milord Anglais, and bustle at the little inn.

DEAR, dirty, and bad was the character we heard of the hotel at Metz, and we were advised to get on to Mars-la-Tour, nearly four postes beyond it, where they said there was an excellent inn. The rain was falling heavily when we reached Metz, which reconciled us to leaving behind so fine a town, after merely stopping to change horses. Had the weather been such as to enable us to enjoy its attractions,—its gay, well-filled, handsome shops, and most picturesque environs,—the temptations to stay would have quite outweighed the promised comforts of Mars-la-Tour. The bad weather, however, could not wholly destroy the effect

of the beautiful scenery round Metz. The "blue Moselle" is here a fine broad river, and adds greatly to the beauty and importance of the town seen from the wooded heights, up which the road, made by that prince of road-makers, Napoleon, ascends in zig-zag lines.

"Truth," saith the proverb, "lies in the bottom of a well." That it is in some very inaccessible place, is a fact to which travellers can bear ample testimony, for they can seldom reach it, whatever road they may take. If they do ascertain the merits and demerits of a case, it is generally by experience, which is sometimes purchased at rather too dear a rate.

Guide books are often as little to be depended on as verbal information. There is a nefarious system practised respecting them, that of affixing a modern date to an old edition, which of course woefully misleads the luckless traveller, who depends on their treacherous advice. He turns in his book to the account of the town he is going to, and finds, perhaps, "Best hotels, the Stag—the White Horse." Straightway the postilion is ordered to drive to the Stag. "The Stag?" cries the man, turning round in his saddle, "where is that? I know of no such place." The traveller looks appealingly towards the people of the post-house. All the wise heads

assembled there begin to shake—master, ostlers, postilions, no one acknowledges any acquaintance with the “Stag.”

“Well then, the White Horse.” Another demur—“Ah! yes, to be sure!” at length exclaims a grey-headed porter; “the house that used to be at the corner of the market-place. It exists no longer, mein herr,—given up these ten years!”

The Stag and the White Horse having then died of old age, and existing only “in the memory of the oldest inhabitant,” the traveller has to apply for more modern information to other sources.

—But to return to ourselves, travelling along in the pouring rain, and increasing darkness, and thinking with no small satisfaction of the pleasing prospect before us.

At length we reached Mars-la-Tour. On emerging from the carriage, the encounter of our feet with a mass of soaking wet straw, and the flare of the lanterns, made us conscious of the dirty stable through which we had to pass. Next came a small kitchen, as—no, it was not as dirty as the stable,—and then a winding staircase, the dinginess of which was not very much relieved by the broken tallow-candle which seemed resolved on baffling the efforts of our

guide,—a chubby peasant woman,—to keep it upright in the tottering candlestick.

At the top of the stairs was a low, narrow corridor, which, by the way, felt wonderfully crazy, and creaked as much as to warn us that it had not quite made up its mind whether or not it was able to support the weight of so many persons. Our stout guide tramped boldly on, however, and we followed, with somewhat of the same feeling of security the occupants of the carriage must have had who ventured themselves across the Menai bridge, after the drove of oxen had been sent over it.

When we were fairly established in the little room, we felt so happy at finding light and shelter, however humble both these were, that we were quite reconciled to the disappointment in our expectations as to the inn. The panegyrist of that at Mars-la-Tour must certainly have had a brilliant imagination.

Presently the hostess came up to light the fire. What a contrast she was to everything in that uncouth place!—a creature whose classical features and delicate beauty might have served as a model for a sculptor. As she knelt over the embers, her dress, her occupation, and her neglected appearance altogether, seemed indeed at variance with the refined and per-

fect face upon which the kindling flame fell, giving it the effect of a beautiful painting of Schalken.

It was a long time since we had seen a fire, and we were delighted with the cheerful blaze that made the walls of the little room glow with warmth and brightness, while the wood crackled and sparkled like some merry living thing, and perfumed the place with its charming fragrance. We stood round the wide, open chimney, silently enjoying the novelty as well as comfort of the whole thing. The red glare of the blazing faggots, and the measured tranquillising sound of the bellows, reminded me of some cottage scene, and my fancy went forthwith to work and supplied all that was wanting; — the cat purring and blinking in the “ingle nook,” the hum of the spinning-wheel, the cradle rocking, the dresser with its array of shining delf reflecting back the flickering flame, the clock ticking “behind the door,” and all the *dramatis personæ* to which this “still life” belonged.

“How delightful this open chimney!” I said to G——, breaking a silence of some moments.

“Yes,” she replied, “I never see one that it is not associated in my mind with the old feudal times; knights and barons, serfs and retainers;

hospitable old halls, with richly-carved oak-ceilings, wainscotted walls, hunting-feasts under the raised dais."

My humble, domestic picture faded away into nothing before her lofty scene. We smiled as we compared notes. What different musings the same thing will give rise to in different minds! It was like W——'s observation the other day in speaking of the tri-color. "Well, setting all party and politics out of the question, the old French flag is no loss:—it always reminded me so of a dirty table-cloth." This came not an hour after our dolorous and poetical lamentations over the "snow-white banner of France." How we laughed at the opposite view he took of the thing,—and the discovery that according to his version we had been wasting our sensibilities over a "dirty table-cloth!"

Our castles and cottages in the air were dispelled into their native element by a smoking dish of larks, each wearing a small, square piece of bacon on its little round, plump breast, brought up by the hostess. Her strapping hand-maid followed with *pommes-de-terre au beurre*, *compôte de pommes*, and various other condiments, so good and so well cooked, no one would ever have imagined they took their origin

from the dirty little kitchen through which we had passed.

Even at this humble inn, the beds, with their enlarged size, graceful canopies, and *blankets*, showed very plainly that we were no longer in Germany. The French are certainly as remarkable for the luxury of their couches as the Germans are for the reverse:—they take great pains with them, and a handsome bed is the same article of cottage pride and ambition that a clock is in England.

But the bread,—there was a change,—and how much for the worse! The dark, sour, porous stuff they brought us, full of great holes that you might have set peas in, “as if it were only made for butter-traps,” (as a witty friend once remarked of it,) was a bad substitute for the dainty “milch brod” we had been accustomed to.

It was almost as dark when we prepared to start from Mars-la-Tour as when we reached it, and we were obliged again to have recourse to the tallow-candles and infirm candlesticks. We had not very long risen, however, when the sun followed our good example, and it was daybreak before we were in the carriage.

All the little ménage were gathered about it to bid us farewell. The pretty hostess, with a

little close night-cap drawn tightly round her oval face, looked more graceful and interesting than ever in the gray dawn of the morning. There was something so refined in her features, so pure and quiet and statue-like in their expression and outline, that one wondered how she could have been thrown among people so unlike her as those rude villagers. Her husband, an uncouth clod, whom she had married two or three years before, when she was eighteen, was not very likely to appreciate the intellectual beauty of the fair creature of whom he was the possessor. Doubtless he would have been equally well pleased with the stout hand-maiden, the shape and colour of whose face were like a frost-bitten Holland pippin.

We stopped to breakfast at Verdun. Let any one who does so in future, at "Les trois Maures," take care to make a bargain beforehand, else he will be charged at the rate we were, viz. twenty francs for five persons, — two of them servants. This was what the innkeeper had the conscience to ask for a cup of cold coffee, and a venerable fowl, that would have been un-cut-able, had it not fortunately been already roasted two or three times over. Certainly it had a glorious career of it, that bird! — after living to a good old age, it had figured

away, probably, at a couple of dinners, and as many breakfasts, and finally been disposed of at a price it never could have expected to deserve even in the zenith of its beaux jours.

Verdun is interesting, as being the place where so many English were detained for so long a time from their home and country. To me it was so from the almost miraculous escape thence of a relative, after being recaptured and imprisoned two or three times. One of his companions, who succeeded at the first attempt, has published his adventures, and most interesting they are. The woods, which abound about Verdun, afforded them a place of refuge by day. As we passed through these, now so bright and glowing in their autumnal livery, I thought of all the misery and hardships of every sort, the poor detenus had endured there.

We stopped at the little village of St. Ménéhould early enough to allow of our taking a walk before dinner. The fat, good-humoured landlady of the "Ville de Metz," (the best hotel there,) seeing us prepared for a ramble, volunteered the services of a guide in the person of her little son. We thought she was only jesting, when a fairy valet-de-place of five years old made his

appearance ; but she said, " N'ayez pas peur—he will guide you safely, though he is so young, that I'll answer for — will you not, Jules ?"

Jules promised, and brandishing his little whip, away he trotted out before us to the ramparts.

They commanded a lovely view. The country round was covered with orchards—indeed the very air at St. Ménéhould was loaded with the smell of apples, and as the harvest of these was just being gathered in, we could see, on all sides, from the elevation we had reached, piles of the rosy fruit lying outside the large barn-doors in the little enclosed yards. A quantity of cider is made here.

From the ramparts we went to visit the church, which bears the name of the patron of the little town, St. Ménéhould, and is adorned with paintings representing some of his miracles. There is a fine view from the churchyard, which is full of graves, each with its monument varying in gradation from the rude-painted black, wooden cross, to the railed-in sarcophagus. We were reading some of the inscriptions upon them, when little Jules bounded over to us, and laying his whip across two flat grave-stones close by, said, " You must

not walk upon these—nobody ever walks upon them.”

“And why, Jules,” I said, “must no one walk on them? and what is the meaning of these two stones?”

“Ah, I don’t know,” said the child innocently, “I can’t tell what they are for. They are only stones you see, and I don’t know, but they say no one must walk over them.”

Poor Jules! what sad discoveries he has yet to make! what bitter lessons to learn!

We saw written up on the signs of the inn doors, and in other places, “*A la renommée des pieds de cochon*”—“*Pieds de cochon à la St. Ménéhould*,” &c.; and on inquiry we found that the town was celebrated for that un-Jewish dish. Those they sent us up at dinner, and which they said had been stewing for twenty-four hours, did not injure its reputation in that respect, for they were excellent.

The road next day to Epernay through Châlons-sur-Marne, was flat and ugly, and to add to its desolate appearance, the day was one of incessant rain. We were driven to our carriage resources of reading and writing; the latter was no easy task, as the road was by no means a Hessian one. The occasional slackening of our pace increased the difficulty. Indeed we

have found out that rapid motion in every way is the grand secret of writing in a carriage. As long as you keep the pen flying over the paper as fast as possible, all is well ; but only dwell for a moment on a letter, and straightway there comes a sudden jolt, which sends the unfortunate hieroglyphic sprawling into the air, or intruding its unnatural length into the line below ; so that you cannot help laughing at the monstrosity, the elfish-looking thing, all arms and legs, which, quite against your freewill and consent, you have perpetrated.

The operation of taking ink on a rough road is, to make use of an *originally* turned phrase, " a circumstance over which you have no control." The vibration of the carriage keeps your hand hovering over the mouth of the ink-bottle for a moment or two before you can hit the circular opening :— when you have succeeded in effecting a descent therein, either you fail in reaching the surface, or else plump goes the pen down to the very bottom, the nib coming in forcible contact with the hard glass, and the quill filling up with ink, to the no small detriment of the writer's fingers. Some of the way between Chalons and Epernay would have tried the steadiness of the most trusty aréotique.

As we approached Epernay, the large côtes covered with vines, and the quantity of empty hogsheads going to the town to be filled with vin-de-champagne, showed that we were in the precincts of the wine country. The narrow street before our hotel, the "Ecu de France," abounded in symptoms of the vintage.

Sometimes there passed by a group of poor grape-gatherers with their baskets on their arms, then a horse or mule with his picturesque load, paniers slung across, overflowing with rich purple clusters, and occasionally an individual, whose diagonal course and nose, "celestial rosy red," not exactly in this instance, however, "*love's* proper hue," showed that he too had been sharing in the labours of the vintage.

We were struck with the very wretched appearance of the grape-gatherers. They were principally women, and seemed to belong to the poorest class. Certainly none of the poetry of their occupation was transmitted to them, for it would have required an imagination pertinaciously determined on being romantic, to see in these poor creatures anything but rags and dirt and misery.

All night long they were passing to and fro in the narrow street, bound, doubtless, for some

distant vineyard, which they were to reach by break of day. The very unfavourable season, and the universal complaints of the vintage caused an unusual activity just at this moment. Indeed, considering the cold and rains, it is only wonderful the vines should have come to perfection this year. We were overtaken by a perfect deluge when strolling out after dinner to see the church at Epernay. It is a modernised building, scarcely finished, the fine old painted glass of the ancient Gothic church looking sadly out of place near the new white-washed walls. Some officers, who were walking through it, joined in our lamentations over the downfall of the venerable building; but the preliminary rain-drops of a heavy shower cut short our regrets, and after a few moments we were forced, from its increasing violence, to take shelter under a large porte cochère.

While we were here two young French soldiers came out from the court inside, and entered into conversation with the easy, good-natured freedom of their country. They belonged to a regiment marching towards Rheims, detachments of which we had met on the road during the day. One of them was a perfect specimen of his nation and call-

ing, such a joyous, light-hearted, mirthful creature!

“Voilà du beau tems pour les vendeanges!” he exclaimed, “cela les rafraichira un peu,” pointing to the rain that was coming down like a water-spout, while in the middle of the narrow street a muddy torrent was rushing along the kennel, sweeping off everything that came in its way, and making a wholesome clearance of all the filth and uncleanness that defile a French town.

“You will have no wine next year,” we said to the gay soldier; but little cared he for that. “Taking in sorrow at interest” did not seem to be his besetting sin, and it would have required something much graver than so distant a probability to banish the smiles from his young face. The glee that lurked and twinkled in his merry black eyes, would most likely frolic there still in spite of

“Houses in ashes or the fall of stocks,”

or any other evil, past, present, or to come.

The woman, at whose house the soldiers were billeted, came out to the porte cochère, and offered us an umbrella with a grace and politeness that would have done credit to a drawing-room. In any but a French woman, the

slide and bow, the little waving gestures, and mincing expressions, would have looked like a burlesque upon the soap-suds and ragged wet cloth in her hands; but in France this sort of courtly politeness sits so easily and naturally upon every one, that what would be a caricature elsewhere, has here nothing ridiculous or affected in it.

That "the night is made for rest" is a fact which does not seem to be acknowledged at Epernay. I never was in so unquiet a place. The succession of noises that "murdered sleep" during the whole night we spent there were such as no pillow could have shut out from the ears that sought refuge from them in its downy recesses. The ceaseless tramp of the grape-gatherers, each party with their lantern,—the echoing of their horses' hoofs along the narrow street,—the rattling of the numerous diligences that came thundering over the stones, and shaking the windows of our slightly-built domicile,—the drums assembling the troops as the gray morning approached to prepare for their march, and then shortly after, their noisy exit out of the town, the band playing all the time in true French taste, as if the whole merit of music were "to split the ears of the groundlings"—formed but a small part of the clamour.

The loud cracking of postilion whips and the jingling bells of their horses, mingled occasionally with the nocturnal din; and as the high houses that rose up only a few feet distant from us, gave all these sounds the effect of being uttered through a speaking-trumpet, it may be supposed that "to bed, but not to sleep," like an orthodox heroine of romance, was the order of the night.

One of those ground-glass lamps bearing the name of the hotel, which form the nightly affiche of all French inns, happened to be just outside my window. The strong light fell full into the room, so that eyes and ears were fellow-sufferers. However, I bore the annoyance patiently, for I was much too tired, and moreover too comfortable, once *couchée*, to get up in the cold on a voyage of discovery after shutters and jalousies which probably did not exist. Once in the twenty-four hours is quite enough to have to make the effort of moral courage requisite for parting from one's pillow.

For several postes next morning the drive out of Epernay was most interesting. The whole country, far as the eye could reach, was covered with sloping vineyards, looking at a distance, from the rich yellows and vivid red of their changeful colouring, like so many

mimic autumnal forests. It is difficult to imagine anything very beautiful connected with the formal, stunted, crippled appearance of a vine country in general; yet this, tinged as it was, and brightened by such glowing hues, acquired a character peculiar from that accidental circumstance. The grape-gathering too, that enlivening, busy scene, which was going on in full activity, brought some picturesque group every moment to our view. The slopes and little valleys were alive with people, and the gay laugh and merry din of tongues that rose from the workers, showed that their spirits were as light as their toils. The patient mules and horses were standing among the vines with their half-filled paniers, waiting for the completion of the load, while their faces, poor things! were covered with a sort of wicker-work mask to guard them from the seductions of the tempting fruit. No such precautions, however, extended to their masters and mistresses, who seemed to eat quite as industriously as they picked. Occasionally a huge wain stood by the road-side, into which men and boys were tumbling their baskets-full of purple clusters, and now and then we met groups of peasant girls descending the hill laughing and chatting over their brown bread,

or tilting at each other with their little empty baskets. In short, the whole thing seemed a sort of fête, and the mixture of poverty and merriment, work and play, rags and fun, was a strange one.

At La Ferté we stopped, dined, had a delightful ramble on the banks of the Marne as far as Madame de la Rochefoucauld's château, and returned to the Hotel de France, in time to see the arrival of a crowded diligence and the three travelling-carriages of an English nobleman and his suite. The courier of the latter had preceded the party to order dinner for them, and great was the bustle excited in the little inn by the Milord Anglais. When we returned from our walk and entered the house, by the kitchen, (as usual,) we found the smart landlady in the agonies of making a soufflé; it had frothed up most successfully, and she almost threw us down in her energy to fly with it across the street to the opposite house, where the party were at table. We could see all that was going on in their dining-room from our windows, as the lights inside made everything,—even the travelling-bonnets, shawls, cloaks, &c., flung on the bed,—visible.

And truly it was a sad comment on the vanity of earthly things, the scene in that small room.

There was a man surrounded with everything that rank and wealth could give—his graceful wife, his son, and pretty daughter, were at his side—his three handsome carriages were drawn up in front of the inn, and a train of servants, grooms, courier, and attendants, were busied in providing for his comforts;—not one among them, or probably in the simple village, that was not ready to fly at his beck, and to regard him as a superior being. And yet, surrounded thus with every apparent good, no one for a moment could look at Lord C——, and prefer his lot to that of the humble peasant, who, with healthy cheek and light footstep, had bounded across the street with the *soufflé*. His frame is paralysed; he can scarcely raise to his lips the morsel which he seems to swallow without inclination; his eye is leaden and lustreless, and his pale face has that fixed rigid expression, of one accustomed to endure and struggle with suffering.

Poor man! as borne up between two persons, his tottering steps are supported to his luxurious carriage, who can look at him and not reflect on the inscrutable designs of Providence? The Giver of all things is pleased to withhold and bestow as it seems fit to his godly wisdom, and we, while we see here

through a glass darkly, cannot fathom his purposes in so doing. But it is a delightful consolation to every sufferer, rich or poor, to know and feel that he is in the hands of One too wise, too kind, to afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men. There is One looking down upon his sufferings, whose cheeks were once wet with human tears, whose frame was wrung with mortal agony:—He can feel for poor suffering flesh, having in his own body endured its pangs,—thirst and weariness, grief and pain, desertion by God and man——death !

CHAPTER XVII.

Feelings on entering Paris—A chasm in the diary—The Tuileries—A walk on the Boulevards—The Décrotteur of the Pont des Arts and his dog—The Louvre—Motley tenants of a Parisian house—A Sketch from my window.

How lovely was the scene when leaving La Ferté at sunrise ! Earth, air, sky, and water seemed to have combined to produce a sort of enchantment, and add their incidental effect to the quiet loveliness of the landscape, seen at that still morning hour. The dew was yet fresh and sparkling upon tree and flower, the glowing hues of sunrise had not yet faded away from the heavens, and light mists were slowly rising like a vapoury curtain from the village, and the river, and the forest-clad heights. Of the more distant prospect it might be said,

“ The shadows on the mountain’s breast,
Were neither troubled or at rest,
In bright uncertainty they lie
Like future joys to fancy’s eye.”

Happy poet ! who can see only “ *joys* ” in the dim, the uncertain future ; who has not been taught by the past to dread its clouds rather than reckon upon its sunshine !

How differently most things happen from what we have expected ! L’homme propose, Dieu dispose. An unseen worm lies at the core of the fair bud, which we fondly hoped would blow out and realise all our visions of happiness. It is well this should be so ; for nothing tends so much as the disappointment of earthly schemes to teach us to raise our thoughts and hopes above them. “ Set your affections on things above,” is the command of our heavenly Father ; but until He in mercy shows us the vanity of things below, we never think of obeying the precept.

“ If you set your heart upon anything, you are sure to be disappointed,” is a remark we constantly hear, and those who I have learned to know the cause and the effect of this truth, are thankful that so it is.

For years Paris was my beau ideal of every-
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thing that was delightful, and a visit to it an object of ambition since childhood. These ideas were partly imbibed from the beloved one whose favourite spot it was, and partly from the early days spent in France. It is impossible to live among the French without catching insensibly some of that spirit of enthusiastic devotion with which they regard their capital. "Il n'y a dans la France que Paris," and "Qui n'a pas vu Paris n'a rien vu," and "Ah ! c'est un petit paradis que Paris !" resounded in my ears until my childish imagination was all on fire. Well I remember my grief the day we turned our backs upon France without having been at Paris.

We were now approaching it—the wishes of years were about to be realised. The day was lovely—the sun shone brightly, the postilion cracked his whip and flourished it over his head, and the bells of the horses jingled merrily while they dashed on as if they knew they were approaching the admired of all admirers, la belle ville de Paris. Every moment the bustle, and the noise, and the throng increased—every one looked gay and happy—except myself. One dreadful event had turned all my blissful anticipations to gall and bitterness. Alas ! who could have told two short years

since, that every street,—the lively Boulevard, the beautiful Tuileries, should have brought, by the associations they recalled, such pangs of memory? They were gay, painfully gay; for when we are depressed, the sight of bustling, joyous, unsympathising crowds, is insupportably jarring; we turn in on our own heavy hearts, and think that we alone in the wide world are miserable.

Paris and its merry multitudes swam before my eyes like a panorama. One dreary idea was uppermost—the voice so eloquent in its praises,—upon whose lively descriptions I had so often hung, was hushed for ever:—the eyes that had gazed with such delight on the very towers and buildings where mine were wandering with that blank, aching pain, that no tear comes to soften,—were now closed in the grave.

O how bitterly did that desolating truth force itself into my mind as we were driving into Paris! There are moments when, even now, I seem to doubt its reality,—its possibility,—and then it recurs (as it did then) with a sudden agony, a sharp, short, vivid pang, like the cut of a keen instrument, a serpent's sting. The iron entered into my soul.

But what am I doing—and why seeming to murmur against the rod which I have kissed,

and is now, in humble and thankful acknowledgment of the need there was for its chastening? Sorrow is a bitter medicine, and poor human nature turns away from the draught. It does not see the malady under which it labours, and the fatal effects that would follow, even "the bitter pains of eternal death;" and its first impulse is to rebel against the wise and kind Physician of souls, who mixes the cup in mercy. Yes—sorrow is a sad lesson, and it is hard to learn: but perhaps it is better to learn it young. Youthful spirits are more buoyant and able to rebound from what might crush the heart when it was older.

And it is a blessed thing to be arrested in a careless career, before years have strengthened habits of forgetfulness of God and eternity, before more causes for regrets and repentance have had time to accumulate. To be led to give the heart and affections to Christ while they are warm and tender, and to devote to his service the youthful energies of an unexhausted mind.

* * * * *

November 3rd.—A long chasm in my diary—nearly three weeks since I have written a

word. During the interval new plans have been decided on. W—— and G—— remain for the winter in Paris, and I leave them and return home with * * * *.

Now, of all the trials of life, (one excepted,) parting from those we love is the greatest. The prospect of the separation from my dear companions embittered the pleasures of sight-seeing, and made Paris for a time, “a dull town to me.”

I know not how it is, but between a sheet of white paper and the person seated pen in hand before it, there seems to exist a species of confidence more intimate than in any other kind of intercourse. The prevailing frame of mind, the real state of feeling comes forth then, and what it is possible to conceal in conversation, tinges the writing insensibly and without intending it.

As no one has a right to sadden their friends by indulging their own selfish regrets, I shut up my journal-book while the first struggles of feeling lasted ; and having neither spirits nor energy to describe as before, determined to abstain altogether from pen, ink, and paper.

One might write volumes about Paris. Notwithstanding all that has been written and said on the subject, and though the ground is so beaten already as to leave apparently nothing more to say, still a “picker up of unconsidered

trifles," one who loves to catch the passing traits and features of the moral as well as the physical world, would find amply wherewith to fill a volume without following in the track of any that have gone before. The material is so rich, so inexhaustible, it seems hardly possible that it could ever be worn thread-bare.

There surely never was a place where the sparkle lies so much on the surface; where by merely opening your eyes and looking round on all sides, you can see such a variety of characters, such lively pictures of life in all its Proteus forms and shapes.

One of the grand characteristics of Paris is its complete air of unreserve and *laissez-aller*. Everything is open, and to be seen by every eye; you feel that there is no concealment, nothing kept in the back-ground. The gay contents of the shops are brought out and displayed in the streets; no envious window-pane or cross-barred door intervenes between the tempting wares and the passer-by, or frustrates his curious glance. And it is the same with the people. They laugh, and chat, and eat, and bandy jests, and the business and pleasure of life goes on in the open air, and every feeling comes out free, unchecked. There is no chilling crust of reserve, no shy, uneasy consciousness of being "before people"—no putting on

of proper out-of-door faces. This easy, unrestrained, universal *abandon*, strikes me as the peculiar charm and fascination of Paris—it imparts to it an indescribable air of gaiety and brilliancy, and distinguishes it from other towns much more than its narrow streets with gutters in the middle, its thundering diligences, and loud-cracking couriers' whip.

A chair under the trees in the Tuileries gardens for a single hour,—nay, the same time spent at our windows overlooking them across the Rue de Rivoli, is a feast to those who hold that “the noblest study of mankind is man.” Here the mind prone to shape out the characters and circumstances of individuals from the slender insight into both which can be gathered from appearances, has a vast field whereon to exercise its fanciful speculations.

What an endless variety! all colours, all ranks, all ages, all pursuits,—from the little laughing girl with her skipping-rope, to the stern young Republican enveloped in his roquelaire, the velvet cape of which is flung over his shoulder, while he reads the paper with excited looks, or talks over its contents with a brother in politics, distinguished like himself by the flat broad-brimmed hat now the badge, the “shibboleth” of republicanism in Paris.

Here is a mincing coquette, her head adorned with Herbault's last, her graceful little person fresh from the hands of Mademoiselle Palmyre. Daintily she picks her steps through the fallen leaves, perfuming the air as she glides along the thronged promenade.

There an old, tottering, grey-headed man, almost in second childhood, feeble, helpless, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," is supported along by a buxom, rosy-cheeked *bonne*, in her white apron and kerchief, and high Norman cap, that towers at least half a yard over her face, and is wide in the same preposterous proportion.

Strong contrasts these!—sad too—but how instructive!—There at a coup-d'œil is life,—its thoughtless beginning, its busy prime, and its end!

Who does not know what the Boulevard is—how gay, how all alive with its rows of trees,—its swarms of sunshiny faces, its glittering profusion of open shops!

Here is a brilliant display of clocks, with their never-failing attendants, vases full of flowers. What a variety of designs! Or-moulu Cupids and Psyches for the sentimental,—fairy ships tossing and heaving on a mimic sea for the nautical,—dogs and stags, Dianas and wild

boars, for the sporting,—Hebe with her cup, Bacchus with his tun and his grapes for the lovers of good cheer and joviality,—and grave bronze and cold white alabaster temples for those of more sober imaginations.

The pendules are hardly passed, when from a side street, forth springs a little Savoyard with his hurdy-gurdy. He is doubly armed to win his way into your heart, or rather your purse, for he throws himself into a dancing attitude, and capers before you in a sort of gallop step, while he sings his mountain La-ra-la. Feet and voice keep time to the tinkling accompaniment of the shrill instrument, their owner looking up at you all the while with an imploring air that is irresistible.

You give a sous to the little fellow, when straightway you are assailed from the opposite side by another urchin, who comes dragging along an unfortunate half-starved monkey in dirty scarlet finery. The monkey looks piteous enough, and the boy does his best to look so too, while he whines forth his claims with a face, whose native fun and drollery laugh out from the merry eye, in spite of all his efforts to make it as doleful as the tale he is telling.

Slow is the progress along the Boulevard ;

the eye is so challenged and arrested on every side, that the footsteps linger, few and far between. First comes an interesting display of engravings and lithographs, and here, of course, is a group of gazers, and in one particular corner, a little knot wedged together, anxiously peering over each other's shoulders. You need not try to get a glimpse at the object of attraction, look into their faces, and listen for a moment to their eager, confused voices, and it will not need the wisdom of Solomon to pronounce that it is some scene in the life of Napoleon they are crowding round.

Next the pictures is a shoe-stall, full of boots, shoes, slippers, clogs, gaiters,—for every age and pursuit! There are thick and thin, brocaded and furred,—some delicate articles destined to slide over a ball-room, others fit for snipe-shooting in an Irish bog; in short, every size and shape from a Cinderella slipper to a receptacle for a gouty toe. Opposite is a moving mass of braces, gloves, garters, purses, laces, watch-ribbons, borne along by an ambulating merchant; and here is a dentist's establishment, - whole rows and sets of goodly white teeth grinning a ghastly smile at you from their glass-cases and back-grounds.

The polished jaw-bones are not very tempt-

ing ; you turn your eyes involuntarily from a spectacle that reminds you of the infirmities of poor humanity, and they rest on that most fragrant of objects, a flower-stall. The pretty, coquettish bouquetière is tying up her violets with the adroitness that is certainly peculiar to Paris. Where do you see such bouquets,—the colours so beautifully blended, the whole thing so tasteful, so fairy-like ? Look at that exquisite little bijou she has just laid down ; and see—the pretty bouquetière has already begun another. How easily she weaves the flowers and plies her fingers, while her eyes are wandering round in search of customers. That lovely rose in the centre,—she is surrounding it with a crown of violets, then a blushing garland of half-blown buds, and now she is finishing all with a chaplet of green leaves. This is an offering meet for the young and the fair ; and there are others destined to a far different end,—wreaths of “immortelle,” yellow, and black, and virgin white, for the graves of the departed ; and behind these mournful tributes are ranges of pots filled with gorgeous exotics to adorn the abodes of the wealthy.

What a savoury smell round that corner ! and, better still, a glow of genial warmth, and the glimpse of a bright fire. Yonder is the

cause of all, that large open chesnut-roaster. There lie the brown smoking chesnuts, with the long slit in the centre, and the white peeping out between, like a mouth grinning from ear to ear; I can fancy it laughing all sorts of sly temptations at the poor little hungry, shivering boy, who stands eyeing the inviting store, and searches in vain in his ragged pockets for the two sous necessary to purchase a small tin measure of the dainty.

Eatables, drinkables, wearables, toys for old and young, thicken upon you at every step. —“Here is the shop at twenty-five sous—*approchez Mesdames et Messieurs; venez, choisissez, achetez, demandez.* Twenty-five sous for everything here—everything here for twenty-five sous!”

And a motley assemblage it is, that Babel of shops, the “*boutique à vingt-cinq sous*” so vociferously announced. There are pincushions, and beer-glasses, and humming-tops, and nut-crackers, and candlesticks, and bon-bon boxes, and looking-glasses, and cigar-cases, and—

But I am not going to try to describe a “*boutique à vingt-cinq sous.*”

If your shoes are dirty and your coat splashed, (no uncommon catastrophe in Paris,) you can soon get redress, or rather re-dressed.



A few steps bring you in contact with the *décrotteur*: there is one at the corner of every street. A wooden box, a jar of blacking, and a few brushes, constitute the whole of his simple establishment. On the said box are placed feet, whose muddy condition is changed into polished black before they again touch the ground; it is seldom unoccupied, and I have even seen the tiny *chaussure* of a lady there under the brush of the *décrotteur*.

Every one has heard of the *décrotteur* of the Pont des Arts, and his dog. The story is like a "Joe Miller," it is so well known; but it is unlike one too, for it is true.

The poor man, with his dog, his box, his blacking, and his brushes, took up his abode in the centre of the Pont des Arts. The station was an excellent one apparently, delightfully dirty, with a kennel enough to rejoice the heart of any *décrotteur*—a great thoroughfare, and no rival cleaners.

All promised fair; but, alas! promises are not always performed, and our poor *décrotteur* was destined to learn that hopes founded upon mud are as frail as those based upon sand. Everything was against him: the weather turned out as bad as it could be—nothing but brightness and sunshine; and even when it did

rain, and the streets looked muddy and good for trade, the provoking dirt seemed never to stick, and, somehow or other, people had an unlucky knack of walking over the Pont des Arts without soiling a shoe.

The poor man was in despair; it was evident that he, his box, his blacking, and his brushes, were destined to have a sinecure post of it. The dog did not so much mind having nothing to do; but then he had nothing to eat, and that was very inconvenient.

“Necessity is the mother of invention,” saith an old proverb; and I remember learning, once upon a time, that

“Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.”

Whether it was necessity, or idleness, or both, that inspired our good friend, I know not; but certain it is, that he set his wits to work in default of his fingers. In a happy moment, he resolved on the expedient of making his dog the instrument of his fortunes. All his leisure—poor fellow, he had enough of that!—was employed in training the animal to go down to the edge of the Seine, begrime himself with mud, and then, sallying forth into the street, to smear the shoes and clothes of the passers over the bridge.

The expedient succeeded to admiration. Between the dog and his master, one constantly dirtying and the other as industriously cleaning, the box was always covered with muddy feet, and its owner's pockets filled with sous.

But fame, that makes the fortune of so many, marred that of the *décrotteur* of the Pont des Arts. His ruse became noised abroad, and of course failed. I believe both he and his dog have now disappeared from the scene of their labours; but a friend told me that, a few years since, he saw the latter preparing for his part in the business, by rolling himself in the mud on the river's brink, and that he watched his subsequent movements with the greatest interest.

Nov. 7th.—Just returned from another visit to the Louvre, and with the same impression as on the first day—that of disappointment. The coup-d'œil on entering is certainly imposing and beautiful; that long perspective, arch behind arch, the noble rows of pillars that support the vaulted roof, and the marble busts at intervals reflected from the mirrored walls.

But the paintings! there is the disappointment. Perhaps a too vivid recollection of the Dresden gallery might contribute to the effect the first glance at the walls of the Louvre produced. Certainly that glance does

not exhibit the collection *en beau* ; ancient and modern pictures are jumbled together in most disadvantageous confusion ; and there is in the first room you enter a liberal sprinkling of the stiff French school that gives an unfavourable impression.

What can be more revolting or out of nature than the design of the Deluge, the picture opposite the door, and the first object the eye rests upon ? (Of course I do not mean the Nicholas Poussin.) The position of the woman on the rock, clinging awkwardly to her husband with one hand, and holding with the other her infant to her bosom, is absolutely distressing to look at. There is something quite horrible in the way her neck is strained back, and her head dragged down by the weight of another enormous child, (ten years old at least,) who has grasped her long hair, and is hanging to it ! A monstrous idea ! as physically impossible as that the man should be able, as the artist has made him, to support his aged father with one hand, and with the other raise from the rock his very substantial wife, the child in her arms, and the huge boy dangling from her tresses.

“ Les Sabines ” in the next room is a complete caricature. The scene is laid at the moment when the Sabine warriors, ready to revenge the injuries of their daughters and sisters, are



met by the latter at the walls of Rome, and turned from their purpose. One woman has laid down a whole brood of little naked children, that look like a litter of young pigs, at the foot of an advancing hero; while she herself stands sprawling over them, in an attitude very much resembling the four spread sails of a windmill.

As for the warriors, poor fellows! the artist has dealt most unkindly with them. They are certainly tall, proper men, as graceful as a ballet-master, with skin like lilies, and cheeks as blooming and delicate as a maiden's in her first sleep. But the only covering he has given them against both sword and elements are a helmet and sandals! That these are very necessary garments none can deny; but it is really grievous to think they should be the only ones, and one cannot help regretting, with a shiver of compassion, that these pretty, simpering, graceful, red-and-white heroes, should run such a manifold risk of perishing by cold wind as well as cold steel.

It is absurd to dwell so long upon these caricature-like pictures, but so it is; you are caught by the ridiculous, and there you linger, in spite of yourself, instead of going on at once to the farther end of the gallery, where the Guidos, Murillos, Rembrandts, and Nicholas Poussins await your admiration.

I was amused by the summary way in which visitors are ejected from the Louvre. In the Dresden gallery, when the time for closing arrives, and you must take your last admiring look at Raphael's heavenly Madonna, the door-keeper advances into the room. "Mein herrschaft—all must be shut up," says the civil German; and his words and his looks tell you he is sorry he is obliged to disturb the company.

To-day in the Louvre there was no such ceremony. Two tall familiars walked up the room in silence, armed with a huge sweeping brush in one hand, and a pan of sand in the other. This sand, which, by the way, was so black and dirty it must have seen service before, was laid down at the top of the gallery, and forthwith the sweepers commenced operations. Men, women, and children fled before the advancing cloud, which came along, gathering in its progress the cuttings of pencils, scraps of daubed paper, remnants of crayons, crusts of bread, and other litter left by the artists engaged in copying the paintings.

Wee betide you if you linger in your way out to take another look at Nicholas Poussin's Deluge, or are beguiled for a moment to dwell on the fair, melancholy features of the beautiful



Joanna of Naples. On come the inexorable sweepers: your shoes are filled with sand, and your hair with dust, in a moment.

We were literally swept out of the Louvre!

A few days since, the weather changed while we were in the gallery, and, on coming out, we found it rained in torrents. We took refuge in the hall down stairs appropriated to the statues, while the gentlemen of the party sallied forth in search of a cittadine.

The statues are to me by far the most interesting objects in the Louvre. That of the Gladiator is a perfect wonder of art: I really know not whether admiration or astonishment was uppermost as I gazed on this chef-d'œuvre. There is an expression in every muscle and lineament that is altogether inconceivable—such nerve and vigour, the whole figure seems instinct with life. Looking at it from behind in particular, it actually appears to bound and fly forward, the act of springing upon the antagonist is so vividly realised. The expression of mental energy, as well as physical, conveyed in the noble countenance is astonishing.

The difficulty of procuring a carriage obliged us to prolong our stay at the Louvre until the short November day began to close in. Every one had left but ourselves, and a perfect still-

ness reigned in those vast chambers, broken only by the occasional footstep of a porter resounding through the deserted corridors. There was something thrilling in the silence, and the deepening twilight, and those motionless figures, "lifeless and life-like," ranged around on their pedestals. A strange feeling of awe came over me. As the light faded gradually away, the figures seemed to dilate in size, and to grow more indistinct and spectral-like. I almost fancied myself suddenly transported into some mysterious region, peopled with unearthly, shadowy beings——

"Messieurs, the cittadine is at the door, and here are yourrellas." This sober announcement from the old porter put to flight all my dreamy speculations, and recalled my fancy from a long wandering journey it had set out upon.

The plan in Paris of living in *étages* or stories, each floor being occupied by a different family, is a characteristic and peculiar one. It is curious to think of the variety of grades, and interests, and pursuits, and circumstances that one roof covers, all shut in at night by the same poetic coëhere. A house is thus a little world in miniature, and the scenes that go on in it an epitome of the events "of the great Babel."



This morning our *femme-de-chambre* told us that her slumbers had been disturbed by an unusual confusion in the room overhead. There were sounds of suffering, and agitated whispers, and hurried despatches for medical aid, and passings to and fro of pale faces on the stairs. She dreaded lest the morning light should bring some tale of death: but no—it was the arrival, not the departure, of a pilgrim in this world of sorrows that had caused the commotion.

Just about the same hour, I was attracted to my window by a noise, and the flashing of lights in the court-yard below. A handsome carriage came dashing in over the stones; the steps were let down by the powdered footmen with a fracas that must have disturbed the repose of our sleeping neighbours *au second*, and two plumed and jewelled belles descended, returning probably from a ball or the opera.

When I heard of the anxious night upstairs, I thought of this contrast below. Many such are passing all round, I doubt not, every hour; and had I been in my usual observing mood since we came to this house in the *Rue de Rivoli*, and gone on, as before, putting down all I saw, and heard, and guessed, and gathered, I should have been able by this time to com-

pile a little history of the "Sayings and doings of a Paris abode."

My room is one of those which form the hollow square surrounding the court-yard. The windows of these variously occupied apartments are a sort of index to the tastes and condition of the inmates. One at right angles with mine, *au quatri me*, is filled with flowers in boxes; they seem to be carefully tended and watered, and sometimes a cage with canary birds in it is hung out among them. I have seen a guitar in that window, and the corner of a rose-coloured blind—all symptoms of a lady occupant.

Just two windows from this, on the same  tage, is a very different picture. A gigantic sort of wire-work cage is suspended outside this *crois e* also; and there are birds in it too. Not canaries, however; but a featherless chicken, hanging up by the head, and two pigeons, couched very amicably side by side in their own cold gravy. The defunct pair figured doubtless yesterday at the repast of the fair owner of the living birds; for, as the little kitchen of each "*appartement*" is on the same story with it, this probably is hers.

A fat cook, with her inflamed fiery face emulating the scarlet kerchief on her head, has just



come to the casement, and, opening the meat-cage, taken thereout a dish of lard, and the suspended chicken. The *botte* of onions and turnips she has left on the window look like a caricature on the fragrant roses and geraniums of the neighbouring *croisée*.

This mixture is strange: it would have afforded me endless amusement, had not my mind been less happily engaged. As it is I have seen and heard little of what is going on in this teeming hollow square, except, perhaps, the unceasing labours of an unhappy young lady not far off, who is pursuing the "delightful task" of learning music. Up the gamut and down again go her poor indefatigable fingers from morning till night; the only change or variation with which she indulges herself and her hearers being from the plain scale to the chromatic, and from the chromatic to the plain again. The discordant tones of the porter's parrot, who shrieks out, "Bon jour, Jacquot"—"pauvre Jacquot"—"Ah! le petit Jacquot!" until his shrill cries can be heard at the *cinquième*, are a welcome relief to this musical monotony.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Parting—Hotel du Nord, versus l'Hotel des Bains—
The Boulogne steamer—The ladies' cabin—Landing
—Conclusion.

Boulogne, Nov. 11th.—Another chasm, which
I have no inclination to fill up. It would com-
prise the parting with my beloved G—— and
W——, and the bitterness of that is too fresh,
too prone already to recur, for me to dwell upon
it. The day arrived too soon ;

..... “ the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing.”

Perhaps Byron goes too far in that parting
scene in the *Corsair*, the most touching, most
natural, most heart-rendingly true that ever fell
from poet's pen, when he says of “ farewell,”
that,

..... “ in that word—that fatal word, howe'er,
We promise,—hope—believe—there breathes despair.”



Perhaps he goes too far in this ; and yet who is there that in the bitter moment of separation, with all the uncertainties, the changes and chances of this mortal life before him, has not rather felt a momentary pang of “despair,” than a gleam of any more hopeful feeling ?

But enough :—those who know what parting is, need not be told of its sadness, and those who do not—I was going to say are to be envied ; but no. They must in this case be strangers to that endearing affection which makes it so hard to say farewell ; and though spared the transient pain of parting, must lose the great and abiding pleasure of loving and being loved.

The road between Paris and Boulogne is so “flat, stale, and utterly unprofitable” to everybody except the inn-keepers, (who by the way seem to have profited abundantly this season,) that the best spirits would fail to embellish it.

When we reached Samer, the next stage before Boulogne, a very amusing scene took place. Before the carriage had well stopped, a hand, with a card in it, was thrust into the window, and presently appeared the young, ruddy, animated face belonging to said hand, the eyes beaming with eagerness, while the lips moved with the utmost rapidity. “Ladies and gentlemen, ’low me to recommend de Hotel des

Bains, de best hotel at Boulogne—you will be ver well dere—de best hotel.”

“Soyez persuadé, messieurs et dames, que le meilleur hotel à Boulogne, c’est l’Hôtel du Nord—l’hôtel du Nord, messieurs et dames.”

This was breathlessly uttered, and half-a-dozen other cards poured into our laps by a fresh candidate—a small, keen-eyed, hatchet-faced, dried-up little man, with a sharp, pinched nose, set crooked in a visage as wrinkled, as anxious, and as full of business as if he had the politics of Europe to manage.

The ruddy advocate of the hotel des Bains, without even deigning a glance at the new comer, began again :

“Ladies and shentlemen, ’low me to recommend de hotel des Bains, de best hotel—”

“Le meilleur hotel c’est l’Hôtel du Nord,” exclaimed the pale-faced champion.

“I who speak de English, can assure you, shentlemen, dat de best—”

“Comme si tout le monde ne savait pas le François !” interrupted the other ; evidently sore, however, at this advantage which his antagonist possessed over him. “Messieurs,” he added, “vous trouverez à l’hôtel du Nord un valet de place qui parle parfaitement bien Anglais.”



“ *All* de waiters, and every body speaks de English at l’Hôtel des Bains.”

“ Soyez persuadé cependant que l’Hôtel du Nord”—

“ Dey’re superior shops close to l’Hôtel des Bains.”

“ Les meilleurs boutiques à Boulogne sont en face de l’Hôtel du Nord.”

“ And den you have de view of de sea from de windows.”

“ On le voit aussi de l’Hôtel du Nord,” exclaimed the rival champion, nothing daunted:—(the sea is half a mile from this hotel.)

“ Oui,” he continued with the vehemence of one who knew he was making a bounce; “ je vous assure, messieurs et dames, que l’on peut voir la mer de l’Hôtel du Nord.”

“ Aye, from de top of de chimney—cried the advocate of the Hotel des Bains; and this sally excited a roar of laughter from every one round the carriage.

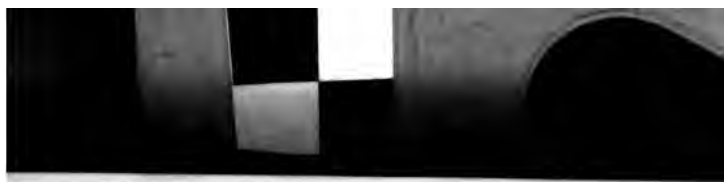
We inside had been laughing for some time. Indeed it was impossible not to be amused—there was something so irresistibly comic in the contrast between the two advocates and the vehement energy with which they put forth the claims of their respective hotels. Our mirth in no way interfered with their volubility,

and they went on, every now and then returning to the starting points—" *Low me to recommend de Hotel des Bains,*" and "*Soyez persuadé que l'Hotel du Nord,*" &c.

For a long time the contest proceeded in the true spirit of French politeness, each waiting to begin his speech until his opponent had done, but when the strife waxed warm, and the time began to grow short, inasmuch as the last horse was now put to, no such measures were kept. Both talked together as fast and as loud as they could, the running duet increasing every moment in energy and volubility; and as we drove off, "*Low me to recommend,*" and "*Soyez persuadé que,*" still sounded behind us in voices strained to their utmost pitch.

The steamer was to start at two o'clock after midnight. There being no possibility of securing berths beforehand, we drove to the pier shortly after one, and chose our quarters in the cabin before any of its destined occupants had come on board. Having deposited sundry packages in the berths selected, as signs of possession, we returned on deck to inhale the sea breezes and enjoy the beauty of the night.

Nothing could be more lovely. The sea



within the pier where we lay at anchor, was as smooth as glass and almost motionless, save where it rippled with a faint murmuring sound against the keel of the fishing-boats that were moored along the shore. In the distance, outside the bar, was heard the measured swell of the mighty ocean, that most musical and majestic of sounds, which comes booming on the ear in the silence of night, with an effect at once so solemn and so soothing.

In the direction of the town all was quiet. Two or three boatmen with lanterns in their hands were moving about on the pier, and occasionally the heavy sullen tramp of a douanier was heard, as he passed by on his patrol, muffled up in his shaggy great-coat.

But it was in the heavens that the glory and beauty of night reigned triumphant. The sky was of the deepest and most resplendent blue, spangled with countless myriads of stars, which without "speech or language," were declaring with voiceless eloquence, the glory of their Almighty Maker.

The pure brightness of these heavenly bodies reflected in the tremulous waters below, contrasted beautifully with the strong fiery glare of the torches that gleamed at intervals along the shore. These watch-fires extended far as

the eye could reach, and the dusky, deep red light they flung upon the surrounding objects and across the waves, was indescribably picturesque.

Altogether the scene was one of unusual loveliness and tranquillity, and the fresh briny smell of the sea which came wafted to us by the gentlest of night breezes, added to its charm. We stood by the helm of the vessel, no one being on the quarter-deck but ourselves, and enjoyed it in silence.

Suddenly a head appeared at the top of the little winding stairs leading down to the ladies' cabin, and in another moment the figure of the stewardess was seen issuing therefrom.

"Bless my heart, ladies!" she exclaimed, at the top of her shrill English voice, while she peered at us inquisitively; "bless my heart, is it you I see here? Well, if I wasn't sure I had assisted you safe into bed half an hour ago! There's three ladies in your berths,—I was sure they were the same I promised them to,—they've been there this half-hour—bless my heart, here's a pretty mistake!"

This was rather a check to our star-gazing. We followed the stewardess into the regions below, and in our way there met one of our gentlemen on the stairs. He entered so warmly



into our grievance, that in the anxiety to see us restored to our rights, he penetrated as far as the cabin where were the usurpers. Two young ladies, at sight of masculine attire, forthwith covered up their heads in the clothes ;— the other, an old one, though infinitely the least able to bear an exhibition in her night-cap, sat up most courageously in her berth, and defended herself and her daughters with considerable eloquence. We did not feel disposed to dispute the point. There were three sofas still vacant, and of these we took possession, having previously abstracted from beneath the ladies, the packages which, containing as they did brushes, combs, and other hard toilette necessities, would not have agreed well with their delicate limbs, or added to the comfort of their slumbers.

Every moment now brought new-comers, and berths and sofas began to fill rapidly. There was a great variety of characters, and many odd and amusing scenes. But a ladies' cabin is sacred, and I must not draw aside the curtain that veils it from the profane gaze. It behoves us of the weaker sex, to hold altogether and maintain our own privileges, learning from the old fable of the bundle of

sticks, and the well-known example of a flock of sheep, of what value is unanimity.

When every corner seemed full, a lady, followed by a train of young daughters of all ages, from "blushing seventeen" down to five, made her appearance at the cabin-door. She looked round with dismay at the numbers of "bonnets de nuit" that peeped out of every berth and sofa. There was a sweetness in her countenance and in the tones of her voice that was singularly prepossessing, and I felt quite sorry for her disappointment. After a short consultation, however, the stewardess arranged to get mattresses on the floor for them, and here the party were at last accommodated, or I should say placed, for they looked very uncomfortable. The lady's solicitude was entirely about her children—she inconvenienced herself to afford them more space, and it was impossible to avoid admiring her interesting appearance in the midst of the little group. She seemed a most affectionate mother, and a very fond wife too, as I could perceive. Her husband, it appeared, had not come on board with her, and great was her uneasiness lest any thing should have happened to him, or that the vessel should start before he reached it. As her



mattress was close to my sofa, I could see the misery she was in. Every sound made her start, and whenever the curtain before the cabin-door moved, she sprang up in an attitude of the greatest suspense. At length it was half drawn aside and a man's figure appeared peeping in. My interesting neighbour raised herself quickly up as usual, and I saw at once by the recognition that it was her husband. The curtain closed again, and muttering an ejaculation of delight and thankfulness, she fell back on her pillow and was soon asleep.

A commotion in the gentlemen's cabin outside broke the stillness. Our stewardess, in going out to ascertain what it was, left a corner of the curtain open, so that I could see what passed.

A tall, thin man, rolled up in great coats, his face half shrouded in shawls and a profusion of grizzled whiskers, had just come in, and was strutting about the cabin in a towering passion. He was evidently a Frenchman, and between his broken English and the rage which nearly choked his voice, was almost unintelligible. Before him stood the steward, a short, thickset man, in a blue sailor's jacket, listening with the most dogged and imperturbable stupidity to the Frenchman's passionate tirade.

" I say, vy you give away my bert—vat for you dare to give away my bert to anybody—how's dis, sare, how's dis ?"

" Sir,"— began the steward.

" Silence, coquin!—don't speak to me—I take my place dis morning,—I come down here to-night, and den in my bert, my very own bert dat I took wit my own eyes,—dere a great, big, fat man sleeping—snoring like one cochon in my bert—ah! sacre—you shall turn him out, dat you shall."

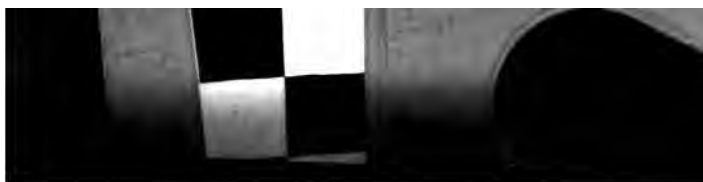
" Sir ——"

" Silence ! I no suffer you to talk—I ——"

Here the sharp little stewardess interposed ; she seemed determined that no man, be he French or otherwise, in a passion or not, should daunt her, or check her shrill, shrewish voice.

" I assure you, sir, 'tis contrary to our rules to keep places—we can do no such thing—quite contrary to the rules of the vessel, sir."

" Pardon, madame, I no speak to you—I speak to dis dull lump, dis lourdeau, dis coquin, dis mister steward here. Vat for did he give away my bert to dat snoring man ; vy did he dare to put him in my place, ha ? I will have him 'pon de floor yet, though he is so fat and big—he shall not grunt and ronfle in my bert—I will pull him out."



“Impossible, sir, quite contrary to the rules—quite impossible,” said the stewardess.

“Impossible! den I will tell you vat is possible. It is possible for me to go out of dis, and not give you von sous, pendar!—nor you eider, madame—no, not one sous shall you get. I will turn my back to your cabin, I will sleep in my carriage—dat’s possible. I will leave your ship altogeder, so I will, impertinens! I’ll go in de Kent—I’ll go back to Boulogne—dere’s possible for you.”

So saying, and with a few more oaths than I choose to insert, the enraged Frenchman flung himself out of the cabin, the steward looking after him in sullen silence, while the sturdy little stewardess, with true feminine pertinacity, had as usual the last word in the argument before she returned to her place.

We had not yet weighed anchor. More people continued coming and going, and I was observing with half-shut eyes their various movements, when a sudden rush over-head, and the fearful cry “a man overboard!” roused up every one in our cabin. There was a moment or two of suspense, but at length the curtain moved and every head was stretched out of every berth to hear the tidings. “No harm had happened.” The man had been providen-

tially rescued from where he had fallen, between the quay and the vessel.

In a few minutes after this we were under weigh, and gliding with very little motion over the "yeast of waves." Our blessings were all of the negative kind, but not the less highly prized for that. There was no wind, no swell, no illness, and, though last not least, no *talking*. None can properly understand or esteem the value of this most blessed exemption, who has not learned to do so in the ladies' cabin on board a steamer. If I wanted to defend my sex from the imputation they so universally,—I was just going to say deservedly,—lie under, of failure in taciturnity, I should not attempt to convert the accusers by introducing them into "the ladies' cabin." Whether it is that at these head-aching seasons one is peculiarly sensitive of sounds, or from what other cause I know not, but certainly at no time does the "continual dropping" of that tiresome, unruly little member, whose — but, "honour bright!" I forgot that I must tell no secrets.

The gray morning brought its usual scenes. One by one the wakening "hive" slid down noiselessly from their berths—missing garments began to be in request, shawls absent from their owners without leave were called in,

and scrambling, irregular toilettes commenced all round. Alas ! poor Modesty ! never is that shy, shrinking, interesting goddess so reduced to contrivances of all sorts as in the ladies' cabin. How anxiously she looks round for dark corners, where she may keep out of sight of " sister eyes," and out of reach of the treacherous window over-head ! How nervously she starts when the curtain moves, and the skirt of a great-coat brushes by on its way up stairs, or else the rough, sun-burnt hand of the steward is pushed in with a cup of tea for somebody, or his tiresome face comes peering about for the stewardess. And then, perhaps, despite all her care and management, there comes a sudden lurch of the vessel, and the drapery so anxiously arranged slips aside ; and a dimpled arm, or it may be, a fair round shoulder peeps out. Poor Modesty !—But I am pledged to draw no pictures, and I must abstain, though there are grotesque, and droll, and interesting, aye and very pretty, graceful ones too, to be had for the sketching.

When we had emerged from our sleeping quarters, and got upon deck, our eyes were saluted with a dense fog, and our ears with the intelligence that owing to it we should probably have to spend another night on board. Shortly

after we were anchored in the Thames, and then indeed our prospects seemed hopeless enough.

“Ugly weather—very ugly weather!” growled the gruff helmsman; but with due respect to him be it written, it was anything but “ugly.” It might have been the novelty, but certainly I never saw a more beautiful and peculiar effect than that of the sun-light streaming through the mist, the long, bright rays lying, as it were, on the surface of the water, and dividing one element from the other with a streak of radiance. The mist too, though dense, was, owing probably to the sunshine, neither dark nor murky. It resembled a bright, silvery haze, and the distant ships, with their tall masts and sails seen through it, looked like dim, shadowy spectres. As each passed slowly by, dilated to an unnatural size in the mist, it reminded me of the mysterious phantom-ship, the terror of the northern seas.

But soon the fog, which had been coquetting with land and sea all the morning, now rising, now descending upon them, withdrew itself completely, contrary to the predictions of captain and crew. The sun shone out triumphantly, the spectral ships assumed their substantial appearance of the wooden walls of Old

England, and once more our paddles were in active motion. The shores flew rapidly past—a few more windings, and London, with its domes and towers, appeared shrouded in fog—no “silvery haze” but a thick, yellow, dingy, smoky atmosphere.

Already the din of the “great Babel,” that indescribable compound of sounds, reached our ears,—the custom-house officers came on board, accompanied by that terror of lady-smugglers, a *woman*!—the lamps on London-bridge struggled with a sickly glare through the gloom of the November evening—the engines panted convulsively in an expiring gasp—the steam whizzed, the paddles stopped, and in another moment our feet were pressing British ground once more.

My journal is ended. Many a pleasant hour its varied page records, and many a bright recollection will it bring in days to come, should days to come be mine. Even already, the past seems like some happy dream, from which I have awoke to the wonted realities of life. But with its “pleasant memories” must ever come a deep and heart-felt sense of thankfulness to Him, the fountain of our every stream of happiness. His watchful care has shielded me and mine,—has been about our path,

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whether that path were on the mountain or the wave. A blessed earnest that the same Almighty arm will guide us safely all our journey through,—that longer journey to the better land of which our wanderings here are but the type and shadow.

THE END.

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